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## THE POLITICAL WRITINGS OF RICHARD COBDEN.\*

THE time has not yet arrived for writing Cobden's life.

The great political struggles in which he engaged are still too fresh in the memory of the present generation to admit of a faithful record of his political career, without including much which affects too closely the characters of public men still on the scene, or but recently removed from it; and of the last great achievement of his life, and his solitary official act, the Commercial Treaty with France, it is impossible yet to speak freely.

But it is on this account only the more important—and especially at a time when, upon the conduct and intelligence of the Liberal party in this country, it depends whether the years before us are to bring with them a repetition of the inconsistencies and hesitations which

have too often deformed and paralyzed our recent course, or are to be a fruitful and brilliant period of rational and consistent progress—that the policy of which Cobden was the foremost representative should at least be thoroughly understood and widely known.

It is therefore with a peculiar satisfaction that we hail the work before us, and we trust that it may be shortly followed by a republication of his principal speeches, both in and out of Parliament, so far as these can be collected, and, if possible, by a selection of his letters on the great practical questions of the day.

In bringing together in a connected form these political essays, written on various subjects, on different occasions, and at wide intervals of time, but unsurpassed in cogency of reasoning, and in their truthful and temperate spirit, Mrs. Cobden has rendered a great service both to her husband's memory and to the rising generation of Englishmen.

Presented originally to the public in the ephemeral form of pamphlets, thrown out in sharp opposition to the prevailing passions and prejudices of the hour, and

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systematically depreciated as they were by the organs of public opinion which guide the majority of our upper classes, we suspect that they are well-nigh forgotten by the elder, and little known to the younger men among us. Yet do these scattered records of Mr. Cobden's thoughts contain a body of political doctrine, more original, more profound, and more consistent than is to be found in the spoken or written utterances of any other English statesman of our time, and we commend them to the earnest study and consideration of all who aspire to exert any influence on the future government of our country.

Whenever the day shall come for an impartial review of the history of England since the reform of Parliament in 1832, it will, we think, be found that of all those who have played a prominent part in our public affairs during the last thirty years, the two men who, widely unlike in many qualities, both of character and intellect, but with an extraordinary unity of purpose and principles, have left the deepest mark on their generation, and made the most profound impression on the policy of the country, have been Richard Cobden and John Bright.

We know that this belief is very far from being shared generally by the upper classes of their countrymen, the majority of whom still regard these men with open aversion, or concealed suspicion, as the foremost and most powerful advocates of changes in our system of government, designed, as they believe and fear, to affect the security of vested interests which they have been in the habit of identifying with the greatness and welfare of the State.

But it cannot, we think, be denied even now, that, in spite of the resistance of class interests, and of the avowed or tacit opposition of the great political parties, our national policy has been steadily gravitating in the direction of these men's views, and that thus far at least every successive step toward the fulfilment of their principles has led us farther onward in the path of national progress and prosperity.

The truth appears to be, that, in estimating the character and labors of these two statesmen, it has been too often the practice to forget that they have been

the only two great political leaders of our time, perhaps of any time in our Parliamentary history, who have steadily and uniformly throughout their whole career worked for great principles, without any regard to the interests of classes or of parties, or to the popular clamor of the hour, and that thus they have in turn been brought into collision with all classes and with all parties, and on some memorable occasions even with the great body of the people themselves.

We believe that to this cause is to be traced the false and shallow judgment so commonly passed upon them. It is thus that they have been constantly charged with narrowness and with hostility to the institutions of their country, too often confounded with its conservative forces, and cherished as such by many who are entitled to our respect, as well as by the ignorant and selfish; but it will be found that the charge is usually brought on the part of some class whose special interests they had denounced and thwarted, or on the part of the nation at large, when the assumed national interest is opposed to the larger interests of humanity. They have been accused of indifference to the greatness and honor of their country, when, on the contrary, a deeper examination of their views will prove, we think, that they are almost the only leading statesmen of our time who have exhibited a real practical faith in the future of England.

They have suffered the fate of all those who are in advance of the age in which they live, and who aspire to be the pioneers of progress and the apostles of a new political faith; but we believe that when the period of transition and confusion through which we are now struggling shall have passed away, they will occupy a place among the wisest statesmen and truest patriots in our history.

The last is still among us, and is destined, we trust, to add still more to the many splendid services which he has rendered to his country and to the world. But Mr. Cobden's work is done, and it only remains for those who feel the priceless value of his character and teaching, to point the moral of his life, and to gather up with reverence the maxims of political truth and wisdom which he has left behind him.

Mr. Cobden's political character was the result of a rare and fortunate combination of personal qualities, and of external circumstances.

Spring from the agricultural class, and bred up (to use his own expression) "amid the pastoral charms of southern England," imbued with so strong an attachment to the pursuits of his forefathers, that, as he says himself in the volumes before us, "had we the casting of the rôle of all the actors on this world's stage, we do not think that we should suffer a cotton-mill or manufactory to have a place in it;" trained in a large commercial house in London, and subsequently conducting on his own account a printing manufactory in Lancashire, Mr. Cobden possessed the peculiar advantage of a thorough acquaintance and sympathy with the three great forms of industrial life in England. Nor were the experiences of his public career less rich and varied than those of his private life.

The first great political question in which he bore a conspicuous part, the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, and his consequent connection with the powerful producing class, which, by a fortunate coincidence of interest with that of the people at large, originated and led this great and successful struggle, gave him a thorough insight into this important element of our body politic, in all its strength and in all its weakness; his knowledge of other countries—the result of keen personal observation, and much travel both in Europe and America, his intimate relations with some of their best and most enlightened men, as well as with their leading politicians, together with the moderating and restraining influences of twenty years of Parliamentary life, during which he conciliated the respect and esteem even of his strongest opponents, combined with the entire absence in his case of all sectarian influences and prejudices—gave to his opinions a comprehensive and catholic character, which is perhaps the rarest of all the attributes of English statesmanship.

Mr. Cobden entered Parliament, not as is the fate of most of our public men, to support a party, to play for office, or to educate himself for professional statesmanship, still less to gratify personal vanity, or to acquire social importance,

but as the representative of distinct principles, and the champion of a great cause.

He thus found himself at once in the front rank of Parliamentary debaters, and in a few sessions, aided by his powerful coadjutors, Bright, Gibson, Villiers, and Ricardo, achieved a success which, for its moral greatness, and for its influence on the destiny of England, is without a parallel in our annals.

It is, however, no part of our present purpose to dwell on Mr. Cobden's character, or to narrate his life. Our object is rather to present our view of his principles, which, from their soundness, their depth, and their close logical connection with each other, appear to us to afford the only consistent and intelligible grounds for the policy of the Liberal party in this country.

The great problem presented for the solution of the present century, is to prepare without violent convulsions for the advent of popular government.

The task of our age is to carry on and to complete the great work, already so far advanced, of liberating capital and industry from all the restrictions and trammels which have hitherto impeded human progress; in other words, to vindicate the rights of property and of labor.

The mission of man in this world is to possess the earth and subdue it, and for this purpose, to summon to his aid and bring under his control the external forces of nature. This task, hard and ungrateful at first, becomes lighter as it proceeds. Every natural force successively subdued to man's uses, adds to the stock of gratuitous services which are the common possession of the race, and when the rights of property and labor are thoroughly established by universal freedom, and the services of man have thus secured their just remuneration, the inequalities which prevail in the conditions of human life, so far as they are the result of artificial and not of natural causes, will diminish and disappear more and more, till even the lowest classes in the social scale will be raised to a level of well-being hitherto unknown and unimagined.

But this, by whatever name it may be called, is democracy, by which we mean, not the rule of a class, but the rule of a nation, in which each class possesses its

just share of power. The form of government under such a rule may be monarchical or republican, thrones and aristocracies may find their place under it, and exert their due influence; but whenever the body of the people emerge from their present degradation, and acquire the intelligence and independence which material prosperity will secure them, they must become the preponderant power in the State.

The tendency to this consummation can only be checked and arrested by opposing the economic law which lies at the foundation of all human progress. It may be a subject of regret to those who prefer the contemplation of types of humanity, which they too hastily assume to be the product of aristocratic institutions alone, to the wide-spread and general diffusion of well-being among all the classes of a nation, but it is not a question of taste, it is one of necessity.

The progress of this law has already profoundly modified the conditions of modern society. The downfall of the feudal system, and the gradual adoption of the representative principle in most of the countries of Europe, have rendered necessary a searching examination of the institutions and policy which had their origin in an order of things which is passing away.

So far as England is concerned in the solution of this problem, no man was more alive than Cobden to the aristocratic instincts of the nation, or less disposed to advocate republican institutions among us; but he saw (and it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact) that if our mixed system of government was to be maintained, we could only raise the masses of our countrymen from their present degradation, and hold our place among the nations of the earth, by the adoption of principles of policy by which the forces of the State should be economized to the utmost, and the interests of the people amply and liberally secured.

In his paper on England, Ireland, and America, Cobden says:

"But they who argue in favor of a republic, in lieu of a mixed monarchy, for Great Britain, are, we suspect, ignorant of the genius of their countrymen. Democracy forms no element in the materials of English character. An Englishman is, from his mother's womb, an aristocrat. Whatever rank or birth, what-

ever fortune, trade, or profession may be his fate, he is, or wishes or hopes to be, an aristocrat. The insatiable love of caste that in England, as in Hindostan, devours all hearts, is confined to no walks of society, but pervades every degree, from the highest to the lowest. Of what conceivable use, then, would it be to strike down the lofty patricians that have descended to us from the days of the Normans and the Plantagenets, if we of the middle class—who are more enslaved than any other to this passion—are prepared to lift up, from among ourselves, an aristocracy of mere wealth, not less austere, not less selfish, only less noble than that we had deposed? No: whatever changes, in the course of time, education may and will effect, we do not believe that England at this moment contains even the germs of genuine republicanism.

"We do not, then, advocate the adoption of democratic institutions for such a people. But the examples held forth to us by the Americans, of strict economy, of peaceful non-interference, of universal education, and of other public improvements, may, and indeed must, be emulated by the Government of this country, if the people are to be allowed even the chance of surviving a competition with that republican community. If it be objected that an economical government is inconsistent with the maintenance of the monarchical and aristocratic institutions of this land, then we answer, Let an unflinching economy and retrenchment be enforced—*ruat cælum!*"

Mr. Cobden belonged to the school of political thinkers who believe in the perfect harmony of moral and economical laws, and that in proportion as these are recognized, understood, and obeyed by nations, will be their advance in all that constitutes civilization.

He believed that the interest of the individual, the interest of the nation, and the interests of all nations, are identical; and that these several interests are all in entire and necessary concordance with the highest interests of morality. With this belief, an economic truth acquired with him the dignity and vitality of a moral law, and instead of remaining a barren abstract doctrine of the intellect, became a living force which moved the hearts and consciences of men.

It is to a want of a clear conception of this great harmony between the moral and economic law, or to a disbelief in its existence, that are to be traced some of the most pernicious errors of modern times.

In France, from an imperfect and su-



perfidious knowledge of the order of facts on which economic science rests, and from the prevalence of false ideas of society derived from classical antiquity, the principles of government, whether under a republic, a constitutional monarchy or an empire, have, until recently, been in many essential respects opposed to the law of material progress. Rousseau, who exercised a greater influence than any other man upon the great French Revolution, and after him Robespierre and Mirabeau—the two great figures who represent and personify that mighty upheaving of society—were all fatally and fundamentally wrong in their conception of the right of property. This, instead of regarding as a right preceding all law, and lying at the root of all social existence, they considered simply as a creation of the law, which, again, derived its rights from a social compact, opposed, in many respects, to the natural rights of man. Society itself was thus made to rest upon the quicksand of human invention, instead of the rock of God's providence; and law was made the source, instead of the guardian, of personal liberty and of private property.

Hence the disastrous shipwreck of a great cause, the follies and the crimes, the wild theories, the barren experiments, and the inevitable reaction. The principle involved, the State, was stronger than the men who appealed to it, and swallowed them up in a military despotism.

This false direction of ideas survived the Restoration, and when, after 1830, the intellect of France again addressed itself to social questions, it was with the same result. Saint Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, and Proudhon are there to attest the deep-rooted perversion of thought which has hitherto made all free government impossible in France, and brought upon her again, for the second time, the stern hand of the military ruler.

The great founder of the English school of political economy, who had witnessed himself in France the same disorders, and speculated on their causes, viewed them from another side. He instinctively perceived that, as all human society must rest upon a material foundation, it was to the laws of material progress that inquiry must be first directed, and that before and beneath all

systems of government and all schemes of public morality, there must lie the science of the "wealth of nations." To the investigation of this science, Adam Smith devoted those years of patient and conscientious thought to which we owe the treatise which has made his name immortal, and which, in spite of much that has been added, and much that has been taken from it since, remains as a great storehouse of knowledge to the students of economic laws.

In the hands of Smith, however, it is easy to trace the habitual connection in his mind between the dry facts of science and the great social laws which alone give them life and meaning, and the steady natural gravitation of all the interests of our race toward order and moral progress.

The school of English economists who succeeded him appear to us to have too much lost sight of this necessary connection, and to have dwelt too exclusively on the phenomena of economic facts, as distinct and separate from their correlative moral consequences. To this cause we attribute the absence of adequate political results which have attended their teaching, the repugnance which their doctrines have too often excited in generous and ardent natures, and the consequent discredit of a science indispensable to the progress and prosperity of nations, and destined, perhaps more than any other branch of human knowledge, to reconcile the ways of God to man.

The first great law of humanity is labor. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." From this there is no escape. The burden will be lightened as the forces of nature are brought by science and industry more under the control of man; and it may be shifted, as it is, from the whole to a part of society, but the law remains.

It is this law, then, the law of labor, which lies at the root of all human life. Upon this foundation rests the whole fabric of society, religion, morals, science, art, literature—all that adorns or exalts existence. But if the law of labor is thus paramount and sovereign, it follows that its rights are sacred, and that there can be no permanent security for any society in which these are not protected. The rights of labor involve and comprehend the right of personal

liberty and the right of property; the first implies the free use of each man's powers and faculties, the second, an inalienable title to the products of his labor, in use or in exchange.

It is to the violation of the rights of labor and of property, thus identified, in all the various forms of human oppression and injustice, by force, or by fraud, in defiance of law, or in the name of law, that is to be traced the greatest part of the disorders and sufferings which have desolated humanity, and the unnecessary and unnatural inequalities in the conditions of men.

It is to the assertion of these rights, and to the gradual ascendancy of the opposing and equalizing principles of justice and freedom, that the coming generations alone can look for a future which shall be better than the past.

"Il n'y a que deux moyens," says Bastiat, "de se procurer les choses nécessaires à la conservation, à l'embellissement, et au perfectionnement de la vie—la production et la spoliation." And again, "Propriété et spoliation, sœurs nées du même père, Génie du Bien, et Génie du Mal, Salut et Fléau de la Société, Puissances qui se disputent depuis le commencement l'empire et les destinées du monde."

These truths, though familiar to us now, are of comparatively recent acceptance even in theory among us, and in practice still are far indeed from being applied. Such, moreover, is the confusion of thought, engendered by historical association, political prejudice, and class interest, that many of the forms of spoliation are hardly recognized when disguised in the garb of a British institution, a party principle, or a vested right; in which artificial costume they still impose on the credulity of our countrymen.

It is true that war is generally admitted to be an evil, and slavery to be a wrong; that the Reformation has dealt a heavy blow at theocracy, and Free-trade at monopoly.

But the spirit of war is still fostered and stimulated by false ideas of national honor, patriotism, and policy, and to the art of war we still devote our mightiest efforts, and consecrate our costliest sacrifices. The grosser forms of slavery have indeed disappeared, but the taint of that

accursed thing is still to be traced in some of our laws, and in our treatment of subject races, while the spirit of its offspring "feudalism" still lingers in the most important class of our body-politic. Our Reformed Church, with its temporalities, and its exclusive pretensions and privileges, is still too often the enemy of the foundation of all freedom, the liberty of thought, and, by perverting the judgment of too many of its members, strikes at the root of human progress.

The last, and perhaps the most insidious, of the leading forms of "spoliation," commercial monopoly, though driven from its strongholds, and expelled from our national creed, is still regarded by many among us with secret favor, and by most of us rather as a political error than as a moral wrong.

It was to a struggle with this last great evil that Cobden devoted his life, and it is with the most decisive victory ever achieved in this field of conflict that his name and fame will be forever identified; but it is significant and interesting to know that in selecting his work in life, it was to "Education," and not to "Free-trade," that his thoughts were first directed.

Two reasons decided him to prefer the latter as the object of his efforts: *Firstly*, His conviction (referred to above) that the material prosperity of nations is the only foundation of all progress, and that if this were once secured the rest would surely follow. *Secondly*, His consciousness that no direct attempt to obtain a system of national education which deserved the name, could lead to any clear result in the life of his own generation, and that measured with those at his command, imposing as were the forces of resistance arrayed against him on the question of Free-trade, they were less formidable than those which would be brought to bear against a measure which united in a common hostility the Established and the Dissenting Churches.

It was Cobden's fate or fortune to find himself, in taking up the cause of Free-trade, in presence of one of the worst laws which the selfishness and folly of governments have ever imposed on the weakness and ignorance of a people.

When the soil of a country is appropriated, the only means whereby an increasing population can limit the encroachments of the proprietors, is by working for foreign markets. Such a population has only its labor to give in exchange for its requirements, and, if this labor is constantly increasing, while the produce of the soil is stationary, more of the first will be steadily and progressively demanded for less of the last.

This will be manifested by a fall of wages, which is, as has been well observed, the greatest of misfortunes when it is due to natural causes—the greatest of crimes when it is caused by the law.

The Corn Law was the fitting sequel to the French war. The ruling classes in England had seized with avidity on the reaction of feeling created by the excesses of the French revolution, to conceal the real meaning of that event, and to discredit the principles of popular sovereignty which it asserted. They had at their mercy a people impoverished and degraded by the waste of blood and treasure in which years of war had involved their country; and seeing with dismay the prospect before them, which the peace had opened, of a fall in the prices of agricultural produce, under the beneficent operation of the great laws of free exchange, they resorted to the unjust and inhuman device of prolonging by Act of Parliament the artificial scarcity created by the war, and of thus preserving to the landed interest the profits which had been gained at the expense of the nation.

It is thus that as the forces of progress are invariably found to act and react on each other, the forces of resistance and of evil will ever be side by side, and that as protection, which means the isolation of nations, tends both by its direct and indirect effects to war, so war again engenders and perpetuates the spirit of protection. Free-trade, or, as Cobden called it, the International Law of the Almighty, which means the interdependence of nations, must bring with it the surest guarantee of peace, and peace inevitably leads to freer and freer commercial intercourse, and, therefore, while there is no sadder page in the modern history of England than that which records the adoption of this law

by the British Parliament, there is, to our minds, none more bright with the promise of future good than that on which was written, after thirty years of unjust and unnecessary suffering, its virtual and unconditional repeal.

But as the intellect and conscience of the country had failed so long to recognize the widespread evils of this pernicious law, and the fatal principles which lay at its root, so did they now most dimly and imperfectly apprehend the scope and consequences of its abolition.

It was called the repeal of a law; admitted to be the removal of an intolerable wrong; but we doubt whether in this country, except by the few gifted and far-seeing leaders of this great campaign, it was foreseen that it was an act which involved, in its certain results, a reversal of the whole policy of England.

This was, however, clear enough to enlightened observers in other countries. By one of those rare and mysterious coincidences which sometimes exercise so powerful an influence on human affairs, it happened that while Cobden in England was bringing to bear on the great practical questions of his time and country, the principles of high morality and sound economy, which had been hitherto too little considered in connection with each other, Frederic Bastiat was conceiving and maturing in France the system of political philosophy which has since been given to the world, and which still remains the best and most complete exposition of the views of which Cobden was the great representative.

It appears to us that these two men were necessary to each other. Without Cobden, Bastiat would have lost the powerful stimulant of practical example, and the wide range of facts which the movement in England supplied, and from which he drew much of his inspiration. Without Bastiat, Cobden's policy would not have been elaborated into a system, and, beyond his own immediate coadjutors and disciples, would probably have been most imperfectly understood on the Continent of Europe.

More than this, who can say what may not have been the effect on the minds of both these men, of the interchange of thoughts and opinions which freely passed between them?

In his brilliant history of the Anti-

Corn-Law League, *Cobden et la Ligue*, Bastiat thus describes the movement of which England was the theatre during that memorable struggle:

"I have endeavored to state with all exactness the question which is being agitated in England. I have described the field of battle, the greatness of the interests which are there being discussed, the opposing forces, and the consequences of victory. I have shown, I believe, that though the heat of the contest may seem to be concentrated on questions of taxation, of custom-houses, of cereals, of sugar, it is, in point of fact, a question between monopoly and liberty, aristocracy and democracy—a question of equality or inequality in the distribution of the general well-being. The question at issue is to know whether legislative power and political influence shall remain in the hands of the men of rapine, or in those of the men of toil; that is, whether they shall continue to embroil the world in troubles and deeds of violence, or sow the seeds of concord, of union, of justice, and of peace.

"What would be thought of the historian who could believe that armed Europe, at the beginning of this century, performed, under the leadership of the most able generals, so many feats of strategy, for the sole purpose of determining who should possess the narrow fields that were the scenes of the battles of Austerlitz or of Wagram? The fate of dynasties and empires depended on those struggles. But the triumphs of force may be ephemeral; it is not so with the triumphs of opinion. And when we see the whole of a great people, whose influence on the world is undoubted, impregnate itself with the doctrines of justice and truth; when we see it repel the false ideas of supremacy which have so long rendered it dangerous to nations; when we see it ready to seize the political ascendant from the hands of a greedy and turbulent oligarchy—let us beware of believing, even when its first efforts seem to bear upon economic questions, that greater and nobler interests are not engaged in the struggle. For if, in the midst of many lessons of iniquity, many instances of international perversity, England, this imperceptible point of our globe, has seen so many great and useful ideas take root upon her soil—if she was the cradle of the press, of trial by jury, of a representative system, of the abolition of slavery, in spite of the opposition of a powerful and pitiless oligarchy—what may not the world expect from this same England when all her moral, social, and political power shall have passed, by a slow and difficult revolution, into the hands of democracy—a revolution peacefully accomplished in the minds of men under the leadership of an association which embraces in its bosom so

many men, whose high intellectual power and unblemished character shed so much glory on their country, and on the century in which they live? Such a revolution is no simple event, no accident, no catastrophe due to an irresistible but evanescent enthusiasm. It is, if I may use the expression, a slow social cataclysm, changing all the conditions of life and of society, the sphere in which it lives and breathes. It is justice possessing herself of power; good sense of authority. It is the general weal, the weal of the people, of the masses, of the small and of the great, of the strong and of the weak, becoming the law of political action. It is the disappearance behind the scene of privilege, abuse, and caste-feeling, not by a palace-revolution or a street-rising, but by the progressive and general appreciation of the rights and duties of man. In a word, it is the triumph of human liberty; it is the death of monopoly, that Proteus of a thousand forms, now conqueror, now slave-owner; at one time lover of theocracy and feudalism, at another time assuming an industrial, a commercial, a financial, and even a philanthropic shape. Whatever disguise it might borrow, it could no longer bear the eye of public opinion, which has learned to recognize it under the scarlet uniform or under the black gown, under the planter's jacket and the noble peer's embroidered robe. Liberty for all! for every man a just and natural remuneration for his labor! for every man a just and natural avenue to equality in proportion to his energy, his intelligence, his prudence, and his morality. Free trade with all the world! Peace with all the world! No more subjugation of colonies, no more army, no more navy, than is necessary for the maintenance of national independence! A radical distinction between that which is and that which is not the mission of government and law; political association reduced to guarantee each man his liberty and safety against all unjust aggression, whether from without or from within; equal taxation, for the purpose of properly paying the men charged with this mission, and not to serve as a mask under the name of outlets for trade (*débouchés*), for outward usurpation, and, under the name of *protection*, for the mutual robbery of classes. Such is the real issue in England, though the field of battle may be confined to a custom-house question. But this question involves slavery in its modern form; for as Mr. Gibson, a member of the League, has said in Parliament: 'To get possession of men, that we may make them work for our own profit, or to take possession of the fruits of their labor, is equally and always slavery; there is no difference but in the degree.'

This passage, all due allowance made for the tendency to brilliant generaliza-



tion which Bastiat shared with so many of his gifted countrymen, remains on the whole a most powerful, condensed, and accurate analysis of the great principles involved in the political conflict then passing in England, and is a testimony to the rare insight and sagacity of the writer. It also affords a marvellous illustration of the power which a clear and firm grasp of principles gives to the political student, in guiding his speculations on the most complicated problems which society presents.

The system of which the Corn-Laws were the corner-stone, traced to its source, rested on the principle of spoliation, and on the foundation of force.

That which was inaugurated by the overthrow of that law, rested on the principle of freedom, and on the foundation of justice.

Monopoly of trade, involving, as it must, the violation of the rights of property and of labor, both in the internal and external relations of a State, and implying, when carried to its logical consequences, national isolation, contains within itself the germs of inevitable decay and stagnation. To avoid these results, it is necessary that a government which maintains it should resort to all the expedients of force and fraud—to conquests, colonial aggrandizement, maritime supremacy, foreign alliances, reciprocity treaties, and communism in the shape of poor laws—and should perpetually appeal to the worst and most contemptible passions of its people, to national pride, to false patriotism, to jealousy, to fear, and to selfishness, in order to keep alive its prestige and to conceal its rottenness.

It is impossible not to admire the skill and resources of the ruling classes of England in their use of these expedients, but there was a point beyond which even these would not suffice to avert the national ruin; and with a debt of £800,000,000, a starving people, the universal distrust, and the avowed or concealed hostility of foreign nations, who had imitated our policy too faithfully, while growing communities of our own race, with boundless material resources and free institutions, were outstripping us in the race of progress, and making the future competition of force impossible, a state of things had been

engendered which called for prompt and vigorous remedy.

To Cobden, and his colleagues of the League, belongs the merit of having traced the disease to its source, of having stayed the progress of the poison which was slowly, but surely, undermining the national greatness, and of changing the current of English policy.

Mr. Bright has recently told us the occasion, and the manner, of Cobden's invitation to him to join him in this beneficent work.

At a moment of severe domestic calamity, Cobden called upon him and said: "Do not allow this grief, great as it is, to weigh you down too much. There are at this moment, in thousands of homes of this country, wives and children who are dying of hunger, of hunger made by the laws; if you will come along with me, we will never rest until we have got rid of the Corn-Laws." The appeal was not made in vain, and we know with what results.

By the repeal of the Corn-Laws, the idle dream of national independence, a dream which never could be realized without violating the fundamental laws of God's providence, and condemning our country to inevitable decay, was forever dispelled, our foreign trade became a condition of our existence, and the great law of international dependence assumed its rightful place as the animating principle of our future course.

But though the edifice of protection was shaken at the base, and the fabric irrevocably doomed to destruction, the work was only begun; the ideas which the system had created had taken too deep root in the minds of the governing classes, and the forces of reaction were still too powerful, to allow of speedy or logical progress. To insure the immediate application of the policy of Free-trade, it should have been intrusted to the hands who had forced it on the House and the country, and this was not to be.

To make Cobden minister would have been an act of political justice and wisdom, for which the times were not ripe, and to accept subordinate office from men who had so recently and so reluctantly espoused his views on Free-trade, and who so imperfectly apprehended or accepted its ulterior consequences, would

have fatally compromised his future usefulness.

He knew that there were several necessary measures which the general intelligence of the Liberal party would immediately force upon the Parliament, and his work at this moment lay in another direction. He had been the chief instrument in giving the death-blow to a mighty monopoly, in redressing a grievous wrong, and in giving food to suffering millions at home. His services as an Englishman being thus far accomplished, he entered upon his mission as an "international man."

He knew, and had measured accurately the obstacles presented by the laws of other countries, often the too faithful reflection of our own, to the fulfilment of the grand aim of his life, the binding together of the nations of the earth by the material bonds which are the necessary and only preparation for their moral union. These laws had raised around us innumerable barriers to intercourse, and as many stumbling-blocks in the way of peace.

In a tour through Europe, which often resembled a triumphal progress, he was everywhere received with interest and attention; but the sudden recantation of a policy, bound up with all the traditions of England, and written in letters of blood in the history of every country in Europe, was open to too much suspicion to inspire confidence, and he was obliged to be content with sowing the seeds of much which has since borne fruit, and with inspiring new zeal and hope in the minds of the good and enlightened men who, in each centre which he visited, were laboring in the cause.

No stronger proof can be afforded of the fundamental misconception of Mr. Cobden's political character which has prevailed in England, than the judgments and criticisms which it was the custom to pass upon him with reference to the class of questions to which he addressed himself on his return to public life at home.

The gradual breaking up of the protective system after the repeal of the Corn-Laws, was a work which must in any case have proceeded, under the pressure of the irresistible force of circumstances, but we think that justice has never been done to the Government of

Lord John Russell in the years succeeding the repeal in this respect.

The equalization of the Sugar-Duties, the repeal of the Navigation-Laws, the reform of our "Colonial System," and the introduction of self-government into our principal colonial dependencies, were all accomplished by this administration, and few indeed have been the Governments of England which can point to such substantial services as these in the cause of progress. In looking back it is impossible not to feel how different might have been our history for the last fifteen years, and how superior our present condition, if the spirit which then predominated in the councils of the State, and which would doubtless have rendered possible the cordial coöperation of Cobden, either in or out of office, had been permitted to inspire our national policy.

But to return to our subject. It seems to have been expected that Cobden would have exclusively devoted himself to commercial questions, and when it was found that he proceeded to attack systematically our foreign policy, our system of government in India, our national expenditure, our military and naval administration, and our maritime laws, he was accused of going beyond his province, and discredited as an enthusiast incapable of dealing with the great mysteries of statecraft.

Those who used this language either knew too well, or not at all, that Cobden aimed at something very different and very much deeper than mere commercial reforms.

In each and all of these he took, as was natural, a sincere and consistent interest, but he felt that he could safely leave them to be carried through in the hands which had undertaken the work, and he knew that incalculable as would be the results, to the wealth and prosperity of the country, they would not alone suffice to raise the lower classes of this country from their condition of moral and material degradation, and thus to rescue England from the reproach of failure in the highest ends of civilization, and assure for her a permanent place in the front rank of nations.

It was therefore, that, instead of entangling himself in the snares of office, and devoting his time to the details of practical legislation, he undertook the

harder and more ungrateful, but far nobler office, of endeavoring to open the eyes of his countrymen to the necessity under which they lay, of preparing for fundamental changes in many of the essential principles upon which our national policy had previously been conducted, in its three great divisions—Domestic, Foreign, and Colonial.

The programme which, in the fulfilment of this task, Cobden appears to have set before him embraced the following objects :

Complete freedom of trade throughout the British empire, exclusive (as a practical necessity) for the present, of restrictions for fiscal purposes.

Freedom of the press from all taxes, happily designated by Mr. Milner Gibson as "taxes on knowledge."

The largest measure of self-government in our colonial possessions, including the obligation of self-defence.

The final and unqualified abandonment of our policy of conquest and territorial aggrandizement in India and elsewhere.

The adoption of the general principle of "non-intervention" in our foreign policy, publicity in all the transactions of diplomacy, and the renunciation of all ideas of national preponderance and supremacy.

The reduction of our military and naval forces within the limits strictly required for the national security.

A large reduction of our taxation.

A reform in the laws affecting landed property.

The reform of our maritime laws.

We have not included in this enumeration the two great measures of National Education and Parliamentary Reform, because, although these are essential articles in the creed of every liberal politician, and it is needless to say that they both enlisted Cobden's warmest sympathy, he felt that in his time he could more usefully devote himself to questions upon which his views were less generally shared.

Cobden saw clearly that unless our system of government, in all its branches, were adapted to the altered conditions of our national existence, not only would our commercial reforms be shorn of their most valuable and complete results, in the elevation of the masses of the people, but that we should also incur

the risk of very serious dangers. Nothing is so fatal to success in the life of individuals or of nations, as a confusion of principles in action.

Under the system of monopoly, it was logical enough in our foreign policy to keep alive the chimera of the balance of power, to seek, in foreign alliances and artificial combinations of force, the security which we could not hope to derive from legitimate and natural causes. In the government of our foreign possessions, it was logical to annex provinces and extend our empire, and by the display of force and the arts of diplomacy to coerce and despoil; and for both these purposes, it was necessary to maintain costly and imposing forces by sea and land, and to cast on the people the burden of a proportionate taxation.

By means such as these we might have prolonged, for two or three generations, a false and hollow supremacy, and ward off for a while the inevitable doom which awaits all false principles.

But with a policy of free exchange, these things are not only inconsistent, they are dangerous.

They are inconsistent, because a policy of Free-trade rests on the principle, that the interests of all nations lie in union and not in opposition; that coöperation and not competition, international dependence and not national independence, are the highest end and object of civilization, and that, therefore, peace, and not war, is the natural and normal condition of civilized communities in their relation to each other.

They are dangerous, because a country which is unable even to feed its own population without its foreign trade, and of whose prosperity, and even existence, peace is thus a necessary condition, cannot afford to encounter the risks of wars with powerful enemies. If such a country appeals to the law of force, by that law will it be judged, and the result must be crushing failure, disaster, and ultimate defeat. The sacred simplicity of the Protectionist mind dimly apprehended this, and deprecated the repeal of the Corn-Law accordingly. It did not perceive that the alternative was an inadequate supply of food for a third of our population.

From this point of view, the "balance of power" can only be sought in the

free development of the natural forces, whether of morality, intelligence, or material wealth, residing in the different countries of the earth, and the balance will always be held (to use the expression of William III., in his address to Parliament, quoted by Mr. Cobden in his paper on "Russia") by the country which, in proportion to its powers, has economized its material resources to the highest point, and acquired the highest degree of moral ascendancy by an honest and consistent allegiance to the laws of morality in its domestic policy and in its foreign relations.

The acquisition of colonies and territories formerly required to afford new fields for monopoly, and defended on the plea that outlets were necessary for our trade, while our ports were closed to our nearest and richest neighbors, appeared in its true light as a wicked waste of national influence, and a costly and useless perversion of national wealth, when all the countries of the earth became our customers, and England the metropolitan *entrepôt* of the world.

Large standing armies and navies, with their necessary accompaniment of heavy, and because heavy, unequal, and indirect taxation, are only rational in countries which are constantly liable to war, and cannot therefore be equally required under a system which relies on moral influence and on international justice, as under one which depends on force and monopoly. For what are the causes which make a country liable to war?

These are of several kinds, but for our present purpose we may class them under the following heads:

*First*, The disposition to engage in wars of conquest or aggression.

*Second*, The necessity of maintaining (for the purpose of repressing liberty at home) a large military force, which a government may at any moment be obliged to employ in foreign war, either to gratify the military spirit engendered by the presence of a powerful service, or to divert public attention from domestic questions.

*Third*, The habitual violation of the rights of labor and property in her international relations, by prohibitive and protective laws.

*Fourth*, The pretension of holding the

"balance of power," and for this purpose of interfering in the affairs of other nations, with its result—the theory of "armed diplomacy," which aims, by a display of force, at securing for a country what is supposed to be its due influence in foreign affairs.

*Fifth*, The requirements of a nation for purposes of defence against foreign aggression.

Of these, the three first may be dismissed at once, as absolutely inoperative in the case of England under the "Free-trade" system. For although, to our shame, it must be admitted that our government both in India and in Ireland still maintains itself greatly by force, the conditions of our empire render this necessity in some respects a guarantee of peace rather than a cause of war.

Of the two remaining causes, the first must be so cut down and modified in order to be a pretext for military armaments as to lose its broad and general character, and to require re-statement.

The doctrine of the "balance of power" is, we hope, consigned to the limbo of exploded fallacies with the "balance of trade," and we refer any remaining believers in the "balancing system" to the history and analysis of this remarkable phenomenon contained in the essay on Russia in the work before us,\* as we think it cannot fail to dispel any lingering faith in this delusion.

With the doctrine of the balance of power, a fruitful source of dangerous and useless meddling in the affairs of foreign countries has been cut away. There remains, however, a limited form of interference in foreign affairs, which it is still thought by many among us, and even by a large section of the Liberal party, that we should be prepared to exert in certain events, and for which, if the principle be admitted, some allowance must be made in estimating the extent of our requirements. We refer to the supposed duty of England to resort to war, in possible cases, for the purpose of defending the principles of free government and international law, or of protecting a foreign country from wanton and unjust aggression. This question is so important that we shall discuss it at greater length in considering the

\* *Vide* Article on Russia, in vol. I. of this work.



doctrine of "non-intervention" as the key-stone of our Free-trade foreign policy.

This fourth cause, thus materially modified, and the last, are then the only remaining grounds, so far as our foreign relations are concerned, on which it is necessary still to devote a portion of the national wealth to military and naval armaments; and it is obvious that even these operate with far less force under a system of policy which proceeds on principles of international morality, and appeals to the common interests of all the nations of the earth, than under one which rests on ideas of national supremacy and rivalry.

It cannot, therefore, we think, be denied, even by those who are the most disposed to connect the greatness and security of England with the constant display of physical force, that as our liability to war has diminished, our preparations for it should also diminish; and that it is as irrational to devote to our "services," in a period of "Free-trade," colonial self-government, and non-intervention, the sums which were wrung from our industry, in an epoch of monopoly, of colonial servitude, and of a "spirited foreign policy," as it would be to pay the same insurance on a healthy as on a diseased life.

To summon into existence a principle which in all human relations shall assert the right of property, in mind and in matter, in thought and in labor, and to secure this right on its only true foundation—the universal rule of justice and freedom—is to evoke a force which is destined to root up and destroy the seeds of discord and division among men; to bind up the nations of the earth in a vast federation of interests; and to bring the disorders and conflicting passions of society under the domain of law.

To promote all the agencies through which this force can act, and to repress all those which oppose its progress and neutralize its operation, and for this purpose to analyze and expose to view these several agencies, both in their causes and in their effects, eternally acting and reacting on each other, was the task which Cobden set himself to accomplish.

It was inevitable, with these objects in view, that Cobden was often obliged

to raise discussion upon questions which, to ordinary minds, appeared somewhat chimerical, and to propose measures which were in the nature of things premature; that he should give to many the impression of wasting his strength on matters which could not be brought to an immediate practical issue, and in the agitation of which he could not hope for direct success.

It will be found, however, that although there often existed no possibility of realizing or applying his projects at the time of their enunciation, these were always themselves of an essentially practical character, and inseparably connected with each other; and that although presented as occasion served, from time to time, and as the nature of his mission required, in a fragmentary and separate form, they each and all formed the component parts of a policy coherent and complete, and destined, we cannot doubt, to a gradual but certain triumph.

We have already enumerated some of the principal questions to which in this vast field of activity, Cobden successively devoted himself, and referred to those among them in which, at the same time, his views were shared by the majority of his countrymen, and which, in whole or in part, were soon adopted by Parliament and the country.

We shall therefore confine our further remarks to those features of Cobden's programme which during his life he labored, for the most part in vain, to make acceptable to the governing classes of his countrymen, and upon which there still exist, even among those who entertain what are called "advanced views," great difference of opinion, and sometimes, we think, no little confusion of thought.

We refer our readers to the essays contained in the volumes before us for a more powerful and elaborate exposition of the writer's leading views on the subjects to which they relate, in a popular and practical form, than any which we can offer; but although it is impossible, in the limits of the present article, to do more than indicate briefly what appear to us to be the broad general outlines of Cobden's creed on the questions to which we shall refer, and these are so intimately connected with each other that they are hardly susceptible of separate treat-

ment, we will endeavor to offer a few suggestions with respect to the opinions which he appears to have held in connection with each of the following topics:

Foreign Policy.

Colonial and Indian Policy.

Limitation of Armaments.

Reduction of Expenditure.

Taxation.

Cobden's general views on the principles of our foreign policy have been sufficiently indicated in previous parts of this article, but we desire to make a few observations on what is called the doctrine of "non-intervention," by which that policy is ordinarily characterized.

Cobden never, so far as we are aware, advanced or held the opinion that wars other than those undertaken for self-defence were in all cases wrong and inexpedient.

The question, as we apprehended it, was with him one of relative duties. It is clear that the duty and wisdom of entering upon a war, even in defence of the most righteous cause, must be measured by our knowledge, and by our power; but even where our knowledge is complete and our power sufficient, it is necessary that, in undertaking such a war, we should be satisfied that in doing so we are not neglecting and putting it out of our reach to fulfil more sacred and more imperative duties.

The cases are rare in the quarrels of other nations, still rarer in their internal dissensions, in which our knowledge of their causes and conditions, and our power of enforcing the right, and assuring its success, in any degree justifies us in armed interference—the last resort in the failure of human justice.

But even if these difficult conditions of our justification in such a war were satisfied, the cases must be rare indeed in which, with a population of which so large a part are barely receiving the means of decent existence, and another part are supported by public charity at the expense of the rest, and at a charge of more than £7,000,000 per annum, this country would be justified in imposing on our laboring classes (on whom, be it remembered, the burden must chiefly fall) the cost of obtaining for another people, a degree of freedom, or a measure of justice, which they have so imperfectly secured for themselves.

Such a course is certainly not defensible until the people have a far larger share in the government of their country than they now possess in England.

When we add to these considerations the singular inaptitude of the governing classes of this country to comprehend foreign affairs, the extraordinary errors which are usually to be observed in their judgments and opinions on foreign questions, and the dangerous liability to abuse in the hands of any government, of the doctrine of "Blood and Iron," even if it be sometimes invoked in a just cause, we shall, I think, acknowledge the sober wisdom of Cobden's opinion, that for all practical purposes, at least for the present generation, the rule of non-intervention should be sternly and systematically enforced.

It was a great defect in our new Colonial system that, in conferring upon our possessions the right of self-government, we did not at the same time impose on them the duty of self-defence.

Cobden never lost an opportunity of protesting against this last misappropriation of the money of the British taxpayer, and of exposing the secret connection of this feature in our policy with the perpetuation of pretexts for increased armaments.

The British rule in India was to Cobden a subject of the deepest anxiety and apprehension. His paper in the present volumes, entitled "How Wars are got up in India," is an honest and indignant criticism upon an episode in our Indian history, which has only too many parallels, and gives expression to one of his strongest convictions, namely, the retribution which one day awaits the lust of power and of territorial aggrandizement, and the utter disregard of morality so often exhibited in our dealings with the races of this great dependency.

The changes advocated by Cobden in our foreign and colonial policy necessarily involved a large reduction in our military and naval establishments, and to this object his most strenuous efforts were constantly directed; but here the difficulties which he had to encounter were enormous, and the Crimean War, and its results throughout Europe, have rendered all attempts at reform in this branch of our national economy hitherto unavailing.

In attacking our "Services" he not only had to contend against powerful interests, connected with almost all the families of the upper and middle classes of the country, but also against many honest, though mistaken, opinions, as to the causes of national greatness and the sources of our power. It was the widespread prevalence of such opinions, combined with the selfish influence of the worst element in British commerce, that led, on the occasion of the Chinese War in 1857, to the rejection of Cobden by the West Riding, and of Bright and Gibson by Manchester. The class of ideas symbolized by the "British Lion," the "Sceptre of Britannia," and the "*Civis Romanus*," irrational and vulgar as they are, have nevertheless a side which is not altogether ignoble, and are of a nature which it requires more than one generation to eradicate.

Cobden approached this question of reduction by two different roads. He endeavored to bring to bear upon it international action, by arrangements for a general limitation of armaments, in which, as regards France, there appeared more than once some possibility of success, and in which he was cordially supported by Bastiat in the years succeeding the repeal of the Corn-Laws; he also sought, by every means in his power, to urge it on his countrymen, by appeals to their good sense and self-respect. He exposed firstly our policy, and secondly our administration; and showed, with irresistible arguments, that, while the one was unsound, the other was extravagant; and that thus the British people were condemned not only to provide for what was useless, and even dangerous, but at the same time to pay an excessive price for it.

He tells us in his article on Russia, vol. i., p. 309:

"If that which constitutes cowardice in individuals, namely, the taking excessive precautions against danger, merits the same designation when practiced by communities, then England certainly must rank as the greatest poltroon among nations."

Cobden was often blamed for not devoting more time and labor to the task of minute resistance to the "Estimates" in the House of Commons. This was

the result of his perfect conviction, after years of experience and observation, that such a course was absolutely useless, and that no private member, however able or courageous, could cope in detail with the resources at the disposal of Government, in evading exposure and resisting reductions. He therefore always insisted that the only course was to strike at the root of the evil, by diminishing the revenue and the expenditure in the gross. And this brings us to our next topic, which is inextricably bound up with the last, namely, the reduction of the national expenditure, and the consequent diminution of taxation, objects the importance of which is becoming yearly more vital. Cobden knew that no material reform in our financial system could be effected (for all that has been hitherto done has been to shift the burden, and not to diminish it) until our external policy was changed, and hence his incessant efforts in this direction; but he also knew that the surest method of accomplishing the latter object was, to diminish the resources at the disposal of Government for military and naval purposes.

The first object in financial reform was, in Cobden's opinion, the gradual remission of indirect taxation.

In a letter to the "Liverpool Association" he made use of the remarkable expression that he considered them to be the only body of men in the country who appeared to have any faith in the future of humanity.

His objections were threefold, and they are conclusive:

"1. The dangerous facilities which they afford for extravagant and excessive expenditure, by reason of their imperceptibility in collection, and of the consequent readiness of the people to submit to them, and also of the impossibility of insuring a close and honest adaptation of the revenue to the expenditure."

What would be thought of an attempt to provide for the administration of our Poor-Laws by taxes on the consumption of the district, instead of by a rate?

"2. Their interference with the great law of free exchange, one of the rights of property, and (so far as customs duties are concerned) the violation of international equity, which they involve; for it is obvious that the conditions of international trade are essentially

affected by taxes on imports and exports, and it is impossible to apportion them so as to insure that each country shall pay neither more nor less than its own due share.

"3. The enhancement of the cost of the taxed article to the consumer, over and above the amount of the tax."

If it be objected that indirect taxation is the only method by which the masses of the people can be made to contribute their share to the revenues of the State, we reply that, if the condition of the masses of the people in any country is such as to place them beyond the reach of direct taxation, it is the surest proof that the whole national economy is out of joint, and that, in some form or other, resort will be had to "communism." In England we have too clear and disastrous evidence of this in our Poor-Law system, and in our reckless and prodigal alms-giving. In withholding from our children the bread of justice, we have given them the stone of enforced and sapless charity.

We hail, therefore, with pleasure, the movement which is beginning in Germany and Belgium, in favor of a gradual abolition of all customs duties; and are convinced that there is none, perhaps, among all the articles of the Liberal creed which, both in its direct and indirect effects, contains the promise of so much future good.

There are two other great questions which occupied a prominent place in Cobden's programme, but at which our space forbids us from doing more than glance. We allude to the laws affecting property in land, and to our maritime laws.

Cobden held that the growing accumulation in the hands of fewer and fewer proprietors of the soil of the country was a great political, social, and economical evil, and as this tendency is unquestionably stimulated by the system of our government, and some of our laws, which give it an artificial value, he foresaw that one of the principal tasks of the generation which succeeded him, must be to liberate the land from all the unnecessary obstacles which impede its acquisition and natural distribution, and to place it under the undisturbed control of the economic law. We cannot here attempt to enter upon a due examination of the causes which

in this country neutralize and subvert this law in the case of landed property, but the general principle involved may be very shortly suggested.

The more abundant the supply of land in a country, the cheaper will it be, the larger will be the return to the capital and labor expended on it, and the greater the profits to be divided between them.

It is obvious that laws which keep land out of the market—laws of entail, laws of settlement, difficulties of transfer, as well as a system of government which gives to the possession of land an artificial value, for social or political purposes, over and above its natural commercial value—must have the inevitable effect of restricting the quantity, of enhancing the price, and of diminishing the product to be obtained. Land thus acquires a monopoly price, small capitals are deterred from this form of investment, competition is restricted, production is diminished, and the condition of those who live by the land, as well as of those who exchange the produce of their labor for the produce of the land, necessarily impaired.

To illustrate our meaning by an extreme case: let us suppose that the State were to connect with property in land the highest titles and privileges, on the condition that it was entirely diverted from all productive uses, and kept solely for purposes of ornament and sport, and that the honors and advantages so conferred were sufficiently tempting to induce many persons to accept these conditions. It must follow that the stock of available land in such a country would be diminished to whatever extent it was so appropriated, and its material resources proportionably reduced.

In a less degree, who can deny that these causes are operating among us, and are a source of incalculable loss and waste of the national wealth? The suggestion last year that our coal-beds would be exhausted in one hundred years almost startled Parliament from its propriety. Yet we acquiesce, year after year, without a murmur, in a curtailment of our supply of land, and those who warn us of our danger are denounced as the agents of revolution.

In his speech at Rochdale, in Novem-



ber, 1864, which was his last public utterance, Cobden especially left this task as a legacy to the younger men among us, and told them that they could do more for their country in liberating the land than had been achieved for it in the liberation of its trade.

On the question of "Maritime Law," it is needless to say that he advocated the largest extension of the rights of neutrals, and the greatest possible limitation of the rights of belligerents as a necessary and logical accompaniment of a free-trade policy.

His views on this subject will be seen from a letter addressed to Mr. H. Ashworth, in 1862, in which he recommends the following three reforms:

1. Exemption of private property from capture at sea during war by armed vessels of every kind.

2. Blockades to be restricted to naval arsenals, and to towns besieged at the same time by land, with the exception of articles contraband of war.

3. The merchant ships of neutrals on the high sea to be inviolable to the visitation of alien Government vessels in time of war as in time of peace.

In this letter he observes:

"Free-trade, in the widest definition of the term, means only the division of labor by which the productive powers of the whole earth are brought into mutual coöperation. If this scheme of universal dependence is to be liable to sudden dislocation whenever two Governments choose to go to war, it converts a manufacturing industry such as ours into a lottery, in which the lives and fortunes of multitudes of men are at stake. I do not comprehend how any British statesman who consults the interests of his country, and understands the revolution which Free-trade is effecting in the relations of the world, can advocate the maintenance of commercial blockades. If I shared their views I should shrink from promoting the indefinite growth of a population whose means of subsistence would be liable to be cut off at any moment by a belligerent power, against whom we should have no right of resistance, or even of complaint.

"It must be in mere irony that the advocates of such a policy as this ask—Of what use would our navy be in case of war if commercial blockades were abolished? Surely, for a nation that has no access to the rest of the world but by sea, and a large part of whose population is dependent for food on foreign countries, the chief use of a navy

should be to keep open its communications, not to close them!

"I will only add that I regard these changes as the necessary corollary of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the abolition of the Corn Laws, and the abandonment of our colonial monopoly. We have thrown away the sceptre of force, to confide in the principles of freedom—uncovenanted, unconditional freedom. Under the new *régime* our national fortunes have prospered beyond all precedent. During the last fourteen years the increase in our commerce has exceeded its entire growth during the previous thousand years of reliance on force, cunning, and monopoly. This should encourage us to go forward in the full faith that every fresh impediment removed from the path of commerce, whether by sea or land, and whether in peace or war, will augment our prosperity, at the same time that it will promote the general interests of humanity."

In most of the foregoing questions, Cobden, as we have said, was contented to preach sound doctrine, and to prepare the way for the ultimate adoption of principles of policy and government, which in his time he could not hope to see prevail.

But he was destined before the close of his career once more to engage in a great practical work, and to identify his name with an accomplished success, scarcely inferior in its scope and results to the repeal of the English Corn-Law.

This was the Commercial Treaty with France.

As the Corn-Law was the great stronghold of monopoly in England, so was the prohibitive system in France the keystone of protection in Europe, and Cobden selected these accordingly, with the unerring instinct of real statesmanship, as the first points for attack, and fastened upon them with a tenacity and resolution which insured success.

Fifteen years had elapsed since England had renounced, in principle at least, the false system of commercial monopoly, and in Cobden's words quoted above, "thrown away the sceptre of force, to confide in freedom, uncovenanted, unconditional freedom."

She had trusted to the teaching of her example, and to the experience of her extraordinary success, in leading the countries of Europe to respond to her appeal for coöperation in liberating trade, and vindicating the rights of

labor—but she had met with slight response.

Our conversion was perhaps too recent, our course still too inconsistent, and our motives too much open to suspicion, to make this surprising, and, so far as France was concerned, we had unfortunately contrived in all our reforms to retain in our tariff, restrictions upon the staple articles of French production, wine and silk.

The time had come when, unless some new impulse could be given to international intercourse, the forces of reaction might have again acquired the ascendancy, and European progress have been thrown back for years.

Our relations with France were those of chronic distrust and rivalry. The cry of "*Perfide Albion*" in France too often resounded in our ears, and the bugbear of French invasion was successively invoked on this side of the Channel no less than three times in the period we are considering.

This was a state of things fraught with danger. Monopoly had borne as usual its deadly fruits, in alienating two great nations destined by nature for the closest relations of friendship and mutual dependence, and in fostering in both the spirit of war.

It was under circumstances such as these that Cobden set his hand to the great work of coöperation which led to the Commercial Treaty.

Bastiat, who would have hailed with delight this tardy reparation of the defects in our reformed commercial system which he always deplored, was no longer alive to aid the cause, but to the most distinguished of modern French economists, Michel Chevalier, is due, in concert with Cobden, the merit of the scheme which the Governments of England and France were induced to adopt, which has opened to us a new era of progress, in gradually welding together the nations of Europe in a great commercial confederation, and in laying the foundations of a civilization which may yet keep pace with that now dawning on our race, in the Anglo-Saxon republics of the Western World.

It was pleasant to see how his old friends rallied around him on this occasion, and how many, who had been often unable to comprehend or follow him

in his political career, rejoiced to see him once again in the field against his old enemy, Protection. But, on the other hand, he was assailed by an influential class among us with a bitter animosity, which all but made his task impossible, and which revealed too clearly the strength and vitality of the reactionary forces still at work in our midst.

As Cobden saw in his beneficent work the hope of a new era of peace, and of liberal progress in Europe as its certain fruit, so did his opponents instinctively perceive that his success would carry with it the doom of the traditions of hatred and of fear, which the governments of Europe had too often successfully invoked, to plunge the people into wars of which they are the invariable victims, and to keep alive the rumors of wars which have deprived them of the solid fruits of peace.

We believe that it is scarcely too much to say, that the Commercial Treaty with France was a turning point in the destiny of England. We look upon the contest of public opinion in this country and in France, which was roused and decided by this event, as the death-struggle between the conflicting principles which had for so many years been striving for the mastery in the direction of their affairs.

So long as the political condition of Europe is such as to render necessary or possible the huge armaments, which are a reproach to our age and boasted civilization, while four millions of men, in the flower of their age, are taken from productive industry, and supported by the labor of the rest of the population, no real and permanent progress can be made in the emancipation of the people, and in the establishment of free institutions.

At the time of which we are speaking, even still more than at present, all direct attempts to mitigate this monster evil appeared hopeless; and although he never ceased to urge, both in England and France, the wisdom of a mutual understanding, with a view to reduced armaments, he knew that the only certain and available method of undermining this fatal system and preparing for its ultimate overthrow, was to assist in every way the counter-agencies of peace.

It was in the consciousness that by breaking down the barriers to commercial intercourse between England and France, a greater impulse would be given than by any other event to the forces of progress in Europe, that the men who in both countries undertook and completed this international work entered upon their arduous task. We have said that the time has not arrived when it is possible to speak freely of this episode in Cobden's life, but it is necessary to vindicate his policy from charges which, although forgotten and overwhelmed in its extraordinary success, were brought against it too commonly, and from quarters whence it ought least to have been expected, at the time.

In France he was reproached, by many of his earlier friends, whose sympathies were bound up with the Orleanist or Republican *régimes*, and who viewed, with a natural aversion, the Second Empire, for contributing to a work which, if successful, might do more than anything else to consolidate the Imperial reign. He replied, that what the immediate effect might be he neither knew nor cared, but that all the forces of freedom were "*Solidaires*," and that the ruler who gave "Free-trade" to the nation, whether King, President, or Emperor, was doing that which, more than anything else, would assure the future liberties of France.

The same causes operated in many quarters to make the treaty unpopular in England; but he was also assailed in a more insidious form. He was accused of having forgotten or forsaken the sound doctrines of political economy, of which he had in his earlier life been the uncompromising advocate, and of having revived the discarded policy of "reciprocity treaties."

It would perhaps be unnecessary to revert to this charge, were it not that a suspicion of unsoundness still lurks in many minds as to the principles of the French and subsequent treaties of commerce. It may be well, therefore, to say that, so far as this charge was honest, and something more than a convenient method of discrediting a measure which it was desired to obstruct, it proceeded on a very imperfect knowledge of the policy of the Treaty, and

on an erroneous and confused idea of the principles of free trade itself.

The system of reciprocity treaties and tariff bargains was one of the natural but most pernicious developments of the doctrine of protection. The most notorious of such treaties in our history is perhaps the famous "Methuen" Treaty, from the effects of which we are still suffering in England in the shape of adulterated wine. These arrangements aimed at the extension of the limits of monopoly by securing for our products protection in a foreign country against the competition of all other countries, and always proceeded on the supposed interest of the producer, to the injury of the consumer. They were logical, when it was believed or professed that the reduction of a duty was a sacrifice on the part of the country making it, to the country in whose favor it was made. From this point of view, it was natural, in making such reductions, to demand what were thought to be equivalent concessions from the country with which we were treating, and the supreme art of negotiation was held to consist in framing what had the appearance of a "nicely-adjusted balance of equivalents," but in which each country secretly desired, and sought to obtain, the "maximum" of reductions from the other against the "minimum" of its own.

But from the Free-trade point of view, in which all reductions of duties, at least so far as protective duties are concerned, are an admitted and positive gain to the country making them, it becomes absurd and impossible to use them as the ground of a claim on a foreign country for compensating or equivalent remissions.

The French Treaty had no affinity, except in form, to treaties such as these.

Instead of a bargain in which each party sought to give as little and to get as much, as possible, it was a great work of coöperation, in which the Governments of England and of France were resolved, on both sides, to remove, within the limits of their power, the artificial obstacles to their commercial intercourse presented by fiscal and protective laws.

England has already spontaneously advanced much further than France in this direction, and hence alone, if for no other reason, all idea of "equivalent" concessions was out of the question.

She contributed her share to the work, by sweeping from her tariff, with some trifling exceptions, all trace and remnant of protection, and by reducing within moderate limits her fiscal duties upon wine and brandy.

France, unable at one stroke to destroy the whole fabric of monopoly, nevertheless made a deadly breach in the edifice, by substituting moderate duties, for prohibition, in the case of the chief British exports.

If these reforms had been made exclusively in each other's favor, they might have been justly open to the charge of unsoundness, but they were made equally for the commerce of all the world, on the side of England immediately, on the side of France prospectively, and thus, instead of reverting to a system of monopoly, the prohibitive and differential policy of France was annihilated, and the equal system of England maintained and consolidated.

There were, however, two objections made to the treaty, of a more plausible kind, and which we will, therefore, briefly notice:

*First*, That a work of this description need not assume the form of a treaty, which tends to disguise its real character, but should be left to the independent legislation of each country.

*Secondly*, That, although it might be well to abolish protective duties by this method, it was impolitic to fetter ourselves by treaty, with respect to fiscal taxes.

As regards the first objection, it is sufficient to reply, that at the time we are considering, for political reasons, a treaty was the only form in which such a measure could be carried in France; but a more permanent justification is to be found in the fact, that a treaty is nothing more than an international statute-law, and that, in a matter of international concern, it is necessary that there should exist an international guarantee of permanence. Without such a security, what would be the condition of trade?

The second objection is more subtle, but has no better foundation. A tax which, from whatever cause, dries up an important source of national wealth, and thus takes from the fund available for taxation more than the amount gained by the revenue, is a bad tax, and ought

never, if possible, to be imposed or maintained.

The tax on French wine and spirits had the effect of restricting more injuriously one of the most important branches of our foreign trade, and would, if maintained, have deprived us, by preventing the conclusion of the Treaty, of an addition of at least £20,000,000 sterling per annum, to the value of our general exchanges with France. No wise legislation could retain such a tax in the face of such consequences. There is probably no other form of tax to which it would not have been preferable to resort, rather than to maintain these obstacles to our trade with France.

But the consequences of the Treaty with France were not confined to that country and to England. It was an act which, both by its moral effect and its direct and necessary influence on the legislation of the other Continental countries, has set on foot a movement which grows from year to year, and will not cease till all protective duties have been erased from the commercial codes of Europe.

It was thus the rare privilege of the man, who had been foremost in giving the deathblow to monopoly in England, to be also among the first to storm the citadel of protection on the Continent, and to give to the work which he commenced at home a decisive international impulse, destined to afford new securities for the most sacred of human rights—the right of labor, and to add “new realms to the empire of freedom.”

Cobden had yet another success awaiting him, to our mind the most signal triumph of his life. He lived to see the great moral and economic laws, which he had enforced through years of opposition and obloquy, asserting their control over the forces of reaction, and moulding our foreign policy.

It must have been with a superb and heartfelt satisfaction (and it was so) that Cobden watched the conflict of public opinion at the time of the Danish War.

The diplomatic intervention of the Government had brought us to the verge of war, and made it more than usually difficult to retreat.

The old instincts of the ruling classes of the nation were thoroughly aroused, and, unless they had been neutralized and overpowered by stronger and deeper



forces, we should, under a fancied idea of chivalry and honor (if anything can deserve these names which is opposed to reason and duty), have squandered once more the hard-earned heritage of English labor in a war of which the causes and the merits were for the most part unknown among us, and could never have been made intelligible to the nation, and in which our success, if possible, might have thrown back all liberal progress for years, both in England and on the Continent.

But it soon became manifest that a nobler and larger morality had been gaining ground in the heart of the nation, had at last found its expression in the Councils of the State, and had enforced its control over those who still believed in the vain and idle dream, that the mission of England is to hold by force the balance of power in Europe.

The memorable debate which decided the course of our policy in this critical moment, decided far greater issues; and the principle of "non-intervention," the only hope for the moral union of nations and the progress of freedom, became the predominating rule of our foreign policy, and with different limitations and qualifications, a cardinal point in the liberal creed.

We must here close a hasty and imperfect sketch of Cobden's political life and principles, in the hope that the outline which we have traced may be filled up by abler hands. Our object will have been attained, if we have succeeded in leading some of our readers to suspect the erroneous and superficial nature of the prevalent opinion of Cobden in the upper ranks of English society, to believe that the verdict of history will rather confirm the judgment of his humbler countrymen, with whom his name has become a household word, and that his life and words and deeds deserve their deepest study and most impartial examination.

Of all the dreams in which easy-going and half-hearted politicians indulge, the idlest appears to be that in which it is fondly imagined that the days of party strife are over, and that no questions lie before us on which the majority of moderate and honest men are not agreed. It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact, that before the future greatness and

prosperity of our country can be assured, great issues must be raised, and fierce political struggles traversed. We have a firm and confident belief that the forces on the side of progress are sufficient to achieve what is required for this consummation, by peaceful and constitutional reforms; but the cause will not be won without strenuous efforts.

It will not be won without the aid of men who, in the measure of their gifts, will bring to bear upon the task the qualities of which in Cobden's life we have such enduring proofs: pure morality, keen intelligence, perfect disinterestedness, undaunted courage, indomitable tenacity of purpose, high patriotism, and an immovable faith in the predestined triumph of good over evil.

That the principles of public morality which Cobden devoted his life to enforce, will ultimately prevail in the government of the world, we think that no one who believes in God or man can doubt. Whether it be in store for our country first to achieve, by their adoption, the last triumphs of civilization, and to hold her place in the van of human progress, or whether to other races, and to other communities, will be confided this great mission, it is not for us to determine.

But those who trust that this may yet be England's destiny, who, in spite of much which they deplore, delight to look upon her past with pride and her future with hope, will ever revere the memory of Cobden, as of one whose lifelong aim it was to lay the foundations of her empire in her moral greatness, in the supremacy of reason, and in the majesty of law—and will feel with us that the "international man" was also, and still more, an Englishman.

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#### INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL VON MOLTKE.\*

BY A CORRESPONDENT OF THE LEIPZIG "DAHEIM."

... ALTHOUGH I had been preceded by favorable recommendations, on which I confidently relied, still I could hardly suppose that the man who had now to superintend the dispersion

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\* Translated from the *Daheim*, Oct., 1866.

of nine army corps, as he had previously superintended their organization—that the chief of the great general staff could find an hour to waste in prattling with an unknown writer. How was I surprised, when, on my second visit, I was simply told by the waiter that I might enter, through the anteroom, the right hand door!

The General-in-Chief occupies that peculiarly-constructed house, No. 66 Behren-street, which must have made many a passer-by doubtful for what it was intended. Although the buildings in Behren-street, almost all of which date from the middle of the last century, can claim the privileges of a want of taste, yet the headquarters of the Staff-General deserves the distinction of special architectural ugliness. It is one of the most detestable public buildings in all Berlin, and bears not the slightest correspondence to the important bureaux, archives, and personages which it contains.

The first impression made upon the visitor by Baron von Moltke is that of extreme earnestness of character. His tall straight figure seems formed to command; the expression of his features is as firm as iron, and one might almost think that the years had chiselled in marble the folds of his face.

He received me in what seemed to be his working-room, a spacious chamber, furnished in the simplest way; its walls adorned with numerous engravings, mostly portraits of the royal family and the higher officers of the army. He sat in one of those old-fashioned but comfortable arm-chairs, now superseded by the modern fauteuil, which by no means replaces them. After he had invited me to sit down, I told him frankly the object of my visit. It was a very strange request, and I imagine that the readers of the *Daheim* will feel very thankful to me for having dared to make it.

"Your Excellency," said I, "there is not a periodical, either German or foreign, which has not, in the last few months, published your biography, or portions of it."

"And, as I have been told, utterly incomplete, sometimes entirely false, and in many cases utterly ludicrous," interrupted the General.

"That makes me the more hopeful,"

said I, "that you will pardon me, if I ask your Excellency, in the name of the readers of the *Daheim*, to give me some facts in regard to yourself, which can be read with implicit confidence, and which will have an entirely different value from the colorless biographical sketches of a conversations-lexicon."

He smiled, and I saw that an expression of kindness and geniality such as are rarely seen could blend with the other traits of those iron features.

"You are mistaken," said he, "if you think my life is suited to one of those brilliant descriptions which poets and even the public like so well. My life is so barren of episodes that it might be thought almost tedious, and I should not know what to put in my biography but dates, and again dates."

"Will your Excellency allow me to say that our lives always seem more interesting to a stranger than to ourselves?"

"How is that, Doctor?"

"Because the stranger knows only the pith or substance of the event, but not the long and often tedious way which leads to the point where the oft-times momentary interest begins."

"You are right! Success is often embittered to us in this way, or the want of success made less painful than the uninitiated might suppose. We may often reach the goal of our wishes, and yet the triumph will seem cold because the struggle has been too hard, and the reverse. Still, I am sure I might, at the most, find three or four episodes in my life, which would have some value to the reading public."

"And one of them, surely, is the Bohemian campaign?"

"Certainly."

"And you call that a life poor in episodes, your Excellency?"

He laughed again, but, if I may so express it, more earnestly than before.

"I will tell you all that is in my mind," said he. "I have an antipathy for vulgar praises, as—well, as certain persons have for certain animals. It puts me out of humor for a whole day to hear anything of the kind. Yes! the Bohemian campaign is a noble, an imperishable page in the world's history, an event whose results no one to-day is able to compute. I did my duty in it

honorably, in my place, as all my comrades did theirs—nothing more! God Almighty led the Prussian eagle in its flight of victory. The courage of our army, the circumspection of its leaders, as well as my own plans, were only the instruments of His will. And when I now hear those boundless adulations which the public shower upon me, I never for a moment cease thinking, 'How would it have been if success, this unexampled success, had not crowned our undertaking? Would not this undeserved exaltation have been so much unreasonable criticism and undeserved blame?'

I was silent. I went there to *study a man*; and this great modesty, unexpected, although I might have foreseen it, showed me one of the most interesting sides of his noble character.

"But I will very willingly give you the facts you wish for your paper, and then you can easily rectify a common error in regard to my birth. It is said that I was born in Holstein, which is not at all true. My family is an old Mecklenburg one, inheriting for centuries, until my grandfather's time, the estate of Sarnow, near Ribnitz. My father, who had served in the Möllendorff regiment, bought, after my birth, an estate in Holstein. So I am a Mecklenburger, born on the twenty-sixth of October, 1800, but I was brought up in Holstein."

"And there you spent your youth?"

"Yes, till I was twelve years old; then I was sent with my older brothers to the Academy of Cadets, in Copenhagen."

"Does your Excellency retain pleasant recollections of that cadet life? I have never heard an officer speak in praise of it."

"And I have little reason to do so. Without relatives or acquaintances, in a strange city, we spent a joyless youth. The discipline was strict, even hard, and now, when my judgment of it is unprejudiced, I must say it was *too* strict, *too* hard. The only benefit we received from this treatment was that we became early in life accustomed to deprivations of all kinds. However, this education had, perhaps, its good sides, even if it had no other than filling me with imperishable gratitude toward a Copenhagen

family, who treated us most kindly and affectionately. General Hegerman-Lindencrone had a beautiful estate near the city, which, on Sundays, was the scene of our boyish sports with the three sons of the family, all of whom, in later life, entered the Danish army. My intercourse with this noble, cultivated family was, I assure you, of the greatest benefit to me in every respect. Parents who send their sons to cadet-academies cannot be strongly enough advised to introduce them to some refined family. I have experienced the benefit of it."

"I understand that very well, General," said I, "especially when the ladies of such a family possess a high degree of cultivation. Nothing is more beneficial for a young man than the society of cultivated women."

"Very true! and fortune favored me still further in my career; for when I entered the Prussian service in 1822, and, after a severe examination, was admitted as the youngest second-lieutenant of the Eighth regiment of body infantry, then stationed at Frankfort on the Oder, I there found, as commander of the Fifth brigade of cavalry, General von der Marwitz, whose wife was born Countess Moltke. I received at his house, and from this lady, my remote relative, not only a very cordial welcome, but also that beneficial influence to which you have alluded. The valiant General is still before me. He was the most courteous man of the world, and took off his cap to everybody that entered, and laid it on the paper, which was placed exactly before him—the most courteous man of the world; and yet he once gave the young lieutenant—I mean myself—a strong reprimand, which I have never forgotten. But this certainly cannot interest you."

"I beg your Excellency's pardon! Tell me as much as possible of these youthful recollections. I can assure you they will be as interesting to the readers of the *Daheim* as they are to myself."

"Listen, then! though I do not know whether you are capable of judging how a couple of words could sink deep into my mind, and drive all the blood to my face. I went into his room one day, and, as I have said, he laid his little cap upon the sheet of paper before him, and with a pleasant smile invited me to

'take off.' With the greatest pleasure I laid my overcoat on a seat, unfastened my sword, and was about placing it in a corner, when the General, in a tone all the more penetrating for its calmness, said to me, 'In the anteroom, Mr. Lieutenant, if I may ask you, in the anteroom!' Don't smile, Doctor, but I assure you I still feel myself blush when I think of that well-deserved reproof."

I cannot describe to the reader how I felt at this simple narration. The gray-headed General, the world-renowned strategist, who, a few weeks before, had won immortal laurels on the bloody fields of Bohemia, and who with almost boyish humor related this innocent reminiscence of the beginning of his career, made an impression upon me perhaps more deep and ineffaceable than if I had seen him on the field of battle.

"Yes," he proceeded, "the early part of my career was barren of pleasure. I came to the school of war in Berlin at a time when my parents had lost almost all their property by the war and a long series of misfortunes. I had not a penny of income, and you can hardly imagine how I had to economize. Notwithstanding, it came to pass that I saved enough to take lessons in the modern languages; but this was so difficult an operation, that surely Mr. von der Heydt might have envied me my success. It is, indeed, no enviable lot, that of a poor lieutenant! Fortunately, I soon returned to my regiment, where I was appointed superintendent of the rather demoralized school of the division, and, as I fulfilled my task to the satisfaction of my superiors, I was attached to the commission which was making topographical surveys in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen. General von Müffling led this expedition—one of those officers who is remembered through life with sincere esteem by those who were fortunate enough to come in contact with him. He had a kind, gentle humor, which sought its like in others. I remember that one of my comrades once placed an impossible hill upon a map, and when the General had pointed it out, and the young man still would not acknowledge his error, the General reproved this opposition only with the calm, courteously-spoken words: 'Then I congratulate you upon

having enriched science, and having furnished the province with a new hill.'

"Soon after this time fortune seemed to smile upon me. I became captain, was ordered to staff-service, and, after two years, was appointed to the staff of General von Krauseneck."

"So your Excellency owes this turn in your military career to General von Krauseneck? May I ask if it was by your own wish, or whether the General first proposed it to you?"

"Neither one nor the other, and yet again both. I desired it, the General thought me fit for it, and yet it would probably all have fallen through, if a gap in a division had not been, as it were, made for me. Then, alas! promotion on a general's staff was not as rapid as now. I remained seven years—say seven years—captain; but fortunately these seven years included my four years' residence in Turkey, from 1835 to 1839. My letters in regard to the condition and events of that country were afterward published."

"And if your Excellency will regard the honest opinion of an author as something different from that of adulation, for which you have such an antipathy, I might be allowed to say that those letters are one of the most interesting accounts of the state of that country which I have read. The humor with which you describe your hardships is often delightful, and, judged by the rules of literary criticism, I know more than one noted author who might gladly claim to have written those letters."

"So? Do you think so? My only purpose was to give, in writing and drawing, actual information in regard to Turkey; and several of my drawings—for instance, the Dardanelles, Constantinople, and the Bosphorus—have been engraved. My residence in Turkey, and my intimate relations with its rulers and chief dignitaries—something unheard of at that time—must, as I thought, have the effect of lifting from the public mind the veil which hung over that mysterious land; and so I ventured to step forward as an author, and on my journey with Sultan Mahmoud through Rumelia, to sketch the plans of Varna, Schumla, Silistria, and other places on the Danube; from which afterward sprung an historical work, which



was published, with the title *The Russo-Turkish Campaign of 1828-1829.*"

"You shame me, your Excellency. I must confess to you, that before introducing myself to you, I read all of your works which I knew of, and I have never heard of this."

"Very possibly," replied the General, smiling. "It appeared anonymously, like all my works, and must have been what you call a literary *fiasco*, for I have never heard it spoken of except by men in the profession. Afterward, we passed over to the organizing of the Turkish army, and I had four Prussian comrades as assistants, Captains Laue, von Mühlbach, Fischer, and von Winke."

"Von Winke?" I asked, "who was for many years a member of our House of Deputies?"

"Yes; who is commonly called von Winke-Obendorf. Oh! what brilliant recollections of Turkey we two have! And with what zeal all five of us set to work; and—but you have read about our poor success."

"Yes, in the battle of Nisil, where the whole Kurdish army, which had been powerfully reinforced, was wholly disorganized, a few days before the ignominious surrender of the fleet to the enemy. Your Excellency's mission seemed to be ended, and after that you made use of your abode in Asia Minor, then almost unknown to the world, in improving the imperfect map of that country."

"You will be interested to know that the length of the way we travelled for this purpose, of course only on horseback, was a thousand German miles. No European traveller had preceded me, and even now one cannot venture without an armed guard into these wilds of Mesopotamia. The value of many of my notes at that time was first recognized when Professor Ritter compared them with the accounts of antiquity, which his extensive learning found in the marches of Alexander the Great, the Crusaders, and in the travels of Marco Polo. In mentioning the passage of the Euphrates through the Kurdish chain, Xenophon was my *next* predecessor. Previous to my successful journey, all European travellers in Dachjula-merk, Wan, and other places, had been

murdered. We went down the river, like Xenophon, on inflated sheepskins, and when, after an extremely wearisome and arduous ride, we discerned the blue mirror of the sea, we burst out, like Xenophon's Greeks, into the joyful cry, 'Thalassa! thalassa!—the sea! the sea!' Rich in memories for my whole life, I returned to Europe, was appointed to the command of the Fourth army corps, and when at last I was made major, I determined to set up a home, and was married to Fräulein von Burt, of Holstein. But it seemed as if fortune was not willing to suffer me long in Prussia, for, as soon as 1845, I was appointed personal adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia, who had been for many years confined to his sick-bed in Rome, and was daily expecting his sure release. My attendance on the sick Prince afforded me a good deal of leisure, and I employed it in studying the city and its environs, which at first so powerfully impress all beholders. My 'Contorni di Roma' have been engraved, and have led to encouraging words from high quarters."

"Very little is known of Prince Henry," I said, "or rather nothing at all, except that he went over to Catholicism, and died in Rome."

"He was a man of the finest culture, who, on his sick-bed, was ignorant of no European movements, and carried on an uninterrupted correspondence with his royal nephew Frederick William IV. He was greatly esteemed in Rome, and was on friendly terms with all the celebrities. Nobody in Rome had a suspicion of the Pope's death, but Prince Henry knew it with a few of the initiated. One evening, as I stood near his bed, I heard him say: 'Gregory XVI. is dead. God keep his soul!' I thought he was asleep and dreaming; but when, a few days afterward, the Pope's death was officially announced, I well remembered the words, and, also, that an unknown priest was ushered breathless into our palace in the afternoon, and had a private interview with the Prince. Hereafter, perhaps, the true influence of the sick Prussian Prince upon the last days of Gregory will be ascertained. I saw the conclave, too; witnessed the indescribable enthusiasm with which Cardinal Feretti Mastai received the papal

chair; heard the rejoicing crowd fill the air for hours with their 'Evviva Pio Nono!' But when, some time afterward, I went to Berlin to announce the sudden death of the Prince, I saw again how quickly this enthusiasm died away, after the new Pope had persuaded himself to stop short on the liberal path he had entered."

"And how did the storm of 1848 affect your career?" I asked, after the General had given me some details in regard to the bringing back of the Prince's remains.

"I was stationed at Magdeburg," he replied, "as chief of staff of the Fourth army corps, and remained there seven years; was lieutenant-colonel in 1850, colonel in 1851, major-general in 1856, and lieutenant-general in 1859. Being appointed personal adjutant to the Crown Prince, I accompanied him to Balmoral, and was present at his betrothal to the Princess Royal. Then I spent a year with his Royal Highness in Breslau, where he commanded the Eleventh regiment of infantry, and afterward went twice with him to England—once for his marriage, and the second time to perform a sad duty, on the occasion of the burial of his universally-lamented father-in-law, Prince Albert."

"I do not know in which of the numerous biographies of your Excellency which I have read, I have seen that you were the military governor of Prince Frederick Charles."

"That is the very least!" replied the General, laughing. "Have you never read that I sent lumps of sealing-wax and sand to the Scientific Society, for meteoric stones? That I made up false Runic inscriptions, and other things of that sort?"

I said "No," in astonishment.

"I have lately been told," said he, "that a money-making author has ascribed such childishness to me in some newspaper! Perhaps he thinks it spirited to represent me to the public as mystifying honest men? Is that being witty? I do not know indeed; but, at all events, there is not a word of truth in the whole story, and there are authors whose fantastic inventions show very remarkable ideas of propriety."

The reader will understand that I made no reply. The General probably

perceived that his just philippic against my colleagues had disturbed the current of my thoughts; and, uninterrupted by questions on my part, he proceeded with a pleasant smile:

"If you like to hear anecdotes, I will tell one, which at the same time throws light upon the history of these last times. Perhaps it is not generous of me thus to bring to light the weaknesses of the departed, for 'de mortuis nil nisi bene' is a just proverb; but if the dead has departed amid the rejoicings of millions, one may be released from such considerations."

"Of whom does your Excellency speak?" I asked, in surprise.

"Of the Grand Diet!" he replied; "the—but listen! I was appointed chief of the general staff of the army, and of the many interesting duties which devolved upon me in this position, I must give the precedence to that of visiting the whole North German coast for the object of providing a common system of defence for all the German cities on the coast. I cannot say in which quarter of the heavens the storm was gathering which made this plan necessary; it is enough for you to know that we were urged to the greatest haste, as well by the Prussian government as by the Diet. I give you my word that I went vigorously to work, and that, as soon as I could possibly make them, I handed in my sketches, which were worked out to the smallest details by the marine and engineer officers. I must do the officials the justice to acknowledge that they appointed a committee, *stante pede*, and recommended to it, in view of the pressing nature of the case, the *speedy* acceptance of my plans. Now guess, Doctor, how long we waited for this 'speedy acceptance,' without hearing the least thing!"

"Oh! your Excellency, I have heard so much of the snail-like rapidity of the old Diet that I can well imagine it. It was certainly six months."

"Six months? Oh! you slander the Diet! Six months? How could that be possible? *Three years*, Doctor! Three years passed before they could decide to take the matter in hand. Then, at last, the commission of the Diet came to Hamburg, and with them I again surveyed the coast, and after ex-

aming and discussing everything, a majority of them naturally decided, as might have been expected, against all Prussian plans, and especially against a German fleet under Prussian direction! And so everything remained as of old—that is, as bad as ever—for what kind of coast fortification we have had was proved a few weeks ago by the capture of Stade and Geestemünde.”

“Yes, it is fortunate,” said I, “that Germany is free from this mountain which has weighed so heavily upon her. We may thank God that we have lived so many years at peace with other nations! What could we have done in case of a war upon our coast? But had your Excellency no part in the Schleswig-Holstein war, which followed soon after?”

“A very insignificant one, rendered still more so by political considerations. After the storming of Düppel, when various changes were made in the army in Schleswig and Jutland, I was appointed chief of its general staff, and, together with the field-marshal, worked out a plan for a landing at Fühnen, which afterward became practicable, but could be carried out only by the help of the Austrians, since the active forces of the Prussians were at Sundervit and Jutland, while the Austrians were around Kolding. The command of this mixed corps was given to Field-Marshal-Lieutenant Gablentz; but much as the boldness of the expedition suited the enterprising character of that excellent general, yet the landing was too little in the special interest of the Vienna cabinet to be carried into execution. There remained, then, only the attack upon Alsen, and the complete occupation of Jutland, as our last means of forcing the Danish government, which we could not reach in Copenhagen. You know how Prince Frederick Charles, who was commander-in-chief, executed both, and ended the war so gloriously.”

“And now, your Excellency,” said I with strained attention, “now we come to the most important event of your life.”

“And you certainly will not wish from me any details of the Bohemian campaign,” simply replied the General.

I was silent! I *understood* the right feeling of this reply—and yet how I

longed to hear precisely *himself* speak of this victorious campaign in Bohemia.

“Yes,” he said—“It is beautiful, when God so illumines the evening of a man's life, as he has done the King's and many of his generals'; I too, am sixty-six years old, and few men have so glorious a reward for their life's work as I! We have conducted a campaign of inestimable importance for Prussia, for Germany, for the world. God's goodness has rewarded our just and energetic conflict with glorious victories. We old folks of the Bohemian campaign—however hard may have been our struggles in earlier life—may still boast of being the favorites of fortune.”

“Your Excellency,” said I, after a few minutes of silence, while I took out my pocket-book and opened it, “I read some days since the Prussian Staff General's report of the Italian campaign of 1859, which you edited, and I was so struck by one passage in that celebrated work, that I copied it.” And, without waiting for the General's permission, and with the secret hope of bringing back the conversation to the Bohemian campaign, I read aloud: “Most assuredly the great difficulties which stood in the way of the execution of his plan had not escaped the attention of the Emperor Napoleon. But he dared to trust his army, he acted quickly, unexpectedly, mightily; and one who so acts almost always attains advantages which escape the more tardy.” Do not these words, which your Excellency wrote nearly five years ago, sound almost prophetic?”

“Indeed they do! This has been my opinion throughout, and its validity has been proved. Two things, together with God's blessing and the bravery of our soldiers and their leaders, have decided the issue—the original distribution of our forces upon the different theatres of war, and their collecting upon the field of battle. Austria was evidently the most powerful and best prepared of our opponents; with her defeat, must fall asunder the union of all the other enemies of Prussia, who were a unit against us, but not a unit among themselves, besides having never yet been collected together. It was a bold step, but a decisive one for the success of the whole campaign, that just at the beginning, all of the nine army corps were set in mo-

tion toward the centre of the monarchy, while *political relations permitted us* to trust the protection of the Rhine provinces to an almost improvised force, and make it the nucleus of the future army of the Main. But the transportation of two hundred and eighty-five thousand men in the short time given could be effected only by the simultaneous use of all the railroad lines; these terminate at Zeitz, Halle, Herzberg, Görlitz, and Friedberg on the frontier. There the first comers must await the arrival of the last, in order to form the corps. A great many wise military men may have been alarmed at the scattering of our forces upon a line of over fifty miles; for people were deceived, almost without exception, as to our movements, and looked upon this mere preparation for our strategy as the strategy itself; and they first began to discover their mistake, when, after severe marches, the scattered forces were united in three great bodies. Another geographical necessity, which almost no one had any idea of, and which could not have been avoided by any arrangement of ours, was this, that the Austrians in Bohemia were stationed upon our inner line of operations between *Mack Brandenburg and Silesia*, so that Berlin as well as Breslau must be protected by independent armies, and nothing but a union in advance of these two armies could guard against this evil; this union—as a glance at the map will show you—could be effected only in the enemy's country—and that was *war*, which was striven against as energetically as it was prepared for on both sides. Powerful voices from high places, and worthy of all regard, protested against Prussia's giving the first blow in a German war; the King alone, after listening to all his counsellors, fortunately perceived that further delay was *actual, manifest* danger to the State. So he took the initiative in *action* as Austria had taken it in preparation, and by this act prescribed the law to his opponents for all that followed. I am fully convinced, that if our crossing the Saxon boundary had been delayed only a few days, we should now have to look for the seat of the late war upon the map of Silesia. It was a bold and fortunate step, and its so admirable results were a good

omen of future success. But now there must be *marching*, and our soldiers did it well; still, the final union of our forces could only be effected by driving the enemy at all points—and that too was done!—done, with a success equal to the King's great expectations of his army; so that ten days sufficed to compel the Austrians to a decisive battle. You probably know all the details of the day of Königgrätz; it was the crowning of the whole plan for the campaign, which, as it was here marked out, proved to be so *complete*. On the morning of that day, our forces stood upon a front of four German miles—thus extended, they must not let themselves be attacked; by making the first attack, on the contrary, they united their whole force upon the battle-field itself, and converted the strategic disadvantage of separation into the tactical advantage of a complete *surrounding* of the enemy. Look at our whole progress, and you will find the same thing continually. We were in no very brilliant condition at the beginning of the campaign, with our three separated corps, but every day that passed without hindrance to our advance, brought us nearer, according to human reckoning, to the certainty of victory!"

"One question more, your Excellency," I said, delighted at hearing from the General's own mouth this interesting exposition of the *idea* of the campaign. "Had you yourself *always* an immovable confidence in the success of your plan?"

"Yes," replied he with decision, "after the Saxon border was crossed so quickly—for that was, to my mind, the point which was to serve as the basis of the plan. This crossing was an iron necessity for us, which on no account could be avoided."

"I return to your work on the Italian campaign," said I. "I myself know what an infinite sensation it made in Austria; how your criticisms and your censures were seldom denied, and often loudly approved, and how your commendations delighted those whom they concerned. I do not know, but I cannot resist the impression, that your high appreciation of General Benedek in that work had much to do with increasing his popularity in the army to such an extent that the Emperor could do no-



thing else than appoint him to that high post."

The General did not answer; an almost sad expression was on his face.

"A conquered commander!" he said at last. "Oh! if common people could only have the remotest idea what that means! The evening of Königgrätz at the Austrian headquarters! Oh! if I could imagine *that*! Such a meritorious, brave, cautious general as Benedek!"

"Your Excellency," said I, "I heard not long since, from a very credible source, that directly after the battle of Skalitz, General Benedek telegraphed to Vienna that peace must be concluded with Prussia on any terms. Did you, or do you, know this to be a fact?"

The General looked at me keenly for some seconds. "It may possibly be so," he then said. "The Austrian commander-in-chief is a very cautious man."

I had robbed the General of nearly an hour and a half of his precious time, and I now felt that I ought to go. I stood up.

"And now are you going to sit down at once, and write out our talk?" said the General.

"Yes, your Excellency," I replied; "and I will compel my memory to give me faithfully, word for word, this never-to-be-forgotten conversation."

"But how is that possible? How can you, poor man, be sure of all the dates and details of what I have told you."

"I must try, your Excellency; and my readers, who well know how difficult it is to recall such an interview with literal accuracy, will take the liberty of attributing anything they may not like to the fancy of the reporter."

"But you must set your readers right, Doctor, if anybody tells them stories about false meteoric stones and sham inscriptions."

"I certainly will, your Excellency."

"Do you know," said the General suddenly, in a kinder tone than I had yet heard from him, "I honor the boldness of the step which you have taken in coming to me; it was right! for it shows that you have regard for your readers. You will write about me *de visu*, and what you say of me will not be mere imagination. Still, allow me

the thought, that the least error in your task, the slightest weakness of your memory, will be judged as severely as if you had written only hearsay! But what can you do?"

I knew of no answer—I know not if the reader will understand me—I was so moved by the kind words of the General, which touched so acutely upon the sore spots of authorship, that I could not find a word of thanks.

"Go," said the General with a peculiar smile; "I will try to help you; and, since your pen speaks to thousands and thousands, tell them that the last words of the gray-headed chief of the general staff of the Prussian army, in regard to the present time, were these: It is to be hoped that the result of this campaign, unexampled in its rapidity and success, will bring on a future rich in blessings for Germany and the coming generation. In this severe test, the king has proved his people and the people their king! What a feeling—to be now a Prussian—from the king to the last of his subjects! And the young men, too, in whom the Prussian army must put its trust for future conflicts—they, too, have been proved, as well as the patriotism of the citizens, and the self-sacrificing spirit of the whole nation. *Now Prussia knows herself!* What is the grand result of the war? *Now Germany can say it is Germany; now it can look confidently into the future, for it has seen that on the day of Königgrätz the Prussian eagle made its victorious flight, as young and conscious of its strength as at Fehrbellier, Leuthen, and La Belle Alliance.*"

I had seen a "living piece of history!" I had found him great, noble, and of a childlike modesty! I left the house in Behren-street like a dreamer, and vainly asked myself all day long how I could begin to efface the deep impression which General von Moltke had made upon me, and work out for my readers a cool, measured account of this remarkable visit. My memory was, as it were, veiled; the whole biographical side—if I may so express it—had vanished, and the all-embracing impression made by the "man" himself prevailed over all my thoughts.

I began to doubt about the success of

my undertaking; when, a few days ago, a packet of papers came to me, which I held in my hands for some minutes without being able to utter a word. General Moltke had promised to help me in my task; I had almost forgotten the promise, and now he sent me his biography, written by his own hand, as well as the chief heads of our conversation.

Do you not envy me, reader of the *Dahheim*, for having had such an interview with the illustrious man, and for possessing *such* an autograph?

Dublin University Magazine.

#### WOMAN IN AMERICA.

Two years ago, Mr. Hepworth Dixon gained for himself a distinguished place on the roll of travellers; of travellers who wend their way far from home, with a fixed purpose, and who return to narrate their story, with such clearness, intelligence, and power, as to show that they have neither mistaken their mission nor ever been unequal to the most pressing of its emergencies.

In his work on the "Holy Land," Mr. Dixon told the story of Christianity as he wrote it, by the cradle, as it were, of its Great Founder. To the threshold of the home of the Virgin; to the brink of the fountain where she stooped to drink, he led us to contemplate the Woman blessed above all women; the second Eve, Mother, by the Son, of all the redeemed. In the air that the Apostles breathed, on the pathway that they trod, Mr. Dixon narrated how events had brought about their opportunity, the quality of their new instruction by which the world was to be improved, and heaven to be won, and the rule by which Christian men and women were to walk in this life in order to secure eternal happiness in the next. The book took us into the atmosphere, influences, the very odors of the East.

A new civilization started with the new religion on a progress westward. They have reached the extreme limits of their course in that direction where the Mormon is almost face to face with the Chinese. After a passage of more than eighteen hundred years across the

globe, the phases of Christianity have assumed an infinite variety. Nowhere are they so varied, so eccentric, so questionable, yet so earnest, as in America. Mr. Dixon, in his recently published work, *New America*, reveals to us the result of this progress as it is developed beyond the Atlantic, in a way in which no other writer on men, manners, and points of faith, has so fully succeeded. His books are the chronicles of the two extreme periods in the most important portions of the History of Man and his teachers. As he went to the cradle and fountain at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, so has he sat at the modern shrines in Utah, Lebanon, Omaha, Oneida Creek, and other places where uncleanness goes abroad in the garb of decorum, and inconceivable iniquity is mixed up with a certain religious earnestness, and practiced daily, in the name of the Lord. Mr. Dixon carries us with him, through his book, into the atmosphere, influences, and not invariably fragrant odors of the West.

We should not, however, be rendering justice to the author if we were to leave our readers to infer that these volumes of travel only contemplate American men and women in the religious aspect of their lives. Mr. Dixon sketches them sharply, vigorously, and truthfully, under every aspect. The smart Yank, the savage Redskin, the grave politician, the senate and the stage; the pulpit and the prairie, loafers and philanthropists, crowded streets and the howling wilderness, the saloon and the boudoir, with woman everywhere at full length; all pass before us on some of the most vivid and brilliant pages ever written. Again, a traveller in such a country could not possibly avoid dealing with some of the political questions by which it is agitated. On these matters we are not always in sympathy with the writer, but we readily acknowledge that he makes no assertion that is not worthy of being considered with respect, and we observe, with infinite satisfaction, that if he sides with the North on the questions which were mixed up with the last war, he can recognize with good-will, the bravery, earnestness, and every other excellent quality which distinguished the Southerners. Mr. Dixon is no member of

that ignoble brotherhood which worships only violence, and has the contempt of cowards for the vanquished.

Amid the brilliant series of pictures of which his volumes are composed, the most striking, most attractive, and undoubtedly the most significant, are those which reveal to us Woman in America. They show her in the place to which, in one quarter, she has been assigned, or in that which, in another quarter, she has usurped. We see her, now deprived of all womanly rights; anon, struggling fiercely, determinedly, with more or less becomingness of speech and action, to attain positions which she can only occupy at the cost of womanly grace, and to the utter destruction of that blessed institution called "HOME." Alternately, our reverence, admiration, affection, pity, and contempt, are excited as the eccentric, or earnest, or frivolous sisterhood glide before us; and we are often compelled to an expression of fear, lest the America that was won by men, should be ultimately lost through its women—women who were supposed to be the exquisite objects of the homage of American men!

The homage which Americans have yielded to women, formally, for it has never had a sentimental depth—it has been the surrender of a thing claimed rather than the voluntary sacrifice of a sweet incense—has rendered women arrogant. They used to confine themselves to insisting on men yielding to them the best seats in railway carriages, no matter how old or infirm the occupant might be. The service they demanded for their sex, they themselves refused to age. But this arrogance, which is so intolerable that it is even now often resisted, goes far beyond this. From taking the seats they are proceeding to take the property of others, and this propensity may, perhaps, be derived from those ladies who are said to have followed their kinsmen to the field, and to have made a very good thing of it, at *looting*, under the significant appellation of *Hen-Harriers*. One of this delicate brood once astounded Mr. Dixon, who had been familiar with astonishment in the other three quarters of the world, but found that the food for it was far from being exhausted. When he was leaving Salt

Lake City, he tells us, "Sister Alice, a daughter of Brigham Young, put up some very fine apples in a box for me to eat by the way. At a station on the Plains, I found that a lady, a fellow-passenger in the wagon, had been opening my box and helping herself to the fruit; and when she saw me looking at her, with some surprise, perhaps, visible on my face, she merely said, 'I am trying whether your apples are better than mine.'"

We have spoken of homage rendered to women, in America, as mere surface civility. What the inward feeling is, and what is thought of dear womankind beyond the Atlantic by the slaves who have small respect for their mistresses, was painfully brought home to the troubadour bosom of our traveler, under the veranda of the hotel at Saratoga. He had been praising the pale, delicate, yet dashing and radiant witchery of the nymphs there. "Hoo!" cried a bluff Yankee, putting up his hands, "they are just not worth a d—. They can't walk, they can't ride, they can't nurse." He swore he should kill a wife if he had one from that nest; not with kindness, as our more gallant wayfarer suggested, but "with a poker." The saucy fellow went on to describe their daily life. "Fed and dressed. They have changed their clothes three times, and had their hair washed, curled, and combed three times. That is their life. Have they been out for a walk? for a ride? Have they read a book? have they sewn a seam? Not a bit of it!" He compared them with the bright young duchesses of England, who delight to kiss the morning early in garden or meadow. Our English friend, true squire of dames, generally, put in a plea for the loveliness of the fragile damsels under discussion, but it was answered with the same shout of derisive contempt: "They have no bones!" he said; "no fibre, no juice; only nerves; but what can you expect? They eat pearlsh for bread, they drink ice-water for wine, they wear tight stays, thin shoes, and barrel-skirts. Such things are not fit to live, and, thank God, in a hundred years not one of their descendants will be left alive."

Tender as our author is in all matters where women are concerned, he could

not help thinking that lack of vital power must be indicated by the delicate pallor of the beauties gathered together at Saratoga. They are not merely fragile, they are evanescent. "You can hardly speak to them without fearing lest they should vanish from before your face." Such transparent beauties would never last to be converted into the "dear ruin" around which "each wish of my heart should entwine itself verily still!"

The flower of the beauty of American women, however, is not this drooping lily just described. It is seen in the graceful, healthy rose; the English rose, descendant of the settlers who were the pearl—if we may change the metaphor—of the men and women of their day; pure in soul, pure in heart, in purpose, and in action; looking on labor as a sacred duty, and ennobled by their work. The blood of the first colonists is to be found in the older cities. It mantles in many a cheek, fires many an eye, gives grace and strength to many a carriage, is seen in many a dear old name, and is felt in many a tender expression concerning England, when blackguardism even in high places is calumniating our character, and rowdy wenches are heaping upon us a contempt easier to bear than their good-will.

Mr. Dixon found beauty, wit, and accomplishments distinguishing the ladies of the younger cities. The beauty is there of the Guido and Greuze style—"the eye bluer, the expression bolder than in the English type;" there is dash, color, and open and audacious loveliness in New-York; sparkle and delicacy in Boston. The open audacity of the loveliness is in the speech as well as in the feature. A New-York young lady, speaking in confidence to a "friend," whose acquaintanceship was only two days old, of a love-passion which had just been got over, described the affair in these words: "I was very bad upon him, but I got over it in time, and then let him off." By *him*, we are told, "she meant a swain whom she, in the wisdom of sixteen summers, had chosen from the crowd, one whom, if the whim had only held her a trifle longer, she might have made her husband by lawful rites." This young lady was not a "brazen minx," but a "sweet and elegant girl;

a lady from brow to instep, with a fine carriage, a low voice, a cultured mind—a piece of feminine grace." Her oddity consisted, first, in the thing which she said; next, in her choice of words: in other phrase, it lay in the difference between an English girl and an American girl's habits of thought with regard to the relations of men and women. "I was bad upon him, but I let him off," expresses in very plain Saxon words an idea which would have hardly entered into an English girl's mind, and if it had so entered would never have found that dry and passionless escape from her lips. The moral of it is that the cardinal secrets of American life lay concealed in that phrase, "like a pass-word in a common saying—the scarcity of women in the matrimonial market, and the power of choosing and rejecting which that scarcity confers on a young and pretty girl."

And how does it stand with women in America after marriage? The reply to this question, as far as it can be made, forms one of the most startling chapters in Mr. Dixon's startling book. America, as a whole, sees a yearly increase of population; but this is not owing, *as a whole*, to the contributions that should be yielded, but are *not*, by American wives. The increase is to be attributed to immigration, and to the families which are born where, undoubtedly, they are most needed—in those Western lands where man is conquering the soil, where his true-hearted wife is in every sense of the word a help-mate for him, and where every advent of a son or daughter, who, growing up, will have their work to do, hearts to do it, and reward in proportion to labor, is hailed with joy and thankfulness worthy of the occasion. But fashion in another district is as paramount, selfish, cruel, and destructive as nature in the best positions of the West is lovely, supreme, and has obedience rendered to her laws with a loyal and affectionate alacrity. When we hear Mr. Dixon clearly and ringingly assert that there is a conspiracy in the upper ranks of American married women of fashion to—let us say, suppress the idea that motherhood is one of the blessings of their condition, we are at first staggered by the bold assertion;



but he reiterates the expression of it, and points to Providence, the model city, capital of Rhode Island; to Worcester, Springfield, New-Haven, and summarily to a hundred of the purest cities of America, as being the places where this fashion is a part of the religion of wedded ladies in the higher ranks—not merely shoddy queens, but ladies by birth, instincts, and training. But our observant and inquiring—perhaps audacious, traveller, has seen more than this. He appealed to a married lady of strong mind, and she unbosomed herself with the utmost readiness. “A woman’s first duty,” she said, “is to look beautiful in the eyes of men, so that she may attract them to her side, and exert an influence over them for good; not to be a household drudge, a slave in the nursery, the kitchen, and the school-room. Everything,” she added, “that spoils a woman in this respect is against her true interest, and she has a right to reject it, as man would reject an impost that was being laid unjustly on his gains. A wife’s first thought should be for her husband, and for herself as his companion in the world. Nothing should be ever allowed to come between these two.” At the little shock conveyed in these words, Mr. Dixon, whose daughters are in number, as well as other things, equal to the graces, and whose two likely lads came up into his thoughts, with their sisters and mother waiting for him in the far-away home, asked the outspoken lady, in the presence of her husband, whether children *do* come between father and mother? and she answered boldly: “They do. They take up the mother’s time; they impair her beauty; they waste her life! If you walk down these streets” (she said, the streets of Providence) “you will notice a hundred delicate girls just blushing into womanhood. In a year they may be married. In ten years, they will be hags and crones. No man will care for them on the score of beauty. Their husbands will find no lustre in their eyes, no bloom upon their cheeks. They will have given up their lives to their children.” Mr. Dixon, of course, plainly saw that here was a case where woman’s rights were dearer than woman’s duties. He appeals to every husband and father whether the paling of

woman’s cheek through her devotion to home claims is taken for a diminution of what rendered her beautiful. But, he tells us, “in pious Boston and Philadelphia, no less than in wicked New-Orleans, and New-York, this objection to become a mother in Israel is one of those radical facts which must be admitted, whether for good or evil.”

The traveller’s Saratoga friend thanked God that in a hundred years there would be no descendants of such a race alive. There would be no longer any Americans in America; and serious men express their fears that what the Saratoga prophet thanked God for, may really come to pass. Here is not the case ludicrously put by Beranger, in the song:

“Nous laisserions finir le monde,  
Si nos femmes le vendraient bien?”

it is just the reverse; incredible, but strictly true. “The fact,” we are told, “that many of these delicate and sparkling women do not care to have their rooms full of rosy darlings is not a matter of inference. Allusions to the nursery, such as in England and Germany would be taken by a young wife as compliments, are here received with a smile, accompanied by a shrug of undoubted meaning. You must not wish an American lady, in whose good graces you desire to stand, many happy returns of a christening day. She might resent the wish as an offence; indeed, I have known a young and pretty woman rise from a table and leave the room, on hearing such a favor expressed toward her by an English guest.” What friends to a republic are these? Mother of the Gracchi! They would look on *her* with pity, and on her boys with abhorrence, and their sense of the word “jewels,” has nothing in common with the sense given to it by the immortal Cornelia, who preferred marrying a Roman citizen to marrying a monarch, and who gave so pretty a lesson to the Campanian lady, who was as proud of her bracelets as Cornelia was of her boys.

The moral of all this will be best understood in Mr. Dixon’s own words:

“The power of New-England is passing over to the populous West, and a majority of the rising generation of Boston is either of

German or of Irish birth. This rather dismal prospect of Young America is not a consequence of the Germans and Irish put together exceeding the natives in number. These nationalities are large, no doubt, but as yet they have not turned the scale. The list of marriages still exhibits a preponderance of natives, and it is only when you come to the register of births that the account runs all another way. Under the Constitution of the United States, numbers are strength; numbers make the laws; numbers pay the taxes; numbers vote away the land. Power lies with the majority, and the majority in Massachusetts is going over to the Irish poor; to the Fenian circles and Molly Maguires. At present, the foreigners count only one in five; but as more children are being born to that foreign minority than to the native majority, these proportions are changing every year. In twenty years these foreign children will be the majority of men in Massachusetts. How will the intellectual queens of Boston bear the predominance of such a class?"

The old race will then belong to history, and after years have rolled away, some collector of its ancient stories may start up, and, emulating what clever Patrick Kennedy has done for the Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts, may provide his contemporaries with Tales and Romances of the extinct Yankees.

Modern politicians, particularly those of a rancorous disposition and bitter memories, have thought of a means whereby to stave off the mischief that would result from the running out of the old "tap," and for the invigoration of the stock. The method by which, if the blood of the Bickerstaffs was a little muddled their health was greatly improved, namely, by wedding Winifred the dairy-maid to the squire, was nothing to the new phase of marriage which is to keep America on its legs.

This new phase of marriage, however, is brought before us, not as a pleasant, proper, and natural circumstance, but as a deliberate act of vengeance, subserving a second purpose. When the war was raging, a brazen Yankee wench, one Anne Dickinson, supported by that well known sort of "minister," a devil's knave in Christ's livery, began to urge the use, profit, and agreeableness of what was called "miscegenation." If it was intended as a joke, serious people considered it as one of very bad quality. If the matter was intended for earnest,

the same grave people only thought it worthy of the severest reprobation. It was, in fact, part joke, part earnest; but when it was seen in what direction and to what end the new doctrine might be turned, vindictive people adopted it as a penal measure. These are the people in New-England, "counting women in its ranks," who, now that the South lies prostrate, "would be glad, if they could find a way, to marry the whole white population, living south of Richmond, to the blacks." Mr. Dixon declares that he has repeatedly heard "men grave of face and clear of life, declare in public, and to sympathizing hearers, that a marriage of white and black would improve the paler stock. In every case these marriages were to happen a long way off. I have met more than one lady who did not shrink from saying that, in her belief, it would be a great improvement for some of the fair damsels of Charleston and of Savannah to wed black husbands;" but, Mr. Dixon adds that he "never met a lady who said it would be well for her own girls to do so."

Thus far in illustrating the position and prospects of women in America, we have dealt only with ladies who belong to American society. The women of breeding and culture who personally adorn the life of which they are such sparkling ornaments, are inaugurating a new reign of women. At the same time, in communities that are withdrawn from social life, another revolution, or rather several revolutions, are changing the missions of woman, and giving to her a place in life to which she was not immediately born.

The impulse given toward establishing a new reign of women in America did not, however, commence with American women. More than fourscore years ago, there was a poor factory girl, named Ann Lee, in Lancashire, who saw visions and had dreams, and who was hailed by half-a-dozen followers for what she proclaimed herself—a new manifestation of Christ in the flesh. She became the mother of a sect founded by a crazy tailor. Of mortal earthly life her experience had been very bitter. She was wedded to a scamp named Stanley, and her worldly motherhood consisted in the sad memory of four half-starved children in the grave.

This Ann Lee went out to America and founded the Shaker community, of which the Spiritualists are off-shoots. Out of her bitter experience she established the great law which binds this celibate brother and-sisterhood law which makes of all its members so many monks and nuns living under one roof, cultivating the soil, keeping a good balance in their tills, living in great purity and cleanliness, with good health born of such life, and dying—or rather not dying, but passing away to live again in the surrounding elements, visible to the eyes, audible to the ears, teachers to the minds of those of the community who are in such a state of grace as to be capable of beholding and understanding the New Heavenly Kingdom, of which grace makes them a portion. The law of celibacy is based by them on foundations which would puzzle a philosopher to overthrow. "If all men born into the world are born into sin, and made the heirs of death in the world to come, how can the saint, when raised from his fallen nature, dare to augment this empire of sin and death?" As far as the Shakers are concerned, the devil, to whom certain theologians assign the larger kingdom and the mightier power, shall gain no widening of his frontier, no increase of his mightiness, by any acts of their own. From this point of view, they are worthy of a higher measure of respect than their sisters who worship Fashion and Self in the model cities of the Union. These seek to be married, but avoid maternity as a trouble. The Shakers, more consistent in this respect, at all events, avoid marriage out of fear that its consequences might tend to the advantage of Satan. Not that they hold marriage to be unlawful under all circumstances. The world has yet some work to do. The Generation Order outside the Shaker settlements has its mission as well as the Resurrection Order within them. The fashionable wives, who are of the former, Gentile spouses, to whom the thought of rosy babies of their own is a horror, are disloyal to the law under which they are born. If they were regenerate, they would be at once motherless and husbandless—a point to which they have not yet thought of submitting themselves, yet converts come to the community which seeks to

make none, and within which members die but are never born. The religious revivals contribute fresh blood and funds to the Shakers, who look to the Spiritualists as persons who are likely to increase the number of the former. Among these Spiritualists, who now amount to some millions, the ladies again are the most active agents. They renounce all creeds, would pull down all churches, rejoice that an age of religion has given way to the age of free inquiry, and long for action, without exactly knowing of what sort or to what end. The peace, order, and decorum of the Shakers should be attractive to a worn-out Spiritualist; but in both communities there is no lack of persons of strong common sense and unimpeachable earnestness.

We cannot affirm that the sect rather than church of Female Seers has numbers of such quality as are to be found among the Shakers and Spiritualists; but Elizabeth Denton, its chief priestess, if not actual founder, is doing the work of a whole community. By placing any object to her brow, she sees the image and can tell the history of every other object that has come in contact with it. She can tell the story of the old world out of no better book than a bit of primeval rock; and one of the chapters which she has communicated to the world is somewhat menacing to the lordship of man. "From these Female Seers," writes Mr. Dixon, "we have learned that men were once like monkeys; that even then the women were in advance of the men, being less hairy, and standing more erect than their male companions. It is coming to be always thus," slyly adds the commentator, "when the story of a man's life is told by a properly qualified female saint and seer."

Whether as a consequence or not of the new light thrown on the history of man and woman by the readers of the rocks, many New-England women are combining to regain the place their ancestors held when men were more like monkeys, and women were in advance of men. Betsy Cowles, Lucy Stone, and Lucretia Mott, are among the advanced women who "claim everything that society allows to men, from pantaloons and latch-keys to seats in the Legislature and pulpits in the Church,

In assertion of female rights, Harriet Noyes and Mary Walker have taken to pantalettes; Elizabeth Stanton has offered herself as a candidate for the State of New-York, and Olympia Brown has been duly ordained as a minister of the Gospel."

The aim, indeed, of all the new claims now asserted by the reforming women of America is—that the word *male* be struck out of all State constitutions, a fact which would admit *females* to every right, privilege, and responsibility now enjoyed by men. This would imply a revolution—confessedly so, on the side of the reformers—in all social, political, and industrial interests and institutions; and women might leave sewing, if they liked, to take command of the fleet—if they dared. Wicked male epigrammatists have launched their smart sayings at the sign held forth by women. "A male listener said he liked the spirit of this female parliament" (the Congress held at Worcester) "since he found they meant by woman's right the right of everybody to be good for something in life." With the serious import of the movement there is also a highly burlesque side. Mr. Dixon was told that a deputation of ladies in one of the New-England towns went up to their minister's house to protest against the commencement of the daily lessons with the words, "Dearly beloved brethren," as implying that the women were either not present, or counted for nothing in the congregation. "They wished," says Mr. Dixon, "to have their pastor's views on a project for amending the Book of Common Prayer." "Well, I have thought over that matter, ladies," said the preacher, "but I think, on the whole, this text may stand, for you see, 'brethren' always embrace the sisters!"

In all these companies of reformers the question of marriage is one to which the most prominent importance is given. The various religious societies, or those affecting to be so, have settled the matter now and forever, as they believe, by abolishing it, or by allowing it under forms and regulations tolerated in no civilized countries. Mr. Dixon himself compares the marriage laws among Christians with those among Mohammedans, and pronounces the wives under the latter dispensation to be far

better cared for in their persons, property, and homes than Christian wives are. This is accounted for by the fact that the Koran is the book of marriage law as it is of everything besides, whereas the Gospel is not thought of nor cared for in our legislation, nearly the whole of which is of Pagan origin. The American reformers, however, do not wish to make a Gospel law of marriage, except it be after the fashion of a law and gospel of their own. "The whole theory of the common law," they say, "in relation to the married woman is unjust and degrading. What," they ask, "are the natural relations of one sex to the other? Is marriage the highest and purest form of these relations? What are the moral effects of marriage upon man and wife? Is marriage a holy state?"

It is curious to observe in how many different lights this question of marriage is regarded. A French satirist remarked that if man were endowed only with common sense, and uninfluenced by religion or human passions, he would never think of marriage at all. On this text he might have preached sermons to various sects in America, which would have received a wondrous variety of comment. While the Mormon brother is respected in proportion to the number of wives he maintains; while the Shaker prohibits marriage relations altogether, and the Bible Communists are wives or husbands with constant change of the relationship, but having nothing of the name, the Tunkers, or Harmless People, treat marriage in another fashion altogether. The ministry is open to women as well as to men—if we may call ministry what is no order at all. If a pair of young Tunker lovers present themselves to their minister to be married, that official does not say that marriage is both holy, pleasant, and expedient, but rather seeks to make them ashamed of the rather imprudent course they are taking, and to induce them to come to the conclusion that single blessedness is better than union, and that the wisest thing they can do is to return to their separate abodes, and remain there without further thought of each other. Fancy a pair of honest, warm, young hearts, brimful of love to the lips, and flowing over the lips, being thus talked



to! With what a sly glance they must look at the unwelcome adviser, and with what hilarious resolution must they bid the official to do his unwilling work, to set them in the way which, to *his* thinking, they ought not to go!

Among the Bible Communists, woman is placed in a position, anything resembling which is not to be found in any other part of the world. There is a community of goods among all the members of the society, the very core of which is the system of complex marriage, which makes of every woman anybody's husband to whom she may consent to play wife for an hour. These people who, strangely enough, have excited no public hostility, claim to be Perfectionists, free to act in obedience to any humor that prompts, incapable of acting wrong, and, resting as they suppose on Paul and Jesus, knowing no other rule of life than that which was in Pope's mind when he wrote that "to enjoy is to obey!" This community is growing rapidly in wealth, moderately in numbers, and astoundingly in energy of assertion that they alone are the true lights by which the pleasant pathway to heaven may be pleasantly reached. This world is, of course, the passage to the next, and in the Bible Communist sense, it is a rich field into which man is turned with eager appetites, where he has no other vocation on earth than, after labor, to gratify them to the utmost. We discern some of the reasons why this outwardly decorous yet revolting association flourishes:

"The style of living at Oneida Creek gives a great deal of power to women, much beyond what they enjoy under law; and this increase of power is a capital point in every new system of social order in the States. Something of this increased power of the female at Oneida Creek I have seen and felt; and Brother Hamilton assures me there is much of charm and influence in the woman's life which I have not been able to see and feel. The ladies all seem busy, brisk, content; and those to whom I have spoken on this point, all say they are very happy in their lot."

The Bible Communists form the only association in America, where the views of thousands of American women are carried out as far as the perfect equality of woman with man is concerned. In

every respect the Bible Communist woman is as free to act according to her unfettered will, as the man who is her brother, besides being in other relationship when they are jointly willing to entertain it. These Bible families, as the societies are sometimes called, meet—according to Brother Frederick, the head of the Shaker sect—the desires of numbers of men who are weary and women who are fantastic, "giving in the name of religious service, a free rein to the passions, with a deep sense of repose." "The Bible Communists," added the Shaker chief, "give a pious charter to Free Love," and the sentiment of Free Love is rooted in the heart of New-York."

That sentiment undergoes only partial development at the opposite side of America. Among the Mormons, man is free, woman a slave; any number of them being the married slaves of one cold sensual husband and master. The chapters devoted to the Mormons are among the most attractive features of this remarkable book; but, since the publication of this work, they have become, as it were, public property with which every one has been made familiar. Mr. Dixon communicates much novel intelligence with reference to the social life and laws of these people, not the least interesting item among which is the fact that polygamy was never contemplated by the founder, Joe Smith, that it is denounced by that prophet's kinsmen and followers, and that it was an ordinance decreed by men whose decrees were not to be resisted, but who, when they promulgated them, laid the artillery, and pointed the guns, whereby the whole system will be blown into fragments. Mr. Dixon's conclusion is that Mormonism is not a religion for woman. It lowers her in the social scale, or rather banishes her from society. Mormon women are kept in an almost Turkish seclusion, and if ever the cage is opened they are found unused, untuned to liberty, unfit for its exercise at social gatherings. Indeed, at such gatherings they are the bond-slaves of their lords, the servants of their lords' friends, waiting at table, and running about the rooms with babies in their arms, performing at once the duties of mothers and of menials. They dress in sad

color suits, move and speak with an unnatural calm, look wan and wearied, utterly beyond the power, English as so many of them are, of getting up a true, hilarious, hearty English laugh. Where they are not treated as servants, they are treated as children, children having a vigilant father who lets them see company for a moment and straightway orders them back to their nursery. In fact, a Mormon woman's life, Mr. Dixon tells us, "does not seem to lie in the parlor and the dining-room, so much as in the nursery, the kitchen, the laundry, and the fruit-shed." The pale drudge, however, can flush up, when one subject is mentioned. Her cheek will crimson and her eye will flash when plurality of wives is being discussed; and Mr. Dixon, "Gentile and sinner," as he modestly describes himself, is convinced, from observation, "that the practice of marrying a plurality of wives is not popular with the female saints." There are Mormon wives and maidens who are equally hostile to the system of polygamy, while they are equally faithful to the Mormon Church in all other respects. There are girls who decline being fifth or fifteenth wife to an elder, and who reject the suit of a young wooer who will not pledge himself never to offer the incense of love at another shrine. Such girls prefer the hardest of lives to one of "comparative ease and leisure in the harem of a Mormon bishop." A Mormon husband can even marry the dead, wedding himself to a defunct beauty, that she may sit with his other wives, as queens, round the throne he is to occupy in Heaven, and meanwhile naming a substitute who is to take the dead beauty's office here on earth! Well may Mr. Dixon exclaim, that here "man is king and woman has no rights."

The Mormon points to the wonderful triumphs he has achieved over every obstacle, as a proof that God is with him. God's judgments are not always to be read, and perhaps never should be read, by such lights. Who may dare to say what the judgments of God are, since His ways are inscrutable? We can more readily, however, pronounce upon the crimes of one set of men and the judgments of another. The verdict against this proud and accursed race has gone forth in the voice of United

America; but it is not to be desired that the question should be settled by shot and steel. When Utah is no longer isolated and the Mormons come shoulder to shoulder with society, they will not be able to make captives of their reluctant women as they do now; and unless they emigrate (Turkey has waste lands enough for them all), the whole system must fall asunder. When that day comes, it will be found that no more brilliant record of their history has ever been penned than is to be found in the graphic volumes of Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

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All the Year Round.

### OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

#### THE WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

In that large square room of the Louvre, on one of whose walls Paul Veronese's marriage of Cana glows like an eternal rainbow, there is hung a fine robust but lurid picture by Jerichau, representing a raft strewn with dead bodies; and, clambering above them, a group of shouting frantic men, surmounted by a negro, who is waving a signal to a distant brig. That picture represents the wreck of the *Medusa*, and the story runs that Jerichau painted it in a studio crowded with corpses.

The year after Waterloo, the French Government resolved to carry out a project that had been long in embryo, to send out an expedition to its newly restored colony in Senegal. Ever since 1637, the ports of this possession had furnished France with amber, ebony, gum, palm oil, wax, ivory, pepper, and skins of the buffalo and tiger. It was also intended to form, at the same time, a smaller colony at the adjacent Cape Verde. On the 17th of June, 1816, soon after daybreak, the expedition set sail from the roads of the Island of Aix, near Rochefort. There were four vessels: the *Medusa*, frigate, forty-four guns, Captain Chaumareys; the *Echo*, corvette, Captain Cornet de Venancourt; the *Loire*, First Lieutenant Guiquel Destouches; and the *Argus*, brig, Lieutenant Parnajou. Crowded on the poop, and leaning over the breastworks of these four vessels, stood some four hundred and fifty persons (men, women,

and children), taking their last farewell of the Charente coast, of the islands of Rhé and Oleron, and of the dreary sands of Olonne. Persons of half a dozen professions mingled with the crews of sailors and the three companies of soldiers that filled the transports. There were there, hopeful or sad, clerks, artillerymen, and curés, school-masters, notaries, surgeons, pilots, gardeners, bakers, engineers, agricultural laborers, naturalists, in all (not reckoning seamen) three hundred and sixty-five persons, of whom two hundred and forty (nearly one-half of them pardoned convicts) were on board the fast-sailing *Medusa*, the leader of the expedition.

The fresh north wind, that had swept the vessels bravely out of port, changed suddenly, and a southwester all but drove the *Medusa* on Les Roches Bonnes, near the Island of Rhé. Escaping this danger, and doubling Finistère, Captain Chaumareys outsailed his slow convoy, as he had already expressed his wish and intention of doing. The omens were adverse to the *Medusa* from the beginning. The crew were undisciplined, the captain careless, reckless, and incompetent. A sailor-boy fell out of a porthole and perished, in spite of the life-buoy thrown out to him, from no gun being ready loaded to signal the nearest vessel. The ship hove to, but too late; the six-oared barge was lowered, with only three men to pull it, and the boy sank. Touching at Ténériffe, to procure wine and oranges, Captain Chaumareys kept his subsequent course dangerously near the coast of the island. On the 29th of June there was another bad omen. Two nights running the frigate caught fire between decks, owing to the gross carelessness of the head baker. Early on the morning of the 10th of July, when off Cape Bayados, the *Medusa* passed the equator. Old Neptune, of course, instantly hailed the luckless vessel and came on board, and the ceremony of rough shaving and the paying of fines was performed amid wild laughing and buffoon dancing. Captain Chaumareys presided at this noisy buffoonery, and literally throwing the reins on the horses' neck, he let the vessel go almost where it pleased.

At the very height of this saturnalia,

the officer in command changed the vessel's course, and informed the captain that the *Medusa* was bearing in upon a reef of enormous rocks, on which the sea, only half a cannon-shot off, could indeed be seen breaking fiercely. More mismanagement that night. The *Echo* fired two guns and hung out a lantern at her mizzen, but the signals were never properly answered. The *Medusa* had taken a dangerous course—she had gone inside the Canary Islands. She should rather have gone outside, taken a long sweep round, like a carriage when it prepares for turning a corner, and then borne down suddenly straight on Senegal.

There was now great and palpable danger. Every two hours the frigate was brought to, in order to sound; every half-hour the lead was heaved—still always shallows. At last, the water deepening to a hundred fathoms, the captain stood again to the S.S.E., and bore toward the African shore.

The minister of marine's direction to Captain Chaumareys had been imperative not to trust to the charts, but to make W.S.W. instantly after sighting Cape Blanco. On the evening of the 1st of July some of the officers thought they saw the wished-for cape. About six o'clock the captain was called up and shown a bank of mist, which he was easily persuaded was actually the cape. The officers, indeed, thinking the cape had been passed in the night, wished to persuade him that he had obeyed instructions. The great and dreaded reef of Arguin, thirty leagues broad, was ahead; the way to steer now was W.S.W., then turning south to Senegal. The captain, blindly trusting himself to a M. Richefort, an ex-naval officer, who had just returned from ten years in an English prison, and who had once known something of the African seas, resisted all interference, ignored the reef, and at once steered south for Portendie. In vain a young Swiss surgeon, M. Savigny, who had studied Alpine vapors, assured the captain that what he saw was only cloud; while M. Picard, a notary of Senegal, who eight years before had struck on the Arguin reef, also declared that the *Medusa* was rushing into the very jaws of death.

The evil omens came faster and faster

to the wilful man; but all in vain. He was doomed and so was the ship. M. Lapérère, the officer of the morning watch, was disregarded when he found by his reckoning, as well as by soundings, that the ship was very near a reef; and M. Maudet, who succeeded him, when he took the sun's altitude grew very grave, and told M. Richefort, the ignorant and self-appointed pilot, that the reef was then quite close. The captain's adviser merely replied, "Oh! never mind; we're still in eighty fathoms."

M. Maudet sounded; the water grew thicker and browner, fish were numerous, and seaweed floated by in green drifts. Presently the lead showed eighteen fathoms. The captain, in a flurried way, instantly ordered the studding-sail to be taken in, to bring the ship a little more to the wind; the lead then showed only six fathoms—a terribly rapid decrease. "Haul her closer to the wind." Too late. There was hope, with promptitude, at eighteen fathoms, but now none. The tide, too, was at its highest, and would, in a few minutes, begin to decline. A few seconds more and the startled ship luffed, gave a heel, went on, heeled again and again, and stopped. The *Medusa*, at a quarter-past three on the 2d of July, struck on the west edge of the dreaded Arguin reef, off the great African desert, nineteen degrees thirty-six minutes north latitude, nineteen degrees forty-five minutes west longitude.

The ill-disciplined crew fell into a despair as instantaneous as it was cowardly and unworthy. Two ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Chemals, wife and daughter of the Governor, alone remained calm and unmoved, while veterans of Napoleon, and old sailors tried in a thousand storms, screamed and shrieked like terrified madmen; others remained as if paralyzed, thunderstruck, or chained to the deck, hopeless, speechless, powerless. Every countenance changed; the features of many absolutely shrank and grew hideously contracted and deformed till the first stupefaction of instantaneous and overwhelming terror passed away. The Frenchmen broke into wailing or into curses at the pseudo pilot; and an officer who came upon deck said to the cause of this misfortune:

"See, monsieur, what your obstinacy has done. You know I warned you."

All that day the sailors worked with the fury of despair. The sails were lowered, the top-gallant-mast taken down, and everything prepared to get the *Medusa* off the reef. The next day the topmasts were taken off and the yards lowered, while the men heaved at an anchor a cable's length off, but both this and the bower-anchor proved too weak, and could retain no hold of the sand and gray shell-sprinkled mud. The water-butts in the hold were then staved in vain, and the topmasts, yards, and booms thrown overboard to lighten the vessel.

The loss of the *Medusa* seeming imminent, and the six boats being incapable of holding four hundred persons, the governor, leaning on the capstan-head, sketched a very feasible plan of saving all hands. He ordered a raft to be instantly constructed, large enough to hold all the provisions and two hundred men. At the hours of meals the boats' crews were to meet at the raft to receive their rations. Boats and raft were to proceed together to the shore, and an armed caravan was then to be organized to push through the desert toward the island of St. Louis. The plan was well laid, but it was defeated by the indecision and cowardice of the officers, and the mutinous restlessness of the soldiers, sailors, and civilians.

The next day, the fourth, adverse currents, rising sea, and violent wind, rendered all attempts to fix anchors or carry out warps useless. The despairing men continued, however, to work at the raft, and threw many of the flour-barrels and powder-barrels overboard. In the evening, just before high-water, the sailors set to with a will at the capstan. To the delight of all, the frigate at last slowly moved to the larboard, then awung perceptibly, and at last turned her head to the open sea. They were all but saved. Every one was sanguine. The *Medusa* was out of her grave-like bed, she was all but afloat; only her stern touched the sand. Nothing remained now but to haul at her with more ropes, to throw over all the remaining flour-barrels and the fourteen twenty-four-pounders. Yet all was imbecility and irresolution. The governor,



knowing the scarcity of food at Senegal, was reluctant to sacrifice the flour; the captain hoped for a calm night, to send out more cables on which to haul. The opportunity was lost forever. The tide ebbed. The frigate wallowed again, and deeper, into the sucking sand.

At night, the wind blew furiously on the shore. The sea beat high and threatening. The frigate rolled more and more hopelessly under every blow. No one slept, for the *Medusa* threatened every moment to founder or break in sunder. At last, the death-blow came; there was a quivering, a crash, and the keel was shattered in two. The ship bulged; the helm was unshipped; the broken keel, dashing against the poop, beat in the captain's cabin, and let in the sea through a dangerous breach. The men had no confidence in their officers—how could they? About eleven o'clock the soldiers seized their arms, and took possession of various parts of the vessel, a report having been spread among them that the sailors were going to escape in the boats, and leave them to perish on board the frigate. The presence of the governor and his staff at last allayed their fears. In the midst of this confusion and danger the raft broke loose, and, drifting to sea, was with difficulty recovered. At three o'clock in the morning, the master caulker informed the captain, with a desponding face, that the vessel was filling fast. The pumps would not work, the hull was split, the frigate threatened to heel over; it was necessary to desert her at once.

Biscuit from the store-room was instantly placed in strong barrels, and casks were filled with wine and fresh water; but most of these were thrown overboard or left behind in the confusion and disorderly excitement. A list had been previously drawn up, assigning to each man his special boat and peculiar duty; but, in the tumult, no one obeyed orders. The moment to embark arrived. The soldiers descended first on the raft, leaving their muskets in the ship, and retaining only their sabres and a few carbines; the officers, however, kept their fowling-pieces and pistols. There were one hundred and twenty soldiers and officers; besides these, twenty-nine sailors and passengers, and one sutler woman. The large fourteen-

oared barge took off the governor, his family, and thirty-two other persons; a second large boat received forty-two, and the captain's barge twenty-eight men. The long-boat, by no means sound, and almost without oars, held eighty-eight persons; an eight-oared boat took twenty-five sailors; and the smallest boat had on board fifteen persons, including four ladies and four children. Several men, either already drunk or afraid of the overcrowded boats, refused to leave the vessel.

The long hours of suspense upon the reef had demoralized the crew of the *Medusa*. Most men in sudden and unusual danger, are little better than sheep; but these men ran about with the insane terror of frightened chickens. There was no one to lead or to drive them; no one to animate their faint hearts, or rally their scattered senses. Some rushed to the gangway and the ladders; others dropped from the main chains, or flung themselves headlong into the sea.

About seven o'clock, four of the boats put eagerly to sea, the raft being still moored alongside of the frigate. When the order came to let the raft go, M. Corréard, a brave young engineer, who was still cool and firm, unable to move through the crowd of soldiers that surrounded him, called to one of the officers on board the barge, into which the governor was just then being lowered in his arm-chair, that he would not start until they were supplied on the raft with instruments and charts, in case of getting separated from the boats. The officer replied they were provided with every necessary, and he was coming on board in a moment to command them. M. Corréard saw that man no more; for he sought his own safety on board one of the boats which were joined by tow-ropes. The base captain also pushed off in his own barge and deserted the vessel, leaving eighty men in the wreck; who, uttering cries of rage and despair, were with difficulty prevented from firing on their runaway captain. Lieutenant Espiau and M. Bredif, another engineer, returned for them with great difficulty in the leaky long-boat, and rescued all but seventeen, who preferred waiting till assistance could be sent them from Senegal. The French flag was then hoisted on the wreck, the un-

fortunates were left to perish, and the boats got into line, led by the captain's barge, which was preceded by the pin-nace. The hundred and fifty men crowded on the raft broke into excited cries of "Vive le Roi!" and a little white flag was hoisted on a soldier's musket. There was a pretence of order, but it was really only a selfish and cowardly scramble to land. The raft was cumbrous and slow. Eh bien! they would desert the raft, and leave its crew to perish. There was no irresolution about the cowards now.

Espiau, finding the long-boat crazy, leaky, almost unmanageable, asked the officers of each of the boats by turns to relieve him of some twenty men. Lieutenant Maudet, of the third boat, fearing a collision, in his despair, especially as his own craft was slight and patched, let go the tow-rope. The captain made no effort to recover the rope or preserve the line, but hurried on his rowers. The governor seeing this—being by no means a candidate for martyrdom, and two leagues from the frigate—resolved to let the raft go. Then arose a cry of "Let's leave them." An officer kept every moment crying: "Shall I let go?" M. Clanet, a paymaster, resisted; but the rope was eventually let go, and the raft remained alone and helpless.

The despairing crowd on the raft could not at first believe that they were so ruthlessly deserted. It was thought that the boats had only parted in order to hasten to some vessel that had been seen on the horizon. The long-boat, too, was still to leeward; she lowered her foresail, as if going to take up the tow-rope; but all at once she tacked, then slowly hoisted her sails and followed the division.

In fact, brave M. Espiau had urged the sailors to rejoin the raft, but they feared that the people on the raft would attack them. Finding the other boat would not join him, M. Espiau at last reluctantly set sail, exclaiming:

"We shall sink, but let us show courage to the last. Let us do what we can. Vive le Roi!"

This cry spread from boat to boat, but not one turned to save the men on the raft, who, frantic at the desertion, which, in their rage, they believed to be premeditated, swore that they would

cut to pieces whoever they overtook. Thirst and famine, pestilence and death, hovered over those miserable and doomed men; terror in the sea, terror in the burning sky. The soldiers and sailors were either petrified with despair or maddened with fear. The officers alone preserved an outward fortitude, and by degrees partially calmed or consoled the herd of howling, base, and frantic creatures.

Let us describe the floating grave which these panic-stricken men had so clumsily constructed. It was twenty metres long and seven broad, but was so flimsy that only the centre could be relied upon for safety, and on this space there was barely *standing* room for fifteen men. It had neither sails nor a mast. It was composed of the Medusa's masts, poles, boom, and yards. The groundwork and the sides were solid, and strongly lashed and bound together; on these supports were nailed cross-boards, and on the sides there was a low breastwork. The head of this lattice-work raft was formed by two top-gallant yards, which crossed each other. The angular space thus formed was crossed by slight planks, and was continually submerged. The raft had, before starting, been used as a *dépôt* for the flour-barrels. There had also been placed on it six barrels of wine and two small casks of water. But the first fifty men, finding the raft sink seventy centimetres, threw over all the flour-barrels, and let them drift away with their store of life. Even when thus lightened, the raft at the head and the stern, when the hundred and fifty men had all embarked, was still three feet under water. At the moment of putting off, a man threw down to the raft a bag with twenty-five pounds of biscuit. It fell into the sea, but the briny paste was preserved, and with the casks carefully lashed to the crossbeams of the raft.

The commander of these unhappy people was M. Coudin, "an aspirant of the first class," to use a term of the French navy. He had injured his leg while in the Aix roads, and the salt water distressed the wound; but, being the oldest officer of his class on board the Medusa, he had refused to relinquish his dangerous post. His noblest coadjutor was M. Corréard, the engineer,

who had been ordered to the boats, but refused to leave his twelve workmen who were on the raft. M. Savigny, the young Swiss surgeon, was also very generous in his devotion to save these unworthy men. Only two military officers had deserted their soldiers. A captain had been ordered, with thirty-six soldiers, to fire on any who should desert the raft, but he resisted his men when they began to load; the other, Lieutenant Danglas, forsook the raft, and then threatened to fire at the governor and captain, who in their turn deserted him and left him on the wreck.

The first inquiry of the abandoned men was for the charts, anchor, and compass, which they had been told had been left for them. Cries of horror and rage ran through the group of half-famished men when they found that neither compass nor chart was there. All at once M. Corréard remembered that one of his workmen carried a small compass about the size of a crown piece, and there was a smile of joy among these mobile people at the discovery. A few hours after, they lost it between the interstices of the raft, and had only the sun to guide them. Having left the frigate without a meal (another fatal oversight), and having for several days had no regular food, the biscuit-paste, to the last mouthful, was now mixed with wine and distributed to the men, with a pint of wine each. The crew had not yet lost all hope. The officers spoke of safety as certain, and the sailors nourished the thought of revenge against those who had so cruelly deserted them, and whom they loaded with imprecations.

M. Coudin being unable to move, M. Savigny, the young surgeon, directed the men to erect a mast on the front of the raft, and to make shrouds and stays from a tow-rope. The sail trimmed well, but was of use only when the wind came from behind. The raft kept always in a cross position, probably from the excessive length of its cross-pieces. In the evening, every one on board prayed hopefully to heaven for help out of that imminent danger. The universal belief was that the governor, once safe on the Island of Arguin, would the next day return to their assistance. Night came, the wind freshened, and the sea rose

cruel and threatening. The raft rode a mere chip upon the inky waves. M. Savigny, retaining his presence of mind, fastened ropes to the bulwarks for the soldiers and the more helpless of the landmen to hold on by when the great washing waves came breaking in on them. About midnight the sea grew more mountainous, and the shrinking soldiers were lifted from the raft at every wave. To add to the horror, the night was peculiarly dark, and the sky seemed to press down on them like a low roof of black marble. At one time, the foam of the breakers gleamed so white and phosphorescent, that the sailors, in their heated imagination, mistook it for a distant fire; and having some powder and pistols hanging to the mast, they flashed them repeatedly, till they discovered their error. Those who clung to the ropes were dashed to and fro upon the raft, and fifteen or sixteen perished unobserved. Till daybreak, nothing was heard, through the roaring of the sea and wind, but cries and groans, prayers, farewells, adjurations, and vows to God.

At daybreak, the sea somewhat subsided, and the wind, as if exhausted by its own rage, lulled itself to more calmness. The sickly light showed ten or twelve poor creatures, who, entangled in the lattice-work of the raft, had broken their limbs and perished miserably. When the roll-call was made, there were nearly twenty men missing. The sea, the storm, had claimed their earliest victims, and the survivors envied them the rest of death. Amidst these horrors that sometimes harden men, the survivors shed tears at witnessing the joy of two young men who, discovering their aged father trampled and senseless under the feet of the soldiers, had by the most assiduous care restored him to life, and were now clasping him in their arms. At this very time two lads and a baker took solemn farewell of their companions, and, throwing themselves into the sea, instantly perished. Already the minds of many of the men began to fail, and, with loud cries, some shouted that they saw land, and vessels coming to their help. As the day grew fine and sunny, they were tranquilly expecting every hour to see the boats flying to their succor. As night drew on,

a deeper despair again weighed upon them. The soldiers grew mutinous, and yelled with fury at their helpless officers. When night came, the sky grew murky, the wind rose in fresh fury, and the sea, swelling mountains high, drove the raft forward at an incredible speed. Almost all who could not fight their way to the centre of the raft, the more solid part, were swept away by the waves, which broke fore and aft. In the centre many were trodden to death in the crowd. The officers clustered round the mast, crying out to the men to move to this side or that, when the raft, hanging almost perpendicularly on the waves, required a counterbalance to prevent it falling over, like a rearing and maddened horse.

The soldiers and sailors now abandoned all hope. They wished only to die drunk, and so escape the last pangs. They broke a large hole in a cask in the centre of the raft, and filling their tin cups, drank till the salt water washed in and spoiled the remainder of the wine. Crazed with hunger, fear, and drink, the men broke out into open mutiny, and swore they would butcher their officers because they would not agree to destroy the raft. The cry now was to cut the rope and let all drown at once and together. A Malay soldier, a giant of a man, with short crisp hair, sallow complexion, and a hideous distorted face, threatened to kill an officer, struck down every man who opposed him with his fist, and, fiercely waving a boarding hatchet, began to hew at the ropes that bound the edge of the raft. He was instantly killed with one blow of a sabre. The subaltern officers and passengers flew to arms. The mutineers, gathering in the dim moonlight, drew their sabres and got ready their knives. These madmen were chiefly branded galley-slaves from Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, the scum of all countries—the sweepings of French prisons, sent to perish in Africa. They had neither courage nor endurance; they only wished to murder their commanders, pay off old scores, and roll drunk into the sea. The officers were only twenty, and they had to face more than a hundred of those mad wolves. The first mutineer who lifted a sword was instantly run through the body. This awed the soldiers for a moment, and they retreated to the back of the

raft. Seeing one of the villains cutting the ropes with his knife, the officers rushed on him, and threw both him and a soldier, who tried to defend him, overboard. The *mêlée* then became general. A mutineer cried, "Lower the sail!" and, cutting the shrouds and stays, threw down the mast, which felled one of their assailants, whom they then threw into the sea. Rescued by his friends, the mutineers again seized him and were going to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Exasperated at this cruelty, the officers and passengers charged the wretches furiously, and cut down savagely all who resisted.

M. Corréard, the engineer, roused from a sort of trance by the curses of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the cries of "*Aux armes!*" "*A nous, camarades!*" "*Nous sommes perdus,*" leaped up, drew his sabre, assembled his armed workmen, and remaining at the front of the raft, stood on the defensive. Every moment they were charged by drunken mutineers armed with clubbed carbines, sabres, knives, and bayonets. The men thrown overboard also swam round, and clambering over the front of the raft attacked them in the rear.

One of the workmen, named Dominique, joining the rebels, was knocked overboard; but M. Corréard, hearing his voice over the side, dragged him up by the hair of his head, and bound up a large sabre-wound on his head. This wretch, the moment he had recovered, returned to the mutineers, and was struck dead in a subsequent charge. Such were the monsters of which the African battalion was composed, and it is difficult to lament their fate. Hearing cries and screams from the waves, M. Corréard found that the mutineers had flung the sutler and her husband into the sea, where they were frantically invoking the aid of Our Lady of Laux (department of Upper Alps). Fastened to a rope, M. Corréard rescued the woman, while an artilleryman saved her husband. The grateful woman instantly gave her preserver all that she had in the world—a little parcel of snuff, which M. Corréard presented to a sailor, who subsisted on it for four days. The soldier and his wife could hardly believe their senses when they found themselves once more safe in each other's arms.



"Save me, for I am useful," the delighted, garrulous woman said to the workmen. "I was in all the Italian campaigns; I followed the grand army twenty-four years; I braved death; I helped the wounded; I brought them brandy whether they had money or not. In battle I generally lost some debtors, but then the survivors paid me double; so, I, too, shared every victory."

After that rough check the mutineers lost heart, and, throwing themselves at the officers' feet, asked and received pardon. At midnight, however, they broke out again, charging savagely at the officers who stood armed round the mast. The soldiers who had no arms bit the officers, and tore them with their teeth. If they got a man down, they beat him with their sabres and carbines. Sous-Lieutenant Lozach, who had served with the Vendéans under St. Pol de Léon, and was therefore obnoxious to the troops, was with difficulty rescued from their cruel hands, as they dragged him to the side. Their cry was constantly for the head of Lieutenant Danglas, who had been harsh with them when in garrison in the Isle of Rhé. They could not be persuaded that he was with the boats. They then seized M. Coudin, who held a boy in his arms, and flung them both overboard. M. Coudin, though wounded, was saved.

M. Savigny has left on record his feelings at this time. An irresistible lethargy came, during which the most beautiful wooded country, and scenes delightful to the senses, passed before his mind. If such torpor was not resisted, men became furious, or calmly drowned themselves, saying, "they were going for assistance, and would soon return." At times a soldier would rush at his comrades with his sabre drawn, and demand bread or the wing of a fowl; others called for their hammocks, saying they wanted to go between decks and get some sleep. Many believed they saw ships passing, and hailed them; others described a harbor and a magnificent city, which seemed to rise in the air. M. Corréard fancied himself travelling across the plains of Lombardy. One of the officers said to him, gravely, "I know, Corréard, that the boats have deserted us; but never fear. I have just written to the governor, and in a

few hours it will be all right." M. Corréard replied in good faith, and asked if he had a carrier-pigeon to take the message. The moment the fighting ceased, the men sank again into these semi-trances, and when they awoke in the morning regarded the combats as nightmare dreams. With the daylight the unhappy men grew calmer; but the terror always rose up again in the darkness.

When day broke, it was found that upward of sixty men had perished in the mutiny; about a fourth of these having drowned themselves in paroxysms of despair. Two of the loyal side had perished, but neither of them was an officer. Sobered by fatigue, the soldiers, shedding tears, loudly bewailed their fate after the demonstrative French manner. A new misfortune had happened. In spite of all the struggles of the officers, the mutineers during the night had thrown into the sea two barrels of wine and the only two kegs of water. There was only one cask of wine left for the sixty survivors; they at once, therefore, put themselves on half allowance.

The sea had now grown calm, and the mast was once more raised. Some of the practised sailors thought they saw a line of desert shore glittering in the distance, and tried to believe they felt the hot breath of the adjacent Sahara; but the sail was now spread to every wind, so the raft alternately approached and receded from the land. The soldiers, fainting with fatigue and the relapse from their drunken fury, still groaned out their execrations at their officers, whom they accused as the cause of their tortures. The officers, though now forty-eight hours without food, were upheld by their higher moral feeling, and held up bravely. They collected tags from their men, and bent them into hooks for fishing; but the current carried them under the raft, and there they got entangled and lost. They then twisted a bayonet into a hook, but a shark bit at it and straightened it. All was useless.

Suddenly the horrible impulse of cannibalism seized the more degraded of the soldiers (it is with pity as much as indignation that we record this horror). They instantly leaped on the dead bo-

dies that strewed the raft, cut off lumps of flesh, and devoured them voraciously. Many (especially the officers) refused to share in this unnatural meal, and still bore up, subsisting on a larger portion of wine. The men, feeling stronger after their cruel meal, set to work and dried the remaining human flesh to render it less revolting; the rest chewed at their sword-belts and cartridge-boxes, or ate pieces of their shirts and the linings of their hats, the epicures especially selecting those that were greasy.

The fourth morning's sun showed ten or twelve more dead men, and the survivors wept as they lowered them into the sea, reserving one only for food.

The day was fine, the sunshine diffused calmness in every heart, and a faint ray of hope spread over the pale and haggard faces. God heard their prayers. About four in the afternoon a large shoal of flying-fish got entangled under the raft. The men caught nearly two hundred, eating the milt at once, and storing the rest in a cask; but these fish were much smaller than herrings, and one man alone, in his raging hunger, could have eaten half the shoal. The first impulse of the men (the galley-slaves had nearly all been given to the sword and the waves) was to thank God for this goodness.

Having dried an ounce of gunpowder in the sun, and discovered a parcel with steel, gun, and tinder, the soldiers made a fire in a cask, and cooked some fish, adding to it portions of human flesh, which proved less disgusting when dressed, to eke out the meal. The officers ate human flesh that day for the first time, and from that time continued to eat it. Unfortunately, the barrel caught fire, and powder and tinder were all destroyed. No more food could be cooked after this. That night the officers, feeling stronger, were more tranquil, and slept better; but, as if Satan himself was on board inventing new torments, that night there was a fresh revolt and a second massacre. The dregs had still to be drawn off, the dross still to be purged in the purgatorial furnace of suffering.

A Piedmontese sergeant, who had stolen the wine which he had been intrusted to guard, had plotted with some

Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, to throw the officers into the sea during the night. The negroes, tempted by a bag containing some valuables and fifteen hundred francs, which was hung on the mast, had persuaded these wretches that once on land they could guide them to a place of safety. The sailors, remaining faithful, betrayed the plot. A Spaniard, clutching the mast, crossed himself with one hand, and drew his knife with the other. The sailors threw this man into the sea. An officer's servant, an Italian, seeing this, snatched up a boarding-axe, wrapped himself in some canvas, and threw himself into the sea. The mutineers rushed forward to avenge their comrades, and a desperate and savage fight ensued. The raft again streamed with blood, and was strewn with dead bodies. The soldiers shrieked for the head of Lieutenant Danglas, and a second time threw the sutler woman into the sea, from whence M. Coudin again rescued her. At last the mutineers were driven back, and the officers sank, almost instantaneously, into a fitful sleep.

The fifth daybreak rose on only thirty men, bruised, wounded wretches, crying out with pain as the salt water inflamed their wounds. Not more than twenty could stand or walk. There were only a dozen fish now left, and wine enough for four days. Beyond that time none of the crew could expect to live. That day two soldiers, discovered sucking wine from the cask, were instantly thrown into the sea, as had been before decreed. Soon after this a soldier's boy, a beautiful, brave lad, who had been the pet of the regiment, went mad, ran to and fro calling for his mother and for food and water, and eventually expired in the arms of M. Coudin.

There were now only twenty-seven survivors; of these all but fifteen were covered with wounds, and were delirious. The sutler had broken her thigh, and her husband was wounded in the head. The dying men still lingered on half allowance, and it was calculated they would consume forty bottles of wine. After a debate, at once terrible and revolting, it was resolved to throw these wounded people into the sea. Three sailors and a soldier were the selected executioners. Their companions

hid their faces and wept as the cruel work went on.

We, who have not suffered in such scenes, must not wonder at hearts turning to stone in the midst of such calamities. The deed done, all arms were thrown overboard except one sabre, which could be used to cut a rope or hew a spar.

On the ninth day a small white butterfly appeared, to the joy of every one, fluttering over the raft, then settling on the sail. Some of the soldiers watched it with feverish eyes, and would have fought for it as food had not the rest declared they would protect it, for it was an omen of God's intended mercy. On the following day they saw more butterflies and some sea-birds that they tried in vain to allure. The next day they raised a rude platform on the centre of the raft, over which the sea broke, but not often or violently. The men who still lived resolved at last to meet death with resignation; a lingering hope and faith still buoyed them up. The older soldiers, who had fought under Napoleon, to beguile the time, related their adventures; the intrepid Lavillette, the artillery sergeant, being the foremost of these raconteurs.

The sun had now grown intolerably burning, the heat redoubling the thirst that consumed these poor men. They fought and quarrelled for shares in a lemon, some cloves of garlic, some spiced tooth-liquid which had been found by chance. Many of the sailors kept their hats full of sea-water, and splashed their hair, faces, and hands repeatedly with it; others kept pieces of pewter in their mouths; one or two took their wine through a quill. A small quantity of wine now produced intoxication.

The tenth day five men declared their intention of drowning themselves when drunk. The officers did all they could to dissuade them, and fresh butchery was about to commence, when a shoal of sharks surrounded the raft, and diverted the wretches' minds from their suicidal purpose. Lavillette struck at these hideous and threatening monsters with the remaining sabre; but the most furious blows only drove them back into the sea for a few moments.

Three days more of inexpressible anguish, and many of the men, careless of

life, even bathed in sight of the sharks, or, to lessen their thirst, stood naked on the front of the raft where the waves broke. Sometimes great numbers of polypi were driven on the raft, and their long prickly arms clinging to the naked men, caused them horrible pain before they could be flung off. Still there was hope; and one man, actually joking, said, with irrepressible French gayety:

"If the brig is sent to look for us, God grant her the eyes of an Argus."

Thinking land near, eight of the more determined men resolved to build a small raft and row in search of shore. They nailed boards across a part of a spar, and fixed a small mast and sail, but the raft was found crazy and dangerous, and the builders let it drift away. There were now only twelve or fifteen bottles of wine left. An invincible loathing of human flesh at last seized the sufferers. The sun rose without clouds, pure and bright. The survivors had prayed and divided the wine, when a captain of infantry, looking toward the horizon, suddenly descried a ship. There was a shout of irrepressible joy. A vessel was seen, but at so great a distance that only the tips of the masts were visible. The joy was convulsive and passionate. They returned thanks to God with one voice; but their hope was still alloyed with fear. They straightened cask-hoops, and tied to them handkerchiefs of different colors; these were waved from the top of the mast by one man, aided by others. Some thought the ship grew larger; others, that it receded. All at once it disappeared. The men, then struck down with the profoundest despair, lay down to die under a rude tent made of old sails, proposing to write a short detail of their sufferings on a board, sign it with their names, and fasten it to the top of the mast.

After two hours of this last agony, the master gunner, suddenly looking feebly out of the hut, uttered a shout, then held his breath, and stretched his hands toward the sea. All he said was: "Saved! the brig is close on us." Yes, the brig, with her great white wings spread, was bearing down full on them. Then the sailors, soldiers, and officers embraced each other and wept for joy, and even the wounded men crawled out to see the messenger of

God. Every one of the fifteen haggard, hollow-eyed, long-bearded men, sun-scorched, delirious, almost naked, waved signals as the well-known brig, the *Argus*, flew rapidly before the wind, and hoisted the great white flag of France, the crew standing in the shrouds waving their hats in joyful welcome. Of the one hundred and fifty persons left on the raft only fifteen remained, and of these five perished of fatigue shortly after reaching St. Louis.

Of the cowardly rascals in the boats, it is waste of time to say much. They reached the coast, and made their way through the desert to Senegal, suffering by the way, and fighting, praying, and uttering lamentations and adjurations in their previous manner. Of the seventeen men left in the *Medusa*, twelve perished on a raft on which they tried to reach the shore. Three men only were found alive. Each of these lived apart in a separate corner of the vessel; never meeting his companions but to fight over the provisions.

The almost incredible sufferings of the crew of the *Medusa* (the record of which reads like a dark page from the *Inferno*) created a profound sensation in Europe. Subscriptions were raised for the survivors, both in Paris and London.

Among those who showed kindness to M. Corréard, one of the most meritorious of the survivors, was a countryman of our own, Major Peddy, the successor of Mungo Park in his African expedition; but the French government never forgave M. Corréard for writing, in conjunction with M. Savigny, an account of the wreck that exposed the incompetence, baseness, and criminal carelessness which had occasioned the loss of the *Medusa*.

Macmillan's Magazine.

#### ALEXANDER SMITH.

On the fifth of last month, Alexander Smith died in his house at Wardie, near Edinburgh, at the age of thirty-six. The degree of feeling evoked by this event in different quarters has varied, of course, with the different estimates that had been formed of the worth of the deceased—his place and likelihood in

that portion of the British literature of our time to which he was a contributor, but the other contributors to which have been, and are, so numerous. By his personal friends, and those locally around him, the loss has been felt as hardly any other within that circle could have been. Nor is there a newspaper in the country that has not chronicled the event more or less emphatically as one of some public importance. Even among those London literary journals whose obituary notices in most cases are supposed to represent really central opinion, there has been, so far as we are aware, only one that has felt itself bound, in consistency with its peculiar relations to Mr. Smith while alive, to pursue him to his grave with words of slight. All this is of little consequence to him now, and will rectify itself without effort from anybody. In these pages, however, where Mr. Smith's own hand was not unknown from time to time, some memoir of him may well seem due.

Born, on the 31st of December, 1830, in the manufacturing town of Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, where his father was a drawer of patterns, Alexander Smith passed his childhood and youth, first in that town, and then, successively, in Paisley and Glasgow. He received the ordinary Scottish school education; and it was intended that he should go to Glasgow University, to qualify himself to be a minister in the religious denomination to which his parents belonged—one of the chief Protestant Dissenting bodies in Scotland. Circumstances preventing this, he was brought up to his father's occupation, and became, while yet a boy, a designer of patterns for Glasgow manufacturing firms. It was in the warehouse, amid the din of looms, or in his evening hours of release from his employment, that the passion for poetry seized him. Widely diffused as the faculty of verse-making now is among us—so widely diffused that there is not a district of England, Scotland, and Ireland that does not count its "poets" by the score—it would yet appear, on good evidence, that nowhere in the total area of the islands has the Muse of late troubled so many, touched so many into happiness or misery, as in and around money-making Glasgow. Alexander Smith used himself to tell



with a kind of sly glee how, on one famous evening in Glasgow, he sat down to supper in the company of seventy other poets. Even these must have been but a selection from a much larger number latent among the ranks of operatives, clerks, and others in the great city and its adjacencies. At all events, it was from a multitude of West-Scottish poets, some well known locally, and others slightly known or not at all, that Smith flashed out at length into pre-eminent distinction. He did so mainly by the higher power of his genius, but partly also in consequence of a peculiarity in the mode of its exercise.

There seems, for more than one generation, to have been an almost irresistible tendency among resident Scotch writers, whether in verse or in prose, to confine themselves to specially Scottish subjects, and, even in their treatment of such subjects, to traditional Scottish forms. Their themes have been taken from Scottish history, or from the circumstances and humors of contemporary Scottish life; and, even when they have not used the Scottish dialect, they have kept within a certain round of rhythms, metres, styles, and modes of conception, which precedent had established in connection with their themes. The cause of this is the natural one—that people everywhere will write about what chiefly interests them, and in the forms of which custom has made them fondest; but the cause of this cause is, in great measure, the influence of Burns and Scott. The result, however, is that perhaps the majority of recent Scottish writers, resident within Scotland, have, without being themselves sufficiently aware of the fact, written wholly or mainly for a Scottish constituency. But, by some means or other, Alexander Smith from the first burst these bounds. Not, of course, that he was, or could be, an exception to the rule which provides that the scenery and circumstances amid which any one has been bred shall be transfused into his mind, and shall tinge its products to the last. In his earliest poems, and now in his completed writings, we can discern very definitely that district of actual British ground—from Glasgow, down the Firth of Clyde, to the West Highlands—the photographs from which had been the first furnishing

of his memory, and the very meteorology of which had yielded him meanings and suggestions. This, as it was the ground over which his footsteps moved, was the immediate ground of his observations and experience. But, whether from the action in himself of that free imagination which tends everywhere through what is present to the elemental and conceivable, or from the effect upon him of readings in certain English poets of the rarer order, we can see that he had invented on this ground, or brought down over it and into it, a visionary world that was in no peculiar sense Scottish. While most of his local brothers in the craft of verse were keen in the hereditary Wallace- and -Bruce vein, or fervid *pro* and *con* the Covenanters, or singing variations of the old tunes to new Scottish streams and braes, incidents and maidens, this Glasgow poet was away in a less limited element, where the themes were love and friendship, birth and death, poverty and wealth, the hearts of poets passionate against the irony of fate and fact. While *they* were repeating the strains of Burns, Scott, and Tannahill, *he*, though loyal to these too, had constituted himself, for the purposes of his own poetry, the disciple rather of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson. There seems even to have been a fascination of his fancy for things English—a liking, generated in him by his readings, or perhaps by family incidents of which his childhood had heard reports, for the conception of the far-away Kentish downs, or rich English parks, or old English mansions quaint-gabled and deep in woods, as the scenes of his stories.

All this constituted a peculiarity in Smith as compared with most of the other West-Scottish versifiers of fifteen years ago, from among whom he became conspicuous. By itself it would have been nothing; but, taken along with his superior genius, it increased the chance of his general recognition, should he ever get beyond that initial difficulty which is, was, and ever will be the despair of young poets without means—getting a volume published. The credit of having first sufficiently discerned Mr. Smith's worth in manuscript, and of having facilitated this necessary step for him, belongs to the Rev. George

Gilfillan, of Dundee. Through his means specimens of Mr. Smith's as yet unpublished poems, with remarks on their merits, appeared in some London journals. Among those who were at once impressed by the specimens, and vividly interested in their unknown author, was Mr. G. H. Lewes. Frank, generous, and discriminating, then as now, Mr. Lewes used his literary position in the editorship of the *Leader* newspaper, and the whole power of his name, in aid of the new reputation. It is also within the knowledge of the present writer that among those who then, or immediately afterward, helped, by their expressions of admiration to secure for the new poet a high reception in good quarters, was Mr. Herbert Spencer. In short, so wide and strong was the interest created in Mr. Smith, before the actual appearance of his *Life-Drama and other Poems* in 1853, that, when the volume did appear, there was a rush for copies.

We have just been glancing again over this first volume, which introduced Mr. Alexander Smith's name to the public. It seems a duty, now that he is gone, to reproduce a few passages as specimens of the sort of things that roused readers of the volume and made them acknowledge the young author as a real poet and man of genius. Allowance must, of course, be made, for the injury done to mere passages by detaching them from their context.

'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me  
To fling a Poem, like a comet, out,  
Far-splendoring the sleepy realms of night.

That great and small, weakness and strength,  
are naught;  
That, each thing being equal in its sphere,  
The May-night glowworm with its emerald lamp  
Is worthy as the mighty moon that drowns  
Continents in her white and silent light:  
This, this were easy to believe, were I  
The planet that doth nightly wash the Earth's  
Fair sides with moonlight; not the shining  
worm.

I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool! So tries  
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desest sands  
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,  
Staring right on with calm, eternal eyes.

The fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays,  
The churlish thistles, scented briers,  
The wind-swept bluebells on the sunny braes,  
Down to the central fires,

Exist alike in love. Love is a sea,  
Filling all the abysses dim  
Of lowest space, in whose deeps regally  
Suns and their bright broods swim.

This mighty sea of Love, with wondrous  
tides,  
Is sternly just to sun and grain:  
'Tis lav'ing at this moment Saturn's sides,  
'Tis in my blood and brain.

A grim old king,  
Whose blood leapt madly when the trumpets  
brayed  
To joyous battle 'mid a storm of steeds,  
Won a rich kingdom on a battle-day;  
But in the sunset he was ebbing fast  
Ringed by his weeping lords. His left hand  
held  
His white steed, to the belly splashed with  
blood,  
That seemed to mourn him with its drooping  
head;  
His right a broken brand; and in his ear  
His old victorious banners flap the winds.  
He called his faithful herald to his side:  
"Go tell the dead I come!" With a proud  
smile,  
The warrior with a stab let out his soul,  
Which fled, and shrieked through all the  
other world,  
"Ye dead, my master comes!" And there  
was pause  
Till the great shade should enter.

No sooner was he hence than critic-worms  
Were swarming on the body of his fame;  
And thus they judged the dead: "This Poet  
was  
An April tree whose vermeil-loaded boughs  
Promised to Autumn apples juiced and red,  
But never came to fruit;" "He is to us  
But a rich odor, a faint music-swell;"  
"Poet he was not in the larger sense;  
He could write pearls, but he could never  
write  
A poem round and perfect as a Star."

What martial music is to marching men  
Should Song be to Humanity.

Oft, standing on a hill's green head, we felt  
Breezes of love, and joy, and melody,  
Blow through us, as the winds blow through  
the sky.  
Oft with our souls in our eyes all day we fed  
On summer landscapes, silver-veined with  
streams,

O'er which the air hung silent in its joy;  
 With a great city lying in its smoke,  
 A monster sleeping in its own thick breath;  
 And surgy plains of wheat, and ancient  
   woods,  
 In the calm evenings cawed by clouds of  
   rooks,  
 Acres of Moss, and long black strips of firs,  
 And sweet cots dropt in green, where children  
   played  
 To us unheard, till, gradual, all was lost  
 In distance-haze to a blue rim of hills,  
 Upon whose heads came down the closing  
   sky.

That night the sky was heaped with clouds;  
 Through one blue gulf profound,  
 Begirt with many a cloudy crag,  
 The moon came rushing like a stag,  
 And one star like a hound.

How this mad old world  
 Reels to its burning grave, shouting forth  
   names,  
 Like a wild drunkard at his frenzy's height,  
 And they who hear them deem such shoutings  
   *Fame!*

My drooping sails  
 Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent;  
 I rot upon the waters when my prow  
 Should grate the golden isles.

I'll show you one that might have been an  
   abbot  
 In the old time—a large and portly man,  
 With merry eyes, and crown that shines like  
   glass.  
 No thin-smiled April he, bedript with tears,  
 But appled Autumn, golden-cheeked and tan;  
 A jest in his mouth feels sweet as crusted wine.  
 As if all eager for a merry thought,  
 The pits of laughter dimple in his cheeks;  
 His speech is flavorful; evermore he talks  
 In a warm, brown, autumnal sort of style.  
 A worthy man, Sir, who shall stand at compt  
 With conscience white, save some few stains  
   of wine!

Old Mr. Wilmott; nothing in himself,  
 But rich as ocean! He has in his hand  
 Sea-marge and moor, and miles of stream and  
   grove;  
 Dull flats, scream-startled as the exulting train  
 Streams like a meteor through the frightened  
   night;  
 Wind-billowed plains of wheat, and marshy  
   fens,  
 Unto whose reeds on midnights blue and cold  
 Long strings of geese come clanging from the  
   stars.

'Twas late; for, as he reached the open roads,  
 The drowy steeples tolled the hour of One.  
 The city now was left long miles behind;  
 A large black hill was looming 'gainst the  
   stars;

He reached its summit. Far above his head,  
 Up there upon the still and mighty night,  
 God's name was writ in worlds. A while he  
   stood,

Silent and throbbing like a midnight star;  
 He raised his hands. Alas! 'twas not in  
   prayer;

He long had ceased to pray. "Father," he  
   said,

"I wished to loose some music o'er Thy  
   world,

To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,  
 And then to die in autumn, with the flowers  
 And leaves and sunshine I have loved so well.  
 Thou might'st have smoothed my way to  
   some great end—

But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty  
   God;

This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds  
 Is an eternal and triumphant hymn  
 Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great self!  
 Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers  
   to Thee,

My pangs, my tears of blood? They could  
   not move

Thee from the depths of Thine immortal  
   dream.

Thou hast forgotten me, God! Here, there-  
   fore, here,

To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side,  
 Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die;  
 And, as my pale corse fronts the glittering  
   night,

It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds."  
 His death did *not* disturb that ancient Night.  
 Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there hung  
 Great gulfs of silence, blue and strewn with  
   stars—

No sound, no motion, in the eternal depths.

I see a wretched isle, that ghostlike stands  
 Wrapt in its mist-shroud in the wintry  
   main;

And now a cheerless gleam of red-ploughed  
   lands,

O'er which a crow flies heavy in the rain.

That largest Son of Time,  
 Who wandered singing through the listening  
   world,

Will be as much forgot as the canoe  
 That crossed the bosom of a lonely lake  
 A thousand years ago.

Not bad, such passages as these, surely,  
 from a youth who was not more than  
 twenty-one years of age when they were  
 written! Not bad? When have they

been equalled by a beginner since? Critics of Mr. Smith, it is true—and some of them poets themselves, and therefore excellent judges—have been careful to warn the public against such mere images, flashes, bits of metrical rhetoric! They have been anxious to assure the public that such “passages” were not, and no amount of them could be, the real thing. All we can say, is that, whether the real thing or not, it is to be wished we had more of them, and any young fellow that could give us more of them would, even at this time of day, be worth welcoming. To us they do seem to be poetry—genuine and most remarkable *particles* of poetry; but, whatever they are, we believe that the Laureate himself, if he encountered such passages now in a newly-published volume, would be pleasantly startled into curiosity about their author. Fourteen years ago, at all events, they did startle. They more than startled; they made a reputation. Much as depended on such individual passages, crude as was the structure of the poem in which they occurred, and possible as it was for the kindest critic to point out here and there faults of taste, Mr. Smith's first volume was a great victory. Thousands of copies were sold in Great Britain and Ireland; there was an article on the volume in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; it was reviewed also in California, and lectured on in Australia. The young pattern-designer of Glasgow suddenly found himself famous. What was hardly less agreeable, he found himself appointed, by the Town Council of Edinburgh, on the 31st of January, 1854, to the post of secretary to Edinburgh University. The salary was only £150 a year, but with the prospect of literary leisure, and other social advantages.

Leaving Glasgow at the age of twenty-three, Mr. Smith became a resident in Edinburgh. The duties of his post consisted in his being present so many hours daily in his office within the walls of the University, and in there keeping the enrolment-books, receiving matriculation and graduation fees, writing business-letters, etc. He at once entered on these duties, and had not the least difficulty in adapting himself to them; and he discharged them to the end in the most quiet, easy, and punctual manner. From

the moment of his coming to Edinburgh, he was, of course, an object of interest to many there, and very soon he had a new circle of attached friends to make up for the breaking of his Glasgow associations—if, indeed, compensation was necessary, with Glasgow still so near at hand. Among the first and most intimate of these new friends was Mr. Sydney Dobell, then on a long visit to Edinburgh. It was the time of the Crimean war, and the two friends jointly produced a volume of *War Sonnets* (1855), which was a good deal spoken of. It was not till 1857, however, that Mr. Smith gave the critics a distinct opportunity of reconsidering his claims to be called a poet, and trying to reverse, if they chose to do so, that previous verdict in his favor which had gone by acclamation. In that year he published his *City Poems*.

That previous verdict by acclamation in Mr. Smith's favor had been a sore subject with many. Naturally, there had been honest and reasonable dissentients from the verdict, or at least from the absoluteness of its terms, from the first. The feeling that splendid passages, or brilliant images, strewn through a poem, are not enough, was clearly a sound one; and there were some really careful critics not unfriendly to Mr. Smith, in whom the application of this feeling to him in particular had taken the form of a conviction that some abatement of the first *furor* in his favor might be desirable. Then, again, it had been pointed out that there were certain perpetually-recurring sources of Mr. Smith's images—that, to an unusual extent, he availed himself, in the production of his splendid passages, of a certain round of poetical *topics* or *places*, akin to the *topics* of the ancient teachers of oratory. The stars, seas kissing their shores, larks in the air, rainy skies—deprive Mr. Smith, it was said, of the power of allusion to these and a few more such leading phenomena of Nature; do this, and taboo for him also Mark Antony and Cleopatra among historical personages, and what would be left of him? It was a rude kind of test to propose, and showed a nature harsh as horse-hair in the critic who proposed it. What, pray, would be left of *anybody* on this principle of obliging him to think and feel without



reference to these phenomena of Nature, or objects of history, which had first taught him to think and feel, and with which, through thousands of hours, the highest actions of his spirit had been associated? And then the universality of some of the topics mentioned! Mark Antony may go, and larks may go, if it is desired; but for all men and all poets is there not a moral necessity based on a physical, why there should be frequency in their thoughts of the stars? Still the criticism held good against Mr. Smith to this extent, that he was detected in a kind of sameness, hardly to be avoided in so young a poet, but which it would need art and greater range of thinking to work off. Accordingly, this feeling, too, was lying in wait for Mr. Smith's second volume. Add the growing antipathy on the part of adherents of the older or direct school of poetry, the school of Scott and other straightforward narrative and lyrical poets—their growing antipathy to this new poetry of mystic raptures and exceptional spiritual states, this poetry all about poets, which seemed to be coming in upon the generation. Mr. Smith was by no means an especial representative of the new school, but he had his place in it. Hence, when Professor Aytoun's jocular phrase, "Spasmodic Poetry," got abroad, and began to serve, with clever people as well as with block-heads, as a convenient substitute for further inquiry into the thing it designated, Mr. Smith was necessarily included in the obloquy. The good-humored Aytoun was far from having intended this, for he was one of Smith's most familiar Edinburgh friends.

Notwithstanding this composite accumulation of more or less reasonable critical feeling, lying in wait for Mr. Smith's *City Poems*, the volume, we believe, would have been successful, had there been nothing else. The volume seems to us to be Mr. Smith's best, and a decided advance on the previous volume in respect of art. But, unfortunately, there was something else. There may be unreasonable criticism as well as reasonable, criticism motivated by ill-nature as well as criticism judiciously severe. However it happened, the publication of Mr. Smith's *City Poems* was the signal for bringing out an onslaught upon his poetry generally, more ill-natured than

any critical attack we remember. The cue taken in this attack was not that Mr. Smith was one of the spasmodic poets, nor that he was a poet of few topics, nor that he was a poet of mere flashes and striking passages, but that he was a plagiarist. By an elaborate compilation of parallel passages, which it must have taken the critic days and nights to prepare, the attempt was made to prove that every passage, line, or phrase in Mr. Smith's poems in which there was anything notable was a theft from some other poet, more or less disguised. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, with a dozen other well-known poets, were produced, chapter and verse, as his creditors for this or that; and, above all, a certain Cyril Tournour, known to the antiquaries in our literature, was dug up from his grave, poor fellow, and confronted with his alleged appropriator. There was such evident animosity in the onslaught that it overleaped itself. None but the most leathery-minded person could have believed, if he had read a page of Mr. Smith's poems, that they or any poems like them could, by *a priori* possibility, have been composed on the principle put forward by the critic. As passage after passage in any page of Milton might be decomposed, by the help of Todd's notes, into flakes from previous authors, so, in perhaps two per cent. of the asserted cases of plagiarism by Mr. Smith, it was proved that he may have had recollections of the transmitted diction of previous poets. But there was nothing more. We have never yet met a competent reader of the criticism that thought there was anything more in it, and that did not speak of it with indignation. But the criticism appeared in a place of authority, and the public is a great sheep in these matters. Not from this cause alone, but from this cause in coöperation with others, Mr. Smith's *City Poems* did not secure nearly the amount of attention that was to be expected. Nay more, when, after four years of silence, Mr. Smith produced his little epic or idyl, called *Edwin of Deira*, it still seemed as if the public were under a reaction of feeling against him. He had thrown a great deal of care into this romance of Northumbria in the time of the Heptarchy; and the

poem, if without the surprising flashes of its predecessors, is a most sunny and delightful piece of fantasia. Unfortunately, it came in the wake of Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, and, being in blank verse and nearly coeval in its subject, seemed a resonance of *them*. Yet it had been in great part written before they were even announced.

*Edwin of Deira* (1861) was, with the exception of stray pieces in periodicals, the last of Mr. Smith's productions in the form of verse. Prose-writing, in which he had long been expert, and which he had practised in periodicals from the time of his coming to Edinburgh, became now his chief occupation. There were reasons for this, apart from his own inclination, in the comparative indifference with which his last poems had been received, taken in connection with circumstances which made such indifference inconvenient. He had been for some years married—his wife being a lady of the Highland family of the Macdonalds of Skye, tracing their descent from the famous Flora Macdonald. A new world of delightful relationships was opened out to him by this marriage—periodical visits in the autumn holidays to the island of Skye, and an acquaintanceship, by adoption, with half the Highlands. But, with a little family growing up around him, for the wants of which the salary for his Secretaryship to the University was not sufficient, there were calls upon him, when his poetry would not yield the required supplement, for other activity that should. In the easiest way in the world he acknowledged this necessity, and adjusted himself to it. In the evenings, or at leisure hours during the day, his pen was busy, meeting the demands upon it. He was such a silent person, so unobtrusive of himself or his own affairs, that there is probably no one living that could make an inventory of all he did in this way. He wrote anonymously in newspapers—but never, we believe, unworthily, and never on politics; and he contributed, under his name, to various periodicals. Out of his contributions to periodicals there grew a collection of essays, published under the title of *Dreamthorp* (1863). To this were added, partly by a similar course of previous production in peri-

odicals, his two volumes entitled *A Summer in Skye* (1865), and consisting of descriptions of Highland and other Scottish scenery and manners, with interspersed legends and fancies, and his *Alfred Hagart's Household* (1866), a novel of simple elements, the scene of which is laid, with but a slight disguise, in Paisley and Glasgow, and in which one discerns an autobiographic tinge. A separate work of Mr. Smith, preceding the last two, was his edition of Burns, with a memoir, for Mr. Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series. Altogether, the amount of prose-writing which he had added, within a few years, to his three volumes of poems, was very considerable. In much of his prose, it will have been noted, he reverted to that specially Scottish ground, or circuit of themes and interests, which, as we have said, it is natural for resident Scottish writers to abide in, but which in his poetry he had instinctively left, or only let be seen through a general haze. In his *Summer in Skye*, indeed, which is perhaps his principal prose work, there is so much of the Celtic and the legendary, that the work is out of the usual native round, and no less adapted for English than for Scottish readers. It was, in fact, one of the most popular books of the season in both parts of the island.

By his prose writings, Mr. Smith had made for himself so distinct a new reputation, over and above his former one, that he probably felt it to be a matter of mere choice whether he would ever return to verse on any large scale, or go on producing more of those picturesque books of semi-poetical prose which people seemed to prefer. But the old love was strong. There *was* growing in him, we believe, the notion of a new attempt in pure poetry, and some new subject for such an attempt was shaping itself to his vision. But how insatiable is Death, and how capriciously it selects! There was probably no one in or about Edinburgh of any public mark the removal of whom in this year, or in any near term of years, appeared less likely. He had returned, at the close of last autumn, from his usual annual holiday in the Highlands, apparently in the best of health, and ready for his official duties at the University. These duties are somewhat heavier in the opening month

of the session than at any other time, owing to the pressure of new matriculations. But Mr. Smith had nearly got through November, and was looking forward to the more leisurely portion of the winter. His house not being in Edinburgh, but in the suburb of Wardie, near Granton, on the Frith of Forth, he had a longish walk to the University in the mornings, but might, if he chose, exchange it for a few minutes of railway. One day he was unable to come. It was a cold, bronchitis, or something of that sort, and nothing serious was imagined. But it came to be diphtheria, and the diphtheria ended in typhus, and for weeks there was the greatest anxiety. He rallied so far, and passed his thirty-sixth birthday, the last day of the year. But the hope was vain. On the morning of the fifth of January, 1867—at the beginning of that strange weather of snow-storm and fog for which the opening of 1867 will be long remembered—this too-short life came to a close.

Those who have in their minds a certain ideal of the look and physical appearance to be expected in poets, who fancy them as persons all weirdly, ecstatic, and wind-blown, would have had their ideal somewhat discomposed by their first sight of Alexander Smith. Even people who had no such ideal for all cases, but who had formed a preconception from Mr. Smith's early poems, found in him, when they came to know him, a very different sort of being from what they had pictured. He had a full sense of the fun of this himself. A tight-built, modest youth of middle stature, or nearer the short than the tall, with lightish-brown hair worn close, a round but nowise singular head, a placid and shrewd expression of face, and a distinct but not disagreeable cast in one of his eyes—such was the Alexander Smith one saw just after he had become famous. Latterly he had become stouter about the shoulders, and more manly-looking, with a tendency to baldness over the forehead, which gave a better impression of mental power. But the most remarkable thing about him was his wonderful quietness of demeanor. There was never a quieter man, one who could sit longer with others and obtrude himself less. People meeting him casually com-

plained of this, and wanted more conversation, more of the poet. They might try him on this tack and that, but he foiled them, listening pleasantly to what was said, but keeping his own contributions to a minimum. When he was really known, one came to like this quietness as but the social form of a mind of the most perfect good sense, incapable of flummery or pretence, and sagacious in taking the measure of persons and things around it, but kindly-humorous and acquiescent rather than explosive or aggressive. There was something even formidable in this power of at least never, in the midst of other people's rubbish, saying anything that was silly or untrue. With his familiar friends, however, in a walk or in a snug room, he was, though still far from loquacious, chatty enough. He talked racily and simply, but generally with a flavor of shrewdness and humor. "So-and-so," he would say, "is the finest fellow in the world, and I never come away from him without feeling rebuked by the contemplation of so lofty a standard; but then, you know, he's a great ass." Or, again, speaking of the reaction that had taken place against his own poetry, and of the ferocious onslaught upon him as a plagiarist which had so much to do with this reaction, "One does feel these things," he said, "and it is queer to come out in the sunlight and walk along the street after you have read such a review of your book; but I find that all such chagrins pass off in exactly twenty-four hours." His fancy apparently was that every rotation of the earth brings things round again to the *status quo*. Nor was this mere talk. As the first sudden burst of applauses had never turned his head, so the contrary blast had no more than a twenty-four hours' effect upon his equanimity. He would have gone on to the end quietly, modestly, and like a man of the soundest sense.

Out of this very fact of Smith's personal quietness as a man, there might be evolved a criticism of his poetry more instructive, perhaps, than any that has yet been applied to it. Has not the notion been gaining ground of late that the poetry which the world most needs is such poetry as is the translation into imaginary forms of a mind itself tumult-

tuous, rebellious, angry with the fierce seeds of future novelties, and feeling forward into the philosophy that may or may not be coming? In the past, we have Shelley as an instance, and perhaps in the last new recognition of a poet in England, this feeling has had part. One might convert this into a retrospective question respecting the poetry of Alexander Smith. Although the poets he himself conceives and describes in his poetry are beings of the kind mentioned, he does not seem to have been such a poet himself. Whatever storms of spirit he may have gone through, he had worked himself well through them, and nobody was troubled with any accounts of them. His opinions on all high matters had come, we dare say, to be very much those of his intellectual compeers of the present time, but he was a propagandist of no one or two speculations, and brandished no peculiar lance. Well, what of that? May we not fall back on the older idea of the poet, represented in the instance of Keats, and in still higher instances beyond him, which recognizes in him one kind of poetic power, at all events, as lodged in a special organ, the connections of which with the personal life of the poet, his philosophy and worldly manner, are too recondite to be easily traced? Are there not artists upon whom the power comes only when they are at their easel? Without denying that there may be artists of another kind, may we not regard Alexander Smith, in whose personal demeanor there was no little of tumult, and in whom quietness and modest shrewdness were the qualities that most endeared him to those about him, as an artist of a kind known of old, and for which there is still room? Take, in illustration, one or two passages from his *City Poems*:

## A DREAM.

We stood beside a drowsy-creeping stream  
Which ever through a land of twilight stole  
Unrippled, smooth as oil. It slipped 'tween  
cliffs  
Gloomy with pines that ne'er were vexed  
with wind.  
The cliffs stood deep in stream. The stream  
slid on,  
Nor murmured in its sleep. There was no  
noise;  
The winds were folded o'er that drowsy  
place;

The poppies hung unstirred. I asked its  
name.

Sleep murmured, "Lethe." "Drink of it," I  
thought,

"And all my past shall be washed out at  
once."

I knelt, and lifted pale beseeching hands—

"I have drunk poison and can sleep no more;  
Give me this water for I would forget."

But Sleep stood silent, and his eyes were  
closed.

"Give me this water, for I would forget;  
Give me this precious water, that I may  
Bear to my brothers in the upper world,  
And they shall call me 'Happy,' 'Sent of  
God,'

And Earth shall rest." Sleep answered,  
"Every night,

When I am sitting 'neath the lonely stars,  
The world within my lap, I hear it mourn  
Like a sick child; something afflicts it sore,  
I cannot give it rest." Upon these words  
I hid my face awhile, then cried aloud,

"No one can give forgetfulness; not one.  
No one can tell me who can give it me.  
I asked of Joy, as he went laughing past,  
Crushing a bunch of grapes against his lips,  
And suddenly the light forsook his face,  
His orbs were blind with tears—he could not  
tell.

I asked of Grief, as with red eyes he came  
From a sweet infant's bier; and at the sound  
He started, shook his head, with quick hand  
drew

His mantle o'er his face, and turned away  
'Mong the blue twilight mists." Sleep did  
not raise

His heavy lids, but in a drowsy voice,  
Like murmur of a leafy sycamore  
When bees are swarming in the glimmering  
leaves,

Said, "I've a younger brother, very wise,  
Silent and still, who ever dwells alone—  
His name is Death: seek him, and he may  
know."

I cried, "O angel! is there no one else?"  
But Sleep stood silent, and his eyes were  
closed.

BARBARA.

On the Sabbath-day,  
Through the churchyard old and gray,  
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my  
rustling way;  
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my  
soul like balms,  
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the  
mellow organ calms,  
'Mid the upward streaming prayers, and the  
rich and solemn psalms,  
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was elsewhere,  
While the organ shook the air,  
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed  
the people with a prayer;



But, when rising to go homeward, with a  
mild and saint-like shine  
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heav-  
enly eyes on mine—  
Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O that  
face was surely thine  
Out of heaven, Barbara!

O pallid, pallid face!  
O earnest eyes of grace!  
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in  
another place.  
You came running forth to meet me with my  
love-gift on your wrist:  
The flutter of a long white dress, then all  
was lost in mist—  
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I  
kissed,  
That wild morning, Barbara.

I searched, in my despair,  
Sunny noon and midnight air;  
I could not drive away the thought that you  
were lingering there.  
O many and many a winter night I sat when  
you were gone,  
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the  
fire alone—  
Within the dripping churchyard, the rain  
plashing on your stone,  
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels, do you think  
Of the precious golden link  
I clasped around your happy arm, while sit-  
ting by yon brink?  
Or when that night of gliding dance, of  
laughter and guitars,  
Was emptied of its music, and we watched,  
through latticed bars,  
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us  
with its stars,  
Till the day broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed;  
Wild and far my heart hath ranged,  
And many sins and errors now have been  
on me avenged;  
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever  
good I lacked:  
I loved you, and above my life still hangs  
that love intact—  
Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reck-  
less cataract—  
Still I love you, Barbara.

Yet, love, I am unblest;  
With many doubts opprest,  
I wander like a desert wind, without a place  
of rest.  
Could I but win you for an hour from off  
that starry shore,  
The hunger of my soul were stilled, for  
Death hath told you more  
Than the melancholy world doth know;  
things deeper than all lore  
You could teach me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain,  
You will never come again.  
There droops upon the dreary hills a mourn-  
ful fringe of rain;  
The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds  
are in the tree,  
Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt  
and wounded sea,  
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with  
Death and thee,  
Barbara!

## DOWN THE CLYDE.

The morn rose blue and glorious o'er the  
world;  
The steamer left the black and oozy wharves,  
And floated down between dark ranks of  
masts.  
We heard the swarming streets, the noisy  
mills;  
Saw sooty foundries full of glare and gloom,  
Great bellied chimneys tipped by tongues of  
flame,  
Quiver in smoky heat. We slowly passed  
Loud building-yards, where every slip con-  
tained  
A mighty vessel with a hundred men  
Battering its iron sides. A cheer! a ship  
In a gay flutter of innumerable flags  
Slid gayly to her home. At length the  
stream  
Broadened 'tween banks of daisies, and afar  
The shadows flew upon the sunny hills;  
And down the river, 'gainst the pale blue sky,  
A town sat in its smoke. Look backward  
now!  
Distance has stilled three hundred thousand  
hearts,  
Drowned the loud roar of commerce, changed  
the proud  
Metropolis which turns all things to gold,  
To a thick vapor o'er which stands a staff  
With smoky pennon streaming on the air.  
Blotting the azure too, we floated on,  
Leaving a long and weltering wake behind.  
And now the grand and solitary hills  
That never knew the toil and stress of man,  
Dappled with sun and cloud, rose far away.  
My heart stood up to greet the distant land  
Within the hollows of whose mountains lochs  
Moan in their restless sleep; around whose  
peaks,  
And craggy islands ever dim with rain,  
The lonely eagle flies. The ample stream  
Widened into a sea. The boundless day  
Was full of sunshine and divinest light,  
And far above the region of the wind  
The barred and rippled cirrus slept serene,  
With combed and winnowed streaks of faint-  
est cloud  
Melting into the blue. A sudden veil  
Of rain dimmed all; and when the shade  
drew off,  
Before us, out toward the mighty sun,  
The firth was throbbing with glad flakes of  
light.

The mountains from their solitary pines  
 Ran down in bleating pastures to the sea;  
 And round and round the yellow coasts I saw  
 Each curve and bend of the delightful shore  
 Hemmed with a line of villas white as foam.  
 Far off, the village smiled amid the light;  
 And on the level sands, the merriest troops  
 Of children sported with the laughing waves,  
 The sunshine glancing on their naked limbs.  
 White cottages, half-smothered in rose-  
 blooms,  
 Peeped at us as we passed. We reached the  
 pier,  
 Whence girls in fluttering dresses, shady  
 hats,  
 Smiled rosy welcome. An impatient roar  
 Of hasty steam; from the broad paddles  
 rushed  
 A flood of pale green foam, that hissed and  
 freathed  
 Ere it subsided in the quiet sea.  
 With a glad foot I leapt upon the shore,  
 And, as I went, the frank and lavish winds  
 Told me about the lilac's mass of bloom,  
 The slim laburnum showering golden tears,  
 The roses of the gardens where they played.

In this paper we have been scrupulously measured in our language respecting one whose merits we might appear to magnify through regret and affection. Still, in the same measured tone, we may surely say that here was a star of real brilliancy in British poetry that had both its rising and its setting within the laureateship of Tennyson.

The Contemporary Review.

#### FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY LYDIA E. BECKER.

THE action taken by Mr. J. S. Mill in the House of Commons on behalf of the freeholders and householders, the petition for whose enfranchisement he presented, raises a question of very great importance to women, and to the community of which they form a numerical majority.

It is probably the first occasion on which the claims of female persons to political rights have been seriously brought before the British Parliament, and as the attention of the nation is now being directed to the question of the expediency of making some re-distribution of political power, it seems an appropriate season for the grave consider-

ation of all that can be urged in favor of this claim being allowed.

Hitherto the difficulty has been to get the question of the political rights of individuals of the female sex recognized as one open to discussion at all. The advocate has not been allowed to come into court. It has been assumed that the male sex, by a sort of divine right, has the exclusive privilege of directing the affairs of the community; and any serious claim made by the other half of the human race to a share in controlling its destinies, has been met, not by argument showing the groundlessness or inexpediency of the demand, but by a refusal to entertain it, as if it were something intrinsically absurd.

But in this inquiring age, first principles of all sorts, whether in religion or politics, are being sharply scrutinized, and those who maintain them must be prepared to justify them at the bar of the intelligence of the age. The principle of confining political privileges exclusively to one sex, though persons of both sexes are equally affected by the course pursued in deciding political questions, is now challenged, and the case must be fairly judged on its merits.

The sheer novelty of the proposal is the weakest part of the case for the petitioners; the opposition will find their most formidable stronghold in taking up the position that women never have voted in choosing members of Parliament, and therefore they ought not to do so now. They may also possibly make the assertion that women do not desire the franchise; it is therefore needless to inquire whether it ought to be given to them.

The best answer to this last proposition is, that many persons otherwise qualified, but at present excluded from the franchise on account of their sex, do petition that the privilege shall be extended to them; and that a number of ladies, honorably distinguished among the people of England for their intellectual attainments, and therefore most worthy representatives of womankind, are very much in earnest in seeking to obtain a favorable hearing for the petition. This being the case, it is difficult to see on what principles of equity its continuous rejection can be justified.

It surely will not be denied that

women have, and ought to have, opinions of their own on subjects of public interest, and on the events which arise as the world wends on its way. But if it be granted that women may, without offence, hold political opinions, on what ground can the right be withheld of giving the same expression or effect to their opinions as that enjoyed by their male neighbors? To individual men the law says: "All of you whose rental reaches the prescribed standard shall have your political existence recognized. You may not be clever nor learned, possibly you do not know how to read and write. Still you know your own wants and wishes better than others know them for you; you have a stake in the country, and your interests ought to be consulted; you contribute directly to the national revenue a certain proportion of your property or earnings, and you shall enjoy in return a small share of direct political power, for the exercise of which, according to the best light you possess, you shall be legally responsible to no one."

But to individual women the law says: "It is true that you are persons with opinions, wants, and wishes of your own, which you know better than any other can know for you; we allow that your stake and interest in the country are equal to that of your next-door neighbor, and that your intelligence is not inferior to that of great numbers of male voters; we will tax your property and earnings as we see fit, but in return for your personal contribution to the national revenue you shall not possess the minutest fraction of personal political power; we will not allow you to have the smallest share in the government of the country of which you are a denizen, nor any voice in the making of the laws which determine the legal and political status of persons of your sex."

Now can any man who feels that he would not like to be addressed in language of this sort, seriously believe that women do like it? Surely there is no such difference in the feelings of persons of opposite sexes as to make language which would sound mortifying and unjust to one set of persons seem agreeable and equitable to another set. If we do not hear much of such discontent as may exist, it must be remem-

bered that women are naturally shy at expressing any sentiments liable to draw upon them the disapprobation or ridicule of their male friends; and that these, instead of talking of the question quietly and calmly, as one to be settled by fair reasoning, are apt, in discussing it with ladies, to assume a bantering air, and in asking their female friends whether they want votes, to indicate by their tone and manner the kind of answer they expect, or, at any rate, would approve of. They put, as it were, leading questions, and often receive the reply they prepare for. Men do not ask women earnestly whether they will have votes, but jestingly whether they would like them; and it is not very wonderful if the answers they receive to questions put in this spirit are much to the effect that the grapes are sour.

It is admitted that cultivated and intelligent women at least, even if it be denied of others, have opinions of their own on political and kindred matters; and the tendency of public opinion, if it has not already reached this point, is in the direction that the formation of these opinions should be encouraged, and that it is desirable that women should take an interest in the general welfare. But if this is right, where is the consistency or propriety of saying to them: "Open your eyes to what is going on in the world, think for yourselves on the subjects that engage public attention, and when you have taken pains to inform yourselves on the topics of the day, and on the merits of the various questions that stir the mind of the nation, your opinions shall be treated as worthless, your voices counted as nothing, and not a point of independent standing-ground shall be given to one of you from which you may endeavor to give effect to the strongest desire or opinion that may influence you." Is not this style of dealing with the opinions women are encouraged to form something after the manner of the famous recipe for treating a cucumber—Carefully prepare the fruit, adjust the proportions of the seasoning, and when all is done, and the dish dressed to perfection, open the window and fling it away?

The question should be fairly put, and honestly answered: Ought the wishes and opinions of women to be allowed

any political influence at all, any weight whatever in the general councils of the nation? It is for those who answer this question in the affirmative to show cause why they should not be permitted to exercise whatever influence it is thought right they should possess, in a direct, straightforward manner.

But many who allow that women's voices ought to count for something in estimating public opinion, say that the proper manner for them to exercise power in the State is through the influence they possess over the minds of their male relatives—when they happen to have any—and that this indirect method of making their opinions known ought to satisfy them. This may sound plausible, but the legal measure of influence accorded under this arrangement to the opinions of women of independent position is found, on examination, to vanish to a nullity. By what process can the votes of men be made to represent the opinions of women? Is a man bound, before giving his vote, to consult the wishes of the woman or women on whose behalf, as well as his own account, he is supposed to be acting? Each individual voter can give but one voice—his own; that voice represents the sentiments of a single mind. It adds nothing to the weight of this voice in choosing a representative that any number of his female neighbors coincide in the views of the elector; and if they do not so coincide, so far from representing their wishes, he is thwarting them. If, then, the opinions and wishes of women ought to have any political influence whatever, a channel should be open to them for expressing them independent of the votes of men, for these may or may not represent their opinions truly.

Some persons will boldly maintain that women ought not to think on political questions at all, and these are at least consistent in denying them votes. But it cannot surely be deemed desirable, or even possible, that more than half the adult population of the realm should remain wholly apart from, and uninterested in the events that daily happen among them. If women lived shut up in zenanas, seeing no man but their husbands, and with nothing to occupy their minds but baubles and sweetmeats, it might be possible to sequestrate them

wholly from interest in the world's affairs. But English women live in the world—in the society of English men. They have access to the same sources of information that men have, and they have usually enough of leisure at their disposal to make themselves acquainted with passing events. The newspaper is a daily feature in the life of most English families, and though the female members of a family group will probably feel a much stronger interest in the newest Paris fashions than in the latest odds on the Derby, yet matters such as these, specially interesting to individuals of either sex, bear but a small proportion to the mass of general news which attracts intelligent persons of both sexes alike. But if women are found to take a genuine interest in public affairs, they are liable to be forbidden to follow the promptings of their natural tastes, to be reproached for intruding into matters "beyond the province of their sex," and to be told that as they are excluded by law from participation in political power, they have no right to concern themselves with public interests.

The case of persons excluded from the franchise solely on account of their sex, is essentially different from that of male persons shut out by the operation of the existing electoral law. In the latter case, the disability is not inherent, but accidental, and may be overcome by the efforts of the individual, without change in the law. If a man is not an elector to-day, he may be one to-morrow; his exclusion carries no stigma of supposed mental or moral incapacity to form a judgment in political matters, and is no logical bar to his making himself as fully acquainted with them as his tastes and circumstances permit. His acquisition of a vote would be simply the adding another name to the electoral roll, and would possess no special interest for other men.

But the admission of female freeholders and householders to the privilege of voting would enfranchise, not simply the individual voters, but the whole sex. Every woman in the land would have an immediate accession of personal dignity, for she would belong to a class no longer denied the logical right to hold political opinions. Though she might not happen to possess the requisite qualification



for a vote, personal exclusion from political power would lose its sting, for it would cease to imply presumed mental incapacity for its exercise. English women would be relieved from the mortifying consciousness, that while feeling no moral nor intellectual inferiority to the generality of the men of their own families, or whom they meet in society, and unable to perceive any difference between men's and women's manner of judging, or sentiments on public affairs—except such as may be attributed to individual differences of tastes and circumstances—the opinions of their male acquaintances are respected, as forming a legitimate portion of the motive power of the State—while their own are rejected, as only women's, and therefore not to be taken into account. It is to this feeling, and not to any unworthy desire to interfere in party squabbles, that the movement of women for enfranchisement is to be attributed.

It has been urged as an objection to female suffrage that it would be a grave evil to involve women in the undignified turmoil of a contested election, and in the discreditable scenes that too often disgrace the polling booths. This objection will seem to have more or less force according to the character of local influences. For in the city where this paper is penned, the constituency of about twenty-two thousand electors, being very much in earnest on political questions, conduct their sharply contested elections with perfect order and good temper. They would not tolerate the interruption of riotous demonstrations, which they rightly regard as the expression, not of political sentiment of any sort, but of sheer ruffianism. It must be confessed, however, that this happy state of things is not universal, and that in many places the scenes at election time are such as not only no woman, but no man of refinement or self-respect would care to be mixed with. But, though a mob might prevent a woman from actually recording her vote, no mob could deprive her of the consciousness that she was deemed by the legislature a fit person to exercise the privilege of the franchise, nor of the consideration this privilege would confer on her in her own eyes, and in the esteem of her neighbors. And all unpleasant-

ness might be avoided by the use of polling papers, as at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, until such time as the masses had learned manners. It is, besides, not improbable that the mixing of women in political life might exert the same humanizing and softening influence over its rougher elements, as is confessedly the case in social life.

It has been alleged that the franchise would be injurious to women because it might expose them to the arts of the dispensers of bribery and corruption, from which, having no votes, they are at present happily exempt. But if the franchise is so demoralizing in its effects, those politicians must be grievously in error who desire to see it extended beyond its present limits, and the classes now excluded are much better and happier without votes, if they could only think so. Where bribery, however, is proved to exist, a measure of disfranchisement has been recommended rather as a penal infliction than as one of solicitude for the morals or comfort of the bribees.

It is, moreover, by no means certain that the exclusion of women from the franchise secures their immunity from the seductions of electioneers. Probably green parasols have been distributed in other constituencies than the world-renowned borough of Eatonswill, and it scarcely needs the revelations of recent election commissions to prove that, at present, candidates do not neglect to conciliate the female interest by all the arts in their power. But under the existing law, women have no right to concern themselves in political contests, and, therefore, all the influence they exert at elections is of an underhand and unlawful character. Consequently, the means used to gain this illegitimate sway over the minds of electors are extremely likely to be as improper as the end for which they are employed.

But if female influence in political affairs were allowed direct and legitimate expression by female votes at elections, candidates must then address themselves to win the respect and confidence of women by fair and honorable means. This might not altogether put down the existing evil, but it would be something on the other side; and it is probable that the knowledge that candidates had in this manner to gain the

suffrages of women, would exert an influence the reverse of injurious on the moral tone of electioneering tactics.

It has been objected that conferring the franchise on women, and thus holding out to them an inducement to occupy their attention with political affairs, would tend to withdraw their minds from domestic duties, and take up their time to the disadvantage of those pursuits which have a more special claim on their attention. This seems to imply that women are the only persons who have peculiar duties, and that the privilege of voting properly belongs to those who have nothing else to do. The objection might be urged with equal force against conferring the franchise on men who do not possess independent property. It is true that the peculiar duty of woman is to mind the house, and attend to the comfort of the inmates; but it is equally true that it is man's special province to labor for the maintenance of the household, and in this division of family cares, the share of the man is at least as important and engrossing as that of the woman. Were he to relax his efforts as breadwinner, the welfare of the family dependent on his exertions must be the sacrifice, and it might be plausibly argued that it would be a serious evil to encourage him to turn his thoughts to politics, lest it should have a tendency to withdraw his energies from the labors necessary to support his family. But experience proves that male voters are not, as a rule, in the habit of neglecting their private business in pursuit of political objects. Why, then, should it be imagined that women, whose affections and interests lie yet more closely within the home circle, would be likely to neglect the duties naturally dear to them, for the sake of public affairs?

The objection is founded on a false estimate of the time and attention required for the due discharge of the duties of an elector. Ours is a representative government, and it is the elected only who are required to make politics the business of their lives. These meet, and elaborate, with much care and thought, the measures needful for the welfare of the nation; while the great bulk of the voters sufficiently discharge their duties to the State, if they keep

themselves tolerably well informed of what is passing in Parliament, and in the country, and support by their votes, when called upon, the general policy of the party to which their sympathies incline. Thousands of electors unobtrusively discharge in this way important duties, without taking part in political agitation, or having their energies taxed in any manner injurious to the exigencies of social and family relations. Giving a vote is a remarkably short and simple process, not demanded usually more than once in two, three, or possibly seven years. Generally within a very short time after the election, the constituency relapses into quiescence. The only time when deliberation on the subject is needed, is when the seat is vacant, and the side on which the vote shall be given is in most cases already determined by hereditary or natural bent, or by opinions formed gradually, growing out of the knowledge and experience gathered from day to day, and not as the result of time specially devoted to political study, and withdrawn from the ordinary occupations of life.

The duties of electors being thus neither onerous nor exacting, there is no need to fear that the extension of the suffrage to women would impose a burden inconvenient to be borne on hands now exempt from it. For no one need perform even the light and easy functions in question against his will. No elector is bound to vote if he be not so minded, and no man is worse thought of by his neighbors for declining to exercise his constitutional privilege. Still less would blame be attached to female electors who might not care to take the trouble of voting. Therefore, no woman who feels that she would rather not be called upon to take any interest in political affairs, need be apprehensive that the subject could be forced upon her against her consent.

It is said that if we allow women the privilege of voting for members of Parliament, and thus concede to them the right to interest themselves in political subjects, we shall next be asked to admit them as eligible for seats in the House of Commons; and this is considered to be a *reductio ad absurdum*, and therefore to settle the matter.

But it is a mistake to suppose the one

privilege to follow necessarily from the other. It is a perfectly fair position to maintain, that a woman, by circumstances incidental to her sex, is disqualified for discharging the burdensome and responsible duties of a member of Parliament, and yet that she is quite capable of exercising with advantage the very simple functions of an elector. It may be admitted that the personal participation of woman in the active struggles of parliamentary life, would be as incongruous as would have been her appearance armed in the lists, where of old her fate was oftentimes decided, without therefore believing that it is necessary to the preservation of her womanly character to deprive her judgment of all voice in the selection of the champion to whose efforts the interests of herself and those dear to her are confided.

In support of the proposition that eligibility to sit in the House of Commons is not a necessary corollary to the privilege of voting in the election of its members, we can appeal, not only to reasoning, but to precedent. There exists now a large and influential class of the community, placed by law and public opinion, in exactly the position which women would occupy, were the privilege of the franchise conceded to them, namely, the clergy of the Church of England. It would not be an edifying spectacle to behold the rector and curate of a parish at the head of rival election committees, and we might be sorry to see clergymen taking a prominent part in political agitation, yet no one seems to consider that on this account they ought not to be allowed to vote.

Were it now proposed for the first time to confer this privilege on the clergy, many of the objections which sound most plausible against female enfranchisement would be complacently urged against priestly suffrage. We should be told that clergymen had no business with politics; that it was their province to attend to spiritual matters; and that they ought to confine themselves to their proper sphere; that if they were permitted to participate in political affairs, it would deteriorate from the sanctity of their character, and be a hindrance in the discharge of their special duties; that the passions roused by political contests were inconsistent

with that spirit of meekness and holiness which we look for in preachers of the Gospel; that if clergymen were allowed to vote, the next demand would be that they should sit in the House of Commons; with many other objections of a similar character, which it does not need a very lively fancy to suggest. But all these imaginary evils are found not to exist practically. Clergymen are not hindered in the performance of their spiritual duties by their participation in political power, and it is no deterioration from the sacredness of their calling, to give them a voice in mundane affairs. They would feel it to be unjust were they deprived of the right to hold political opinions, which would be implied by the exclusion of all persons of their class from the franchise, but they do not appear to regard it as any hardship that the exigencies of their special vocation are thought to render it expedient that they should not sit in the House of Commons.

Let it be remembered, in considering the plea for the admission of a small percentage of their number to political existence, that persons of the female sex form the numerical majority of the adult population of the country, and that measures specially affecting their legal status, and the disposal of their persons and property, are enacted without their consent being obtained, or even asked. As an instance, there is the law which gives to the husband of a woman who marries without a settlement, the power of spending any money she may possess, or even of leaving it away from her in his will. The wisdom and beneficence of these arrangements are not here impugned; the question is simply suggested, whether, in case of a proposal to assimilate the English law affecting the property of women who marry, to that which prevails in other civilized countries, the legislative assembly best qualified to arrive at a decision which should be beyond suspicion of being partial, would be one in the election of which no woman had a voice?

But as this question is not at present raised by any politician, it may be more apposite to take one which is periodically mooted, and which is believed, though on what grounds it is somewhat difficult to make out, to have a special interest

for the female sex, namely, the propriety of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The supposed wishes and opinions of women have been freely used as arguments pro and con in Parliament, and a departure from the time-honored formula, "Women have no business with politics," has been sanctioned to the extent of taking some pains to ascertain what women think and desire in the matter. This seems a tacit confession that an assembly composed of the representatives of the one sex only, is not always the one most competent to decide on questions specially affecting the other.

"Women have nothing to do with politics," we are told, and this assertion is given as an answer to their request for enfranchisement. But on the right solution of political questions depends the progress of the nation in material prosperity and intellectual culture. Female persons, especially those occupying an independent position, have the same stake in the country as their male fellow-citizens, and it is of just as much importance to women as to men, that the national counsels should be directed to the end of promoting the comfort and happiness of the masses of the people.

The venerable phrase, "Women have no business with politics," was once uttered as a reproach in the hearing of a witty French woman during the period of the Revolution, and called forth the ready reply, that in a land where women were liable to have their heads cut off for political offences, they liked to know the reason why. We have in this country discontinued the practice of cutting off the head of any person, whether man or woman, for political reasons; but whatever practical inconvenience any individual is liable to sustain from the operation of political measures, affects persons of both sexes alike.

"Women have nothing to do with politics" is a mere assertion, founded on sentimental, not on scientific grounds. It may be true, it may be false; it is a proposition fairly open to dispute. But though this proposition may be doubted, there is no doubt at all about its converse. It may be denied that women have anything to do with politics; it cannot be denied that politics have a great deal to do with women.

Saturday Review.

## GOETHE'S PHILOSOPHY.\*

HAD Goethe a philosophy? It is well known that he had considerable pretensions to science, and claimed to have made more than one grand discovery. But it is also known that these pretensions were not allowed in the scientific world, and provoked it to ridicule rather than to homage. When, in 1810, he published his *Treatise on Colors*, notwithstanding the influence and active canvass of M. Reinhard, the Academy of Sciences declined to report on the book. One member of the Committee was ominously silent. Delambre cried: "Observations, experiments, by all means; and above all, don't let us begin by attacking Newton!" Cuvier still more contemptuously declared that the work was not one which ought to occupy the time of the Academy, and the sitting passed to the order of the day. This was decisive for the world. Of course it was not decisive for the author. His theory only became more dear to himself as a consequence of its ill-treatment. The later period of the poet's life is somewhat deformed by his incessant complaints of the "ingratitude" of men, by tirades against coalitions, coteries, official pedantry, the conjuring-books of the schools, etc. Not content with abusing the mathematicians, who had insinuated that before a man undertook to disprove the Newtonian theory of light it would be desirable that he should understand the calculus, Goethe vented his spleen on mathematics. His naïve effusion against mathematical science will always be quoted as a signal instance of the limitation of the human faculties, and a proof that, however comprehensive the human mind, its horizon is very near on some side or other.

Such was Goethe's science. Did it stand better with his philosophy? It might be thought that the inevitable partition of the kingdom of knowledge applied here also, and that the great imaginative genius would have failed in philosophy as disastrously as he did in science. But this is by no means the case. M. E. Caro, well known for his book *St.*

\* *La Philosophie de Goethe*. Par E. Caro. Hachette: 1866.



*Martin le Philosophe Inconnu*, devotes an elaborate monograph to the philosophy of Goethe, which, for the soundness of its criticism and the completeness of its analysis of that side of Goethe's mind, leaves nothing to be desired.

Goethe, the most philosophical of poets had not a philosophy, if that word is to be understood as meaning a dogmatic system. The characteristic of his mind was, not only its variety, but its versatility. "I cannot content myself," he says, "with a single mode of thinking." His whole nature was so free and large, so comprehensive, so abhorrent of formulas, so hospitable to all the noble conceptions it met with on its route, that it would baffle any critic to construct a system out of his utterances. His constant effort to accomplish in himself the law of harmonious evolution which he observed around him in nature made him transform his thought into the ideas which suited him at the moment. It is an impossible task to follow the undulations of his thought through all its metamorphoses. In all philosophies, what revolted him, what he considered precisely their unphilosophical part, was the systematic, the *parti pris*, the determination to be consistent. Where he saw logical effort, there he saw the false. Abstract philosophy, detached from the study of nature, he thought an unfruitful pursuit. He considered it one of the most happy circumstances of his life that the force of his will had always "held him free in the face of philosophy." His real point of departure, his only solid support, was the simple reason of a common-sense man. "Art and science should remain independent of philosophy, and develop themselves through the natural forces of the man, if they are to arrive at any good results." He often made it a serious reproach to Schiller, that by taking upon him Kant's yoke he had compromised the divine spontaneity of his nature. His incessantly repeated charge against Hegel was his pretension to construct *à priori* the whole of the universe. When, in 1798, Schelling's *Philosophy of Nature* appeared, Goethe was bitter in his invectives against his false method of creating a world in the name of the

Idea. "The ideal," he said, "ends by destroying both the real and itself, as paper issue ends by devouring both itself and the coin it pretends to represent." The young Hegelians were intolerable to him for their assumption, and their contempt of fact and nature. "I cannot pretend," he said in 1828, "that I am fond of seeing these young Berlin savans. Pale faces, eyes bent on the ground, sunken chests, youths without youth, such is the type of the man. When you talk with them you soon discover that all that interests us seems to them trivial and worthless. They plunge at once into 'the idea.' They have none of that robust intellectual health which makes us take pleasure in the things which strike the senses. The sentiments proper to youth and the pleasures of their age are unknown to them, and if one is not young at twenty-one, what will one be at forty?" For Hegel personally he had a great respect. A conversation between the two, on the occasion of a flying visit made by Hegel to Weimar, is recorded. Hegel defends dialectic as being nothing more than the regularization and methodical perfection of that spirit of contradiction which is contained in each man, and which is at the foundation of his greatness as empowering him to distinguish the true from the false. "How, then," asks Goethe, "do you account for the fact that these logical artifices are as often employed to make the false appear true?" "That," replied Hegel, "happens only in the case of those people who have some intellectual infirmity." "A much better cure for that infirmity," was Goethe's answer, "is the study of nature. Observation is here the true remedy; nature rejects at once as incapable every man who does not bring the most scrupulous conscientiousness to his observations." Goethe nourished a distrust of all metaphysics. He denounced metaphysics as the eternal fabricator of error and illusion. The groundwork of his praises of Kant was always that Kant had set bounds to the craving curiosity which is ever prompting us to busy ourselves with the things of another world. "Man, as a real being set in the middle of a real world, is endowed with organs for knowing and producing the real. All

men in proper health have a consciousness of their own existence, and of the existence of the world around them. But there exists in the brain an empty spot, a place in which no object is reflected, just as in the eye there is a minute point which does not see. By concentrating his attention on this spot, and absorbing himself in it, man can produce mental disease. He discovers in it the things of another world, and fills his mind rapidly with all sorts of chimeras and vague forms, which occasion him much distress and unhappiness."

Goethe, then, had not a philosophy. He was not the follower of any one of the reigning schools, nor did he come forward with a system of his own. But we must be on our guard here against a misconception. We must not confound this state of mind with that of the materialist or the skeptic. It is not to be supposed that Goethe was one of those who hate reason, and have settled that philosophy is "all bosh." The enemy of metaphysics and of systems, the attitude of Goethe's mind was the true philosophical attitude. He refused to look at anything through the preconception of a dogma. But the very secret of his power is the constant effort to see each thing in the light of the whole. To open the mind to the actual world, and to let things play freely upon the organ of intelligence, and make their own impression there, was the aim of Goethe's life, and the inspiration of all he wrote. Schiller wrote to him at the beginning of their intimacy: "Do not expect to find in me a great material wealth of ideas; that, on the contrary, it is I who find in you. My art is to make much out of a little. Your effort is to simplify your grand world of thought; mine to seek variety in my narrow possessions. You have to govern a kingdom; I only a family of ideas." Mr. Grote has dwelt with great force on this characteristic of Plato's attitude. Plato does not proclaim authoritative results. He expressly disclaims the affirmative character of a teacher. He does not decide questions and deliver sentence in his own name. He assumes truth to be unknown to all alike, and that he is only a searcher along with others, more eager in the chase

than they are. For the same reason that it is impossible to write down a Platonic philosophy, it is impossible to make out a catalogue of Goethe's opinions. The utmost that the critic can do is to delineate his manner of handling the great topics of human interest, neglecting the detail which is infinite, and the variations which are incessant. Self-contradiction is the mark of this free mind which jealously maintains its freedom in the face of every philosophy, and is almost as much afraid of becoming the slave of its own conclusions as of those of another.

Shun metaphysics as he would, it was in vain that a mind like Goethe's attempted to withdraw itself from the metaphysical and theological order of speculations. Even negation, in this class of problems, implies a certain manner of resolving them. In vain will Goethe assert that "we live wholly among derived phenomena, and have no road of access whatever to first causes." He does arrive there in spite of himself, and has his own form of solution. He is forced to admit that "one cannot discuss the problems presented by the natural sciences without calling metaphysics to one's aid. Not, however, the metaphysics of the schools, which is mere words, but that which existed before physics, exists along with it, and will continue to be long after it." In vain he declares that he was born without any organ for philosophy properly so-called. He is inevitably drawn into discussions in the highest fields of speculation. The greater part of these utterances fell in conversation or in letters, and are not to be looked for in his elaborate productions. Of one such discussion, however, he has himself left us a memorable report. The time was 1792, the place the chateau of Pempelfort on the Rhine, which was then the residence of Jacobi. Goethe was on his return from the campaign in France. Three months of suffering and privation in the disastrous retreat of the Prussian army and the corps of emigrant nobles made the hospitalities and the society of this mansion doubly welcome to him. No news had crossed the Rhine for four weeks, and Goethe had much to tell. Yet the conversation soon found its way to Greek tragedy, to *Iphigenia* and the

*Ælipus Coloneus*. The party tried to avoid philosophy, from a tacit feeling of the impossibility of a mutual understanding between Jacobi and the poet. What Goethe delivered himself of on that occasion, still less his own later report of his deliverances, must not be accepted as a profession of faith. Still it is valuable as a record of his mode of thinking, and must be taken, with some reserves, as a true transcript of his thought, though it must always remain uncertain how much belongs to 1792, when the conversation took place, and how much to 1822, when Goethe composed his report of it. The conversations reported by Eckermann and by Falk, the fragmentary memoranda swept together, without any order or indication of origin, into the last volume of his works, and headed *Zur Naturwissenschaft im allgemeinen*, have been chiefly used by M. Caro in attempting to put together something like a general delineation of the poet's ideas.

Goethe's conception of nature was undoubtedly pantheistic. But to say this is to say nothing without a further explanation. For he was certainly not a disciple of either of the pantheistic systems which occupied the schools in his time—the Spinozist, and the system of Identity. Goethe's pantheism arose out of his devotion to the study of natural objects. The universe he conceived as a living immensity. Wherever space extends, life penetrates. Life is everywhere, either in act or potentially. There are parts of matter in which life is suspended; it is not there now, but it was yesterday, and will be again tomorrow. This unlimited circulation of life, this eternity of force which fills the infinite of space, this exhaustless function of absolute existence is in scientific memoirs called Nature; this the philosopher calls God. The God of Goethe's pantheism is not a transcendental God. He is the life of the world, so intimately mingled with the universe that it is impossible to separate him from it by his substance; he can only be distinguished by his manifestations. How this eternal action operates we know not. We see only its effects. The reality of this action rests on a positive experience. Of what it is in its nature and essence we can form no image. All philosophies

and theologies fail when they endeavor to translate the ineffable. So much seems to be deducible from the somewhat vague strains of the poem *Gott und Welt*. But, inconsistently with this, he says to Falk, who one day pressed him with questions on the subject, that one may represent God in the centre of the universe, of which he makes a part himself, as a dominant monad, animated by love, and employing the services of all the other monads in the universe. One conception appears constant. God is only there where there is movement, life, transformation. Beyond this, it is perhaps true to say that Goethe had no clear or fixed idea of the object. At one period of his life (1774) he had been powerfully affected by Spinoza. But it was a passing influence. He had emancipated his mind from Spinoza's dogmas, no less than from his method, before 1792. Nothing was more antipathetic to Goethe's strong attraction for nature and the real world than the theoretical abstractions of Spinoza, in which the reality of the external world and the uniformity of natural law disappear altogether. Nowhere in his writings or in his reported conversations will be found any adoption of, or allusion to, Spinoza's peculiar system—the distinction of substance from its modes, and the deduction of the world out of primitive substance, not organically, but geometrically. Modes of expression of a very general sort he may indeed have retained from his Spinozist period. And, true to his method of self-development, he assimilated all that was akin to his own nature—for example, the moral tone of Spinoza's *Ethics*. The proud resignation, the grand austere stoicism, which is the tone of Spinoza's *Ethics*, found a natural home in Goethe's feeling. He has repeatedly insisted that Spinoza alone has given the true theory of manly self-denial, of disinterestedness, which is the great law of life. "My confidence in Spinoza rested on the peaceful effect he produced on myself. His calm laid all storms in me." He has narrated in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* the deep impression produced upon him by Spinoza's dictum: "He who loves God perfectly ought not to demand that God should love him." "My soul was filled with the meditations excited by this text, its

premises and its consequences. To be disinterested in everything, above all in love and friendship, became my supreme desire, my motto, my rule of life. The words which follow (in Spinoza's text), 'If I love thee what matters it to thee?' became the veritable cry of my heart."

As regards the method of the investigation of truth, Goethe was fully penetrated with the necessity of rigid and exact observation. To keep as close as possible to reality, not to quit the world which experience reveals to us, and not to place outside the world, in spaces which no one has penetrated, the primordial causes of things, are his maxima. He is quite aware how small a part of all can ever be known to man, a prisoner on the surface of a single planet. Yet to know anything with precision, he is incessantly repeating, we should require to know all. With all this he has comparatively little regard for demonstration. Much of our knowledge comes to us in the way of intuition. Philosophical intuitions must fill the lacuna of science. The foundation of every physical theory is a primitive phenomenon, the divine simplicity of which it were useless to disturb by inquiry; it must be abandoned to the pure reason. So the origin of philosophy is in an order of sentiments which impose themselves on our belief immediately. Let us make ardent efforts to penetrate to knowledge in both directions, but without confounding them. We must not attempt to prove what is in its nature insusceptible of proof. Where Science is sufficient, Faith is useless; where Science fails, it must not dispute the rights of Faith.

M. Saint-René Taillandier has endeavored to show that Goethe, after his contact with Schiller, that is, after 1794, underwent a profound modification of his religious and philosophical views. The possibility of such an argument is at least another proof how difficult it is to give an exact account of Goethe's philosophy. M. Caro is disposed to see no greater change of view than the more solemn accent which age gives to all our language on such topics. Goethe's philosophical probabilism fluctuates with his moods. There are days of distress in every life. The triumphant poet, the applauded writer, the object of admiration to his country or his age, is not ex-

empt from secret misgivings. Especially in the decline of life, as vigor decays, and the career which once seemed to open on a boundless vista is seen to be approaching its close, when he has no longer anything to expect from life, even the most firm will be occasionally visited by moments of despair—despair of the insufficiency of nature to fill the soul, and passionate yearnings for something beyond. Goethe, with all his stoic pride, was not exempt from such visitations. He had his days of spiritual destitution. In these intervals he seems to draw more largely on that secret treasure of primitive intuitions which he had so profusely squandered in the first intoxication of life. But in his average moods, the well-known declaration to Eckermann is probably a fair representation of his religious feelings: "I am asked if it is in me to offer a respectful adoration to the Christ. I answer, certainly. I bow before him as before the revelation of the highest principles of morality. Were I asked if it is in my nature to pay homage to the sun, I answer, certainly. He also is a revelation of the supreme divinity. I revere in the sun the light and vivifying power of God by which we live and move and exist, and all the plants and animals with us."

The mode in which he carried his pantheistic conception into life was in sacrificing everything to the supreme law of self-development. Many severe attacks have been made upon Goethe for his haughty indifference, and the imperturbable egotism with which he sought to live in his intelligence. It will be impossible ever to vindicate him in the eyes of the majority of mankind for keeping aloof from the petty interests, disputes, and vexations of life. For to the majority of mankind these things constitute the whole of life. From their point of view, they judge rightly. For Goethe, being what he was, it was simply impossible that he should do in this respect other than he did. If his system of life is to be called egotistical, it was not so in the ordinary and selfish sense. His lofty theory of the duty of man to his inward nature, and consequently his whole practical philosophy which depended on this theory, was not adapted for the use of



mankind at large, but for that of an imperceptible minority of the race. He himself was well aware that his ideas would never be popular, any more than his works. The immortality which he proposed to his mind was an aristocratic immortality to which but a very few in any age could aspire: "I do not doubt of our existence beyond the grave, for an entelechy cannot be extinguished. But we are not all immortal in the same way, and to be manifested as an entelechy in the future one must have shown one's self one here below." In the same spirit is his reverie on the death of Wieland: "No, it cannot be that a soul like Wieland, who had conducted a life of eighty years with dignity and good fortune, who had fed unceasingly upon noble thoughts, a soul so richly gifted at its entrance on life and so much richer on leaving it, a soul which had raised itself to such heights of speculation and art—it cannot be that such a soul should suffer anything unworthy of it, anything which is not in harmony with the moral greatness which has been its characteristic through a long life. The powers which animate such souls can never disappear from nature."

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The Belgravia.

FROM ST. PAUL'S TO PICCADILLY.

BY W. S. GILBERT.

To the Londoner every London street has an unmistakable individuality. I use the term "Londoner" in a restricted sense; for by it I mean not a mere resident in London, but one who is intimately acquainted with the great city in all its ramifications. It requires but little familiarity with London streets to be able to distinguish at a glance Piccadilly from Fleet-street, or even Oxford-street from the Strand; for the physical distinctions between these great thoroughfares are broadly marked. But to know Baker-street from Wimpole or Harley-street—to be able to state positively, from the mere aspect of the two places, whether you are in Bedford or Russell-square—argues an exceptional familiarity not only with the geography, but with the minuter physical attributes

of the respective localities. Every street in London, however, possesses peculiarities of its own, which distinguish it in the eyes of an *habitué* from every other of the same class. I do not allude to mere architectural peculiarities, but rather to the individuality which it derives from the characteristic men and women who are to be found in it. This is particularly true of the main thoroughfares of London. I do not, of course, mean that a man who may be taken as a representative characteristic of a particular street is not to be met with beyond its precincts; we find costermongers in Piccadilly, and peers in Whitechapel; but Piccadilly and Whitechapel retain, nevertheless, their unmistakable identities.

Perhaps this curious feature of the streets of London is seen to the best advantage in the course of a walk from, say, Farringdon-street to Hyde Park corner. In the course of this walk you meet with thirty or forty distinct types of men who may be broadly taken as belonging to the same social class, but who possess, nevertheless, individualities which a skilled observer will have very little difficulty in detecting. Authors, artists, publishers, actors, government and bankers' clerks, barristers, attorneys, members of parliament, dramatists, men about town of every type, medical men, students of law, physic, and divinity—together with an infinite variety of types of a lower class—small tradesmen, barristers' and attorneys' clerks, comic singers, detectives, Jew cigar-dealers, foreigners in trouble; and in a lower class still, card and skittle sharpeners, acrobats, and beggars. Each and every one of these classes of "representative" men may be divided and sub-divided by a skilful observer into an infinity of smaller groups, each of which has a strongly marked individuality of its own.

If I start westward from St. Paul's Churchyard, the first important type that I meet with is the Old-Bailey witness. And it is curious to observe how wonderfully alike these Old-Bailey witnesses are, considering that they are not brought together by any process of selection. They are merely a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" brought into contact by totally distinct chains of

circumstance. They have, probably, no concern in common, save the desire to procure the conviction or acquittal of the prisoners in whom they are respectively interested; but they seem to be drawn from precisely the same class of society, and to be, moreover, on intimate terms with each other. They all look as if they had been waiting about the corner of Ludgate-hill and the Old-Bailey for months past, and had had no opportunity of attending to their toilets during the time. They all look mildewy and unwholesome; and they wear, for the most part, the same look of painful preoccupation. But, wonderfully as they resemble each other at first sight, it does not require the eye of a detective to distinguish the thieves' witnesses from those for the prosecution. The "witnesses to character," the respectable tradesman "who has known the gentleman at the bar from a babby," may be identified by the hope, that is photographed in his face, that there may happen to be no detective in court who knows that he is "wanted." The wife who has been stamped upon is there to exaggerate the provocation she has given her husband, in the hopes that it will reduce his sentence, and so restore the bread-winner (such as he is) to her in a shorter time than if she told the bald truth about it. They are an unsavory set, these witnesses; and moreover there are many professional pick-pockets among them, who are apt to while away the weary hours of waiting by the exercise of their professional calling upon casual passers-by. So we will, if you please, tarry among them no longer than we can help.

Who are these seedy, gin-flavored, red-nosed, knowing-looking fellows who hang about the corner common to Bridge-street and Fleet-street? They occupy the whole breadth of the foot-way, and so drive respectable passers-by into the muddy roadway. They are betting-men, and they are busy with their books on the principal forthcoming "events." A curious feature of these gentry is that their toilet is spruce and to a certain extent neat, though decidedly flashy as regards the upper part of their persons; but the lower you go down, the seedier they get. Their hats are old, but they are glossy notwithstanding—

glossy with the gloss they derive from the application of wet sponges; their collars are often clean, and their neck-scarfs are arranged with an elaborate precision which you would look for in vain among members of recognized professions; you will find them secured with a thick gold pin, and this thick gold pin will be stuck with mathematical precision right into their exact centres. But after this comes a falling off. The coat, which once was blue or green, is a rusty brown, except in those parts which are partially protected from atmospheric and other influences by the collar, pocket-flaps, and arms, and from which you may obtain a clue that will guide you to the garment's original color. But bad as are their coats, they are quite respectable when the trowsers are taken into consideration; and the trowsers are evidently ashamed (and with reason) of their association with the boots. I suppose that this anomalous state of things is to be accounted for by the fact that these gentlemen transact their business in great crowds, and the lower part of their persons being consequently concealed from view, they do not see the necessity of spending much money upon its adornment. Moreover, the money they save in boots and trowsers they are enabled to spend upon neckties and gold pins, and so convey an impression of capital which they otherwise might find some little difficulty in doing.

Between this and Chancery-lane the predominant feature in the crowd will be a number of seedy, rather dirty, but more or less intellectual-looking men, with long hair, unkempt beards, and no gloves. These are probably journalists. They all know each other, and they are all very sociably disposed. So much so, indeed, that they find it a work of time to get from one end of Fleet-street to the other. A "gentleman of the press" who sets out from Temple-bar to, say, Shoe-lane, meets another at the Inner-Temple Gate, who is going in the opposite direction. For the sake of a few minutes of congenial companionship, he walks westward with him as far, perhaps, as Essex-street, where, finding Polter of the *Morning Muffin* travelling in the direction in which he originally started, he hooks on to Polter, and travels with him toward Shoe-lane.

But Polter is only going as far as Wine-Office Court, at the corner of which is the Cheshire Cheese, where sherry and bitters may be had. They have their sherry and bitters; and as they are about to part, who should come in but Balderby, who does smart leaders for the *Daily Detonator*! Balderby is going to his publisher's in the Strand about some reprints, and the traveller to Shoe-lane turns back with Balderby, and saunters with him as far as Fetter-lane. Here he meets Wilkins the comic artist, who is going home to Camberwell to finish the sketches for his pantomime masks, which are all behindhand; and it is just possible that, as Wilkins engrosses my traveller's attention by displaying his rough sketches one after another, as they walk along arm-in-arm, my traveller may reach the desired haven of Shoe-lane without further interruption.

Other features of this eastward half of Fleet-street are pale-faced men with shock heads and weak eyes, who go about in shirt-sleeves and slippers, and small boys with smudgy faces, big dirty calico aprons, and arms bared to the elbow. These are printers and "devils." They are to be found in great numbers about the turnings north of Fleet-street, especially Wine-Office Court, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. They will turn up again when we have passed the Church of St. Mary-in-the-Strand.

Now we come under Temple influences. The ugly, clever-looking men, with powerful mouths and firm upper lips, who are dressed carelessly enough, but who look like gentlemen notwithstanding, are barristers eminent at Westminster and Guildhall. It may be taken as a tolerably safe rule that the shabbier the barrister, the more he has to do. There are certainly such things as dandy Queen's Counsel and needy men in their first year to be found; but these may be taken as the exceptions which are said to prove every rule. The string of gentlemanly, well-dressed young fellows who are turning into Inner Temple Lane as we pass are bar-students, who are bound for the Common-Law lecture in Inner Temple Hall. They are smart enough now; but ten years hence, if they attain anything like success in the

profession they have chosen, they will be as careless as to their personal appearance as they are now particular. The snuffy, dried-up old gentleman who is crossing the road toward Chancery-lane, and who would look like an undertaker's mute if we judged him by his clothes alone, is an eminent common-law judge on his way to Judges' Chambers in Serjeants' Inn.

But, as a rule, the shabbiness of the working barrister is a totally different thing to the shabbiness of an unsuccessful professional man. His clothes are well cut, and they are shabby not because they are old, but because they are carelessly kept; his hat is not worn out, it is simply unbrushed; and then his linen is in good order. He wears no gloves, and his hands are habitually in his trousers' pockets; and he carries no stick or umbrella when you see him in mid-day, for he is only going to the "Cock," or to Prosser's, or to Lynn's, for his afternoon chop or a dozen oysters, or he is bound for Judges' Chambers or his bookseller's. Very different to the shabbiness of the barrister is the shabbiness of the attorney, when *he* is shabby. He is often carefully dressed; for he is brought face to face with clients and witnesses much more frequently than the barrister, who, save perhaps at an occasional consultation, never sees either until the case in which they are concerned is called out in court. But if the attorney *is* shabby, he is shabby indeed. His clothes wear the seediness of clothes that never were good, and his boots bulge with the lopsided bulginess of boots that are bought ready-made.

The dapper showy young men who cross and re-cross to Chancery-lane are barristers' clerks—I mean, clerks that really are clerks, and not domestic servants. There are two classes of barristers' clerks: young and middle-aged men, who work hard and well at legitimate clerking, and who are often intelligent assistants to their employer in his professional duties; and small boys and faded old men, who are "shared" by three or four briefless ones, and whose only duties are to receive and deliver messages for their masters, to fetch and carry beer and oysters, and to assist the local "laundress" in her domestic duties.

If the proprietors, or any of them, of a small boy happen to get into professional business, the small boy's prospects will probably improve with those of his master's; but for the faded old men there is little hope.

The attorneys' clerks are a totally different class of men. They are seldom very showy (except on Sundays, with which we have nothing to do), and they carry their briefs as if they were not ashamed of them. They are very knowing in the matter of the respective merits of different eminent counsel, and speak of them in a horribly familiar manner.

Temple influences extend to Essex-street; and from Essex-street to Somerset-house there is little to remark in the passers-by, except that there is a certain rustic look about many of them, combined with an expression of thoughtful anxiety on their faces which suggests that they are inventors and would-be-patentees, who are occupying temporary lodgings in Norfolk and Arundel-streets. Passing a group of raw youths, who are King's College students, we find ourselves in the midst of a crowd of passengers, most of whom are government clerks. These are gentlemanly-looking young men, who are *employés* in the Admiralty and Audit Offices, and others, not quite so gentlemanly, who devote their attention to the innumerable details of the Inland Revenue. In the "season" these young men are, for the most part, carefully dressed; for they are liberated from their official duties at four o'clock, and intend to spend the two subsequent hours over the rails in Rotten-row, of which they are—especially the younger members of them—distinguished ornaments. A government clerk knows no medium between being a great swell and an irreclaimable dowdy. The great swells marry on £250 a year; and, becoming dowdies perforce, they have to exchange hansom cabs and Rotten-row for the tops of omnibuses and a dreary cottage at Hammersmith.

As soon as we have passed Wellington-street, the Strand assumes a theatrical tone which there is no mistaking. Close-shaven men, with new hats, blue chins, and mustachios, pervade the thoroughfare in twos and threes, between

Wellington-street and Lacy's, the theatrical bookseller. Young ladies—whose faces you seem to know, but you can't think where you have seen them—pass and repass, nodding to the blue-chinned gentlemen, whose appearance is not altogether unfamiliar to you, although you can't make out, for the life of you, where you and they have met. These are actors and actresses—not of the first rank in the profession, perhaps, but decent middle-class professionals, whose names, at all events, are known to you, if you are a pretty regular theatre-goer. They are going to, or coming from rehearsal; or perhaps the gentlemen are out of engagements, and having no "lengths" to study and no rehearsals to attend, find a consolation in spending the tedious day in the neighborhood of the theatrical taverns and small clubs with which the district north of the Strand abounds. And perhaps the ladies are bound for their afternoon coffee and buns at Creighton's.

The interval between Southampton-street and the Adelphi may be regarded as the peculiar property of dramatists, actors, essayists, and authors of every reputable class. Three or four well-known literary and theatrical clubs are within a few hundred yards of this classic spot; and it will rarely happen that you can traverse the short distance between Southampton-street and the Adelphi without meeting some one whose name, at all events, is or should be familiar to you, if you pretend to be at all *au fait* in literary or theatrical affairs. This is particularly the case on a Saturday afternoon. New pieces of importance are usually produced on Saturday nights nowadays; and the actors, dramatists, and critics who are interested in the result usually dine at one or other of the clubs to which I have alluded, before they proceed to the "business of the evening."

The interval between the Adelphi and Pall Mall has perhaps less individuality than any other portion of the route we have chosen, though the Lowther Arcade, the cheaper military lodging-houses of Craven-street and Northumberland-street, the Charing-cross railway, and the National Gallery, each and all contribute their peculiar quota to the busy tide of passers-by. Perhaps it is be-



cause the stream owes its existence to so many sources that I find a difficulty in readily identifying its nature. The intending travellers by the Charing-cross line, the family party for the Lowther Arcade, the soldierly occupants of the Northumberland-street lodgings, and the country or holiday visitors to the National Gallery, may be identified at a glance.

We will, if you please, avoid the Haymarket, and make our way westward through Pall Mall. After passing an unsavory collection of Jew cigar-dealers, distinguished foreigners, and cheap little men about town, which infest the Colonnade, we reach the eastern limit of West-end life. Pall Mall is, as everybody knows, the headquarters of London clubdom. The first indication of this is to be found in the puffy, mottled old warriors who are to be seen going in and out of the "Senior." They do not lounge on the steps of their club, these mottled old gentlemen, as do their younger brethren of the "Rag." They go in and come out with an air of doing it with a purpose: for the most part, their days of lounging and loafing about London are long past. They have been bucks of the first water in their day; but their day is gone by, and though they are bucks still, they are bucks with a smack rather of the Regency than of the Victorian era. They still stick to the high collars, stiff satin stock, curly hat and tight straps of forty years ago; but for all their accuracy of dress and punctilio of manner, these old gentlemen, as a rule, are very jolly old gentlemen indeed, when they get together. They have good stories to tell about this or that dowager—when she was a reigning beauty in '23; though, for matter of that, they do not confine their attention to dowagers. The beauties of '23 have grown old in mind as well as in body; but the dashing subs who admired them then have remained much as they were, save in the matter of rank and outward appearance. Their faces are redder and their mustachios whiter, their sword-belts have been let out some half-dozen holes, and their morning headaches have given way to chronic gout; but their tastes are those of young fellows of thirty, nevertheless. They have the reputation of being stern

old pipeclayists, and the stiff high stock, cross-belts, and white-braided coats, find staunch advocates among them still. Many of them are decrepit enough now; but see them on a levee day: decrepitude never looks so well as when decked out in stars, medals, and K.C.B. ribbons, and passers-by who would not hesitate to sneer at the quiet and rather eccentric-looking gentleman in clothes of superannuated cut as a "mouldy old fogey," step respectfully aside to allow him to pass, when decked in the bravery he has won in the Peninsula, India, and Crimea.

Who are these solemn old gentlemen, with gold eye-glasses, and ugly but intelligent faces, who are turning in and out of the building at the opposite corner of Waterloo-place? They are members of the Athenæum, the most eminent, from an intellectual point of view, and the most unsocial from a domestic point of view, of all the first-class clubs in London. These grave old gentlemen are distinguished antiquarians, adventurous travellers, eminent divines, successful barristers, popular novelists, and first-class essayists. If you want to make one of them, you must wait patiently for the fifteen years or so which must elapse between your nomination and election—don't be deterred by the consideration that you are not an eminent man now—you may be utterly unknown to every soul in England except your relations and your tradespeople at the date of your nomination, and Great Britain may ring with your fame long before your election. You will have plenty of time between those two dates to make for yourself a famous name—and to lose it, and be utterly forgotten too, for matter of that.

These busy, independent-looking gentlemen are members of the Reform Club; and those remarkably gentlemanly-looking old Conservatives are members of the Carlton—two clubs that sit side by side and frown at each other out of the corners of their eyes, like two old ladies who are not "on terms," but who happen to rent adjoining stalls at the Opera.

Another batch of dashing-going civil servants are hovering about the entrance to the War Office; and opposite a group of smart young warriors are lounging

about the steps of the Rag. These young gentlemen are a fair type of better middle-class young Englishmen. They are generally well dressed; they smoke fair cigars; they are honorable; they are in debt; they are brave; they are rather fast, but, nevertheless, they are gentlemanly. I should like to talk about them for two or three pages more, for I take a kindly pleasure in studying the ways and means of these military and civil servants of the Crown; but the exigencies of time and space will only allow me to glance at them *en passant*. The British linesman is altogether a peculiar being—utterly unlike any other member of any other profession, and he deserves an essay to himself. As you see him here, on the steps of the Rag, he is probably up from Aldershott, Canterbury, or Colchester, for a few days in Piccadilly, the Burlington Arcade, and (in the season) Rotten-row and the drive—and for a few nights at the burlesque theatres.

Passing the gloomy portals of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, with its clerical and country-gentlemen members, and the snug little "Guards," with its soldierly aristocratic *habitués*, we come upon St. James's-street, where the constituents of all the clubs in Pall Mall, besides those of Arthur's, White's, Boodle's, the Conservative, the St. James's, the New University, and half a dozen others, meet on common ground, and so into Piccadilly, where the stream of West-end life is considerably adulterated by the admixture of a powerful trade element—which, however, may be said to cease where the Green Park begins, and from this point to Hyde Park Corner the people you meet are for the most part such as those you found in Pall Mall, together with a considerable sprinkling of the mercantile and clerkly element, especially between four and six o'clock in the afternoon.

I have only glanced at the different classes of men who may be said to be typical of the various districts of the great thoroughfares through which we have passed; but I have, I think, made out my case, that every one hundred yards of metropolitan-street has a distinguishing characteristic of its own—entirely apart from that which it derives from its architectural peculiarities. And

this is as true of Whitechapel and Shoreditch as it is of Pall Mall and St. James's street. In the eyes of the practised East-ender, there is as great a difference between Whitechapel and Shoreditch as there is between Piccadilly and Pall Mall in the eyes of a West-end loungeur.

Chambers's Journal.

#### THE PAINTER'S WIFE.

"BUT you have not told me yet, Cyrilla, what incident the picture is intended to represent."

"It is intended to illustrate the story of 'Ginevra,' as told in Rogers's *Italy*. I dare say you recollect the poem in question?"

"Oh! yes: I remember all about Francesco Doria and his youthful bride; and how the latter hid herself in an old chest on her wedding-day and was smothered, and her body not found for ever so many years afterward."

"That is just the point—where Ginevra is about to hide herself—that Theodore is trying to illustrate. I have sat to him I don't know how many times already."

"And a very good likeness it is of you, my dear. And the chest in which she is about to hide herself is painted from that real chest in the corner there! It looks hundreds of years old. Dear, dear! it's quite wonderful. But I thought painters always invented such things out of their own heads."

The speakers were aunt and niece—the latter a fair and slender girl of twenty, with a singularly youthful expression of face for one who was both a wife and a mother. The time was half-past nine on a certain autumn evening, some half-dozen years ago; and the place was a pleasant home-like room in a small villa in one of the westerly suburbs of London.

"The mention of those Italian names, Cyrilla," said Mrs. Reece presently, "puts me in mind of an old admirer of yours, Signor Pietro Fastini. By-the-by, do you know where he now is?"

"No. Where?" said Cyrilla quickly.

"In a lunatic asylum. He went crazy about a year ago, and has been under restraint ever since. I don't think you

treated him well, Cyrilla, to encourage his attentions, and then to cast him off in the way you did."

Cyrilla's cheek paled suddenly; she sank into a chair, and did not speak for a minute or two. "You have been misinformed, aunt," she said at last. "Signor Fastini never received the slightest encouragement from me. I was attracted toward him by his great musical talent; but it was his own presumption that drew him on to speak to me as he did. Nevertheless, I am truly grieved to hear of the affliction that has overtaken him."

Cyrilla sat thinking deeply for some time after her aunt's departure, going, in memory, through all those phases of her life in which the young Italian had been an actor. Her reverie was brought to an end by the clock on the mantle-piece chiming eleven.

She got up from her seat with a little sigh, and went into her dressing-room, which opened out of the room in which she had been sitting, and bathed her hands and face; and changed her evening-dress for a comfortable white wrapper; and unbound her yellow hair, letting it fall in a rich sheaf down her shoulders; for Theodore had gone out to-night to a supper-party given by a brother artist who was about to enter the holy state of matrimony, and she had promised to sit up for him; and Theodore, on his part, had promised to be home soon after midnight.

Going back into the sitting-room, Cyrilla rang the bell, and presently nurse came in with baby, who, being a well-behaved young gentleman, was happily fast asleep at this late hour. He was deposited in a pretty little cot close by his mother's side. "You can go to bed, nurse, and the other servants can do the same," said Mrs. Thornhurst. "I will sit up for master myself. See that the doors and windows are all fastened before you go up-stairs."

When the woman was gone, Cyrilla stirred up the low fire on the hearth into a fitful blaze, and then took up the first volume of a novel which had been brought her that afternoon from the library. Theodore would be home in an hour at the farthest, and the time would pass pleasantly and quickly away.

A pleasant, cozy, home-like picture—

the pretty, girlish wife coiled up gracefully in her husband's huge easy-chair; the sleeping child; the room itself, with its walls half-hidden with sketches, prints, and water-colors, with the easel in one corner, and the pianoforte in another; with Cyrilla's work-basket on a side-table in company with a meerschau, big and brown, and a tobacco-jar after the antique. A pleasant picture, and one which Theodore Thornhurst, artist from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, would not fail to note when he should come stepping leisurely in through one of the three French windows opening on to the lawn, which had just been draped, ready for winter, with curtains of crimson damask, in place of the muslin ones which had shaded them through the summer months.

Cyrilla read on undisturbed for about half an hour, at the end of which time baby began to grow restless; so she laid down her book, and began to rock the cot with a slow, gentle motion, and at the same time to sing, in a minor key, the exquisite cradle-song from *The Princess*:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea;  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!"

Singing thus, she lifted the child tenderly out of its cot, kissed it fondly, carried it through the dressing-room into the chamber beyond, and there laid it snugly in bed. Presently, she came back, still humming the music of the song under her breath, and leaving the door of the dressing-room half open behind her, so that she might the more readily hear her darling, should he awake and cry out. Then she sat down again in her husband's easy-chair, and went on with her novel. But the undercurrent of her thoughts was with her husband; and presently she glanced up at the timepiece on the mantle-shelf, only to discover that it had come to a dead stop some ten minutes previously, for want of winding up. She put down her book, and rose at once to perform the necessary duty, for the voice of the little clock sounded like that of a friend in her lonely watching. How the words of that song haunted her memory!

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea."

She was winding up the timepiece slowly and carefully, and humming the song to herself, and as she did so—what woman would not have done the same?—she glanced at the reflection of her own pretty face in the glass over the chimney-piece. She saw her blue-eyed face with its setting of yellow hair, and the same moment she saw something else by no means so pleasant to look upon—something that for one brief instant caused every pulse of her being to stand still in silent horror.

There was some one in the room beside herself. What she saw in the glass was the reflection of a hand grasping the crimson damask curtains that draped the French window opposite the fireplace. Only a hand—but whose hand? It was very small and very white, but unmistakably the hand of a man, and just as surely not the big brown paw of Theodore Thornhurst.

Cyrella's eyes dilated as she gazed; the murmur of the song died off her lips; her fingers ceased from turning the key of the clock; she stood like one changed to stone. She durst not turn her head to glance at the dread reality which she knew was behind her; she kept her gaze fixed steadily in the glass, watching with a sort of horrible eagerness for some sign or token of life in those white, death-like fingers, which looked as if they belonged to a corpse. Suddenly, while she was looking like one fascinated, there was a slight movement of the curtain, the white fingers relaxed their grasp, opened, and for an instant were withdrawn. Next moment, they were there again, grasping the curtain as before; and as they reappeared, Cyrella's heart thrilled with a fresh terror: she felt—by instinct, and not by the action of any more positive sense—that, from amid the dim folds of the curtain, two eyes, unseen by her, were watching her every movement.

The dread inspired by this discovery—for she felt sure that her instinct was not playing her false—was almost more than she could bear. Her senses seemed as though they were about to desert her; a dimness crept over her eyes; a numbness began to steal through every

limb; and it seemed to her as though the room, herself, and even that terrible hand, were all fading into unsubstantial shadows, and that nothing could ever trouble her more; when all at once her fading senses were pierced by a faint sound—a sound that went straight to her mother's heart, and in one brief moment stung all her fading senses into vivid life. It was the voice of her child that she had heard just as she was about to sink fainting to the floor. He had turned over in his sleep, and had felt for her in the dark, and had given utterance to a low, plaintive cry at not finding her beside him. To a feeling of life the most vivid and intense, that weak voice had recalled her. "For my child's sake," she murmured in her heart, "let strength be given me!"

Her hand was steady enough now, and she went on with the winding-up of the little clock, winding slowly, that she might have more time to think what her next move must be. She was strangely calm now, with that calmness which is induced in some natures by the presence of a great peril. As she kept on winding, her eyes seemed to be fixed intently on the little clock, but were at the same time watching the hand with a covert half-look that might or might not deceive the hidden eyes which, she felt sure, were just as intently watching her.

There! the clock was wound up at last—never had it taken so long a time before—and the question was, what to do next? If she could only get away—get away into her dressing-room, and put the door between herself and her hidden visitor—she felt that both she and her child would be safe. It was their only chance of escape. The effort must be made, and that at once; for to stay in the room much longer, watched by those unseen eyes, would be enough to drive her mad.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea."

How she contrived to get the words out she could never have told afterward, but she found herself humming them over, and sidling across the room with an elaborately careless air, toward a little table placed half way between the fireplace and the dressing-room door.



The table was reached in safety, and Cyrilla ventured to breathe again. A photographic album lay on the table, and she took it up and began to examine it with the deepest apparent interest. While in this position, the hand was behind her. She would have given much to be able to glance over her shoulder and see whether it was still visible, but the effort was one that required more courage than she had to spare just then. Perhaps, even now, her unknown visitor was stealing out from behind the curtain—was creeping stealthily after her with the view of surprising her, say by putting his hands over her eyes, or by seizing her suddenly round the waist. His footsteps would be noiseless on the thick carpet. She could bear the horror of her situation no longer; she let the book drop from between her fingers, and made a rush for her dressing-room; but just as she had got within a yard of the door, she stumbled, and came down on her knees. Before she could make even one effort to rise, she was grasped by the right wrist from behind, a cold hand was placed over her mouth, and a stern voice whispered in her ear: "Make the least noise, and you are a dead woman!"

Next instant, her mouth was uncovered, and Cyrilla found herself lifted somehow on to her feet. She turned to look at her assailant, and as her eyes met his, she shrank away from him as far as the iron grasp on her wrist would allow, and gave utterance to a low cry of terror: "Signor Pietro Fastini!"

"Even so, *carissima mia*," he said. "You do not seem pleased to see me. But pray resume your seat;" and still holding her by the wrist, he led her back to the easy-chair, into which he inducted her with a profound bow.

A tall and elegant-looking man, this Signor Pietro Fastini; olive-complexioned; with black beard and moustache, thin and silky; and large, dark, melancholy-looking eyes. But in those eyes there was now an expression such as Cyrilla had never seen in them before—an expression that made her shiver with affright. He was dressed in full evening-costume, except that he was without hat and gloves; while his long black hair, all blown and tangled by the night-wind, lent a touch of incongruity

to his appearance, which no one could have failed to detect.

"Certainly, you do not seem pleased to see me," he repeated, loosing his grasp of Cyrilla's wrist. "That, however, was hardly to be expected. Let us put it that I took you too much by surprise, and not that I am an unwelcome guest."

He gave utterance to a low, sneering laugh; then he drew up a chair close in front of Cyrilla, and sat down on it, and seemed to devour her with his large black eyes. "Cyrilla Thornhurst," he said, "do you know with what purpose I am here this evening?"

Poor Cyrilla's lips formed "No," but no sound issued from them:

"I am here to kill you," he said, speaking with the slightest possible foreign accent.

Cyrilla pressed her fingers to her eyes, and seemed to shrink back still further in the easy-chair. The Italian twisted the ends of his moustache, and watched her in grave silence.

"Oblige me by removing your hands from before your face," he resumed after a pause. "Thanks; that is better. Remember, I am here to kill, but not to torture. When the proper moment shall have come for carrying out my purpose, one brief pang will end everything."

He spoke in solemn, unimpassioned accents, without any trace of excitement either in manner or words, and almost as though he were the minister of some stern Fate, whose behests it was his duty to carry out, without having the power to alter them, and against which there was no possible appeal.

"Do you remember when and where we parted last?" he went on. "I know that you do, for such occasions are never forgotten by women. For months before that day, you led me on, little by little, till at last I was foolish enough to think that I had only to ask and to have. I did ask—with what result you know as well as I. You laughed at my love, and dismissed me forever with a foolish jest. I went away, and strove to forget you, and to a certain extent I succeeded; for at that time I was just beginning to work out the details of my Grand Scheme, and all my time and attention were needed to perfect them. My grand scheme!" he went on, with a sudden

change of tone, and an added brightness in his dark eyes. "It would have revolutionized the world, if only the world had been wise enough to receive it. But, like all great discoverers, I am a century before the age."

He began to pace the room rapidly, with knitted brows, and the forefinger of one hand pressed to his cheek, while his lips moved inaudibly; but always with a covert eye on Cyrilla, to see that she did not attempt to escape.

"Strange, strange!" he murmured. "No sooner did I begin to advocate that great project, than I was set down as a madman; and because I would not forswear my ideas, they shut me up with mad people—me, me!"

He burst into a fit of laughter, loud and shrill; and then drawing from one of his pockets a small box full of those acidulated drops of which children are so fond, he placed two or three of them on his tongue, and swallowed them like so many pills; and with that, he went and resumed his seat close by Cyrilla.

"It was while I was living among the mad folk," he went on, "that I made the acquaintance of my friend the Mandarin, a gentleman twelve inches in height. Sometimes he would come into my room through the keyhole, sometimes down the chimney, or as often as not he would hop in at the open window, carrying his head under his arm. He used to perch himself on my table, and sit and nod at me by the hour together, and favor me with his advice on every conceivable subject. Oh! he was a most learned mandarin. It was he who persuaded me to come to this place, and kill you—and kill your husband. And I have sworn to do it! There was to be a grand party to-night at the place where I have been residing for so many months. I dressed for it, of course just to please the foolish creatures—you know what strange whims those poor, crazy wretches have sometimes—and in the confusion I escaped. See! I brought this as I came along; the handle is designed after the antique, and pleased me hugely."

As he spoke he drew from the pocket of his dress-coat a slender-cased poniard of dull bluish steel, with a haft of bronze. Having extracted it from its case, he proceeded to wipe it carefully, almost

tenderly, with his cambric handkerchief; while Cyrilla, coiled up in the easy-chair, watched his every movement with bright, quick-glancing eyes—the eyes of an animal brought to bay—that nothing escaped.

The little clock on the chimney-piece chimed the quarter before midnight.

"When that clock strikes twelve, Cyrilla Thornhurst, you will have lived your life."

He spoke with the quiet, unhesitating conviction of one who sees before a foregone conclusion, from which it is impossible that he can swerve in the slightest degree.

"What have I done to deserve so terrible a fate at your hands?" burst out Cyrilla.

"You have wrecked the happiness of my life," said the Italian—"wrecked it utterly and irretrievably. That I might have forgiven you; but I have promised my friend the mandarin—for state reasons, which it would be a breach of confidence in me to reveal—to kill you, to kill your husband, and to kill your child. It is sufficient to state that your lives are required by the great Dog-star, whose hierophant I am. Ask me no further. The initiated would understand me at once; for there is a transcendentalism in these matters which is as the language of Fi-Fo-Fum to those whose eyes have been anointed with grease from the Great Bear. Your time in this world is reduced to ten minutes and five seconds."

With the putting away of the poniard for a time, Cyrilla had taken her eyes off the Italian, and now sat with her chin sunk on her breast, and her hands tightly clasped, brooding over what she had just heard. To kill her husband and child! That would be a thousand times worse than death to herself. Theodore might come any minute now—come stepping jantily in through the French window, to be sprung upon by this madman, and stabbed before her eyes. "If only I could steady my mind to think," she kept repeating to herself. What was it she had heard and read about the peculiarities of mad people? If she could only bring it to mind!

The Italian was watching her narrowly from under his bent brows. Suddenly, with that abruptness which marked all

his movements, he got up, and striding to the easel, flung back the sheet with which it was covered. He started at sight of the picture; but next moment, his poniard was out, and the canvas stabbed through in a dozen different places. "Out! out! cursed likeness of a falsehearted fiend!" he exclaimed. "Oh! that a soul so vile should lodge in a husk so sweet!"

If she could only bring it to mind! All at once, something seemed to catch her breath, and she pressed her hand to her heart for a moment, while a strange expression crept over her face, which subsided presently into one of her sweetest smiles. Then she half rose from the easy-chair, and turned her large soft eyes full on the young Italian. "*Pietro mio*," she said; and there was a world of meaning in her way of saying those two little words.

The dark frown vanished like a cloud from the face of the young Italian, and the light of passion faded from his eyes when he heard himself addressed thus; and he turned on Cyrilla a look half-bewildered, half-suspicious, and felt with one hand for the hilt of his poniard. She was standing with her head a little on one side, smiling at him; and while he was looking, her rosy lips whispered "Come!" and as if it were a command impossible for him to disobey, he came toward her—timidly, cautiously, and suspiciously, but still step by step nearer. As she sank back in the easy-chair, still with the same fixed smile on her face, her finger pointed to a low footstool a yard or two away. He understood her gesture, and pushing the footstool across the floor, he seated himself on it close by her chair. Again the same strange expression swept over her face as the sleeve of his coat touched her dress as he sat down; but the smile was back again next moment, and her voice took an accent as low and tender as that of any love-lorn Juliet when she next spoke to him.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" she said, and she pinched his ear playfully as she spoke; "I vow you nearly frightened me to death, creeping into the room in that stealthy way, for all the world like the villain in a melodrama. How was I to know it was you that

was behind the curtain? And then, when I did see you, I declare you gave my nerves quite a shock. I had heard such strange stories about your being mad, and all that, you know, so that my fright can hardly be wondered at. My poor Pietro, what you must have suffered!"

Every nerve and fibre in the Italian's body seemed to thrill under the influence of those loving words and that angelic smile; but his eyes were still full of bewilderment, and his lips moved inaudibly for several moments before he spoke. "Why do you pity me?" he said at last. "How can you be glad to see me, when you know that I am here to take your life?"

Cyrilla sighed. "Can you not understand, my Pietro," she said, "that when life has become a burden, it does not seem such a very difficult thing to quit it?"

"Your life a burden!" he said incredulously. "In this pretty nest, and mated with the husband of your choice, your life ought to be very precious to you, Cyrilla."

"The opinion of the world!" said Cyrilla, with a mournful ring in her voice. "Is there not such a thing, Pietro, as being wedded to a man with whom you have nothing in common? You have read *Locksley Hall*, and you know what I mean without my saying more. Once I had a treasure within my grasp, but not knowing its value, I threw it carelessly away. Do you think that life to such a one can be a thing of much value?"

She turned away her face, and buried it in her handkerchief. Fastini fell on his knees before her. "Cyrilla, Cyrilla! say that you love me," he cried. One of her hands was lying carelessly on her lap; he seized it, and covered it with passionate kisses. She did not repulse him; she only said gently: "You must not do that; you know that you have vowed to kill me."

"No, no!" he cried passionately, starting to his feet. "You shall not die! I will intercede for you with the mandarin. The Dog-star himself shall hear your story, and pity you. Some other life shall be sacrificed in place of yours: you shall live. Together, we

will quit this hateful England; together, in my own sunny clime, in Italy the beautiful, we will"—

The clock on the mantle-piece chimed midnight.

"There sounds the knell of my doom!" said Cyrilla with a mournful smile.

"It is a signal that summons you to a new life—to a life of love, and freedom, and happiness!" said the Italian. "It tells me too," he added, "that I have other work still left to accomplish." He laid a finger lightly on her shoulder. "The man who calls you wife, the child who calls you mother, they must die!"

Cyrilla's eyes confronted those of the madman steadily; not the quiver of a nerve betrayed the feelings at work within her.

Fastini began to move toward the door of the dressing-room; Cyrilla caught him by the button, and held him. He turned on her in an instant, a wild devil of fury glaring out of his eyes. "Do you—dare—to say—that you care the least in the world about either of those two?" he snarled out. He had grasped her firmly by the shoulder with one hand; his other hand was behind her, and she felt the sharp point of the poniard prick through her dressing-robe into her flesh, as he asked the question.

"Care for either of them!" exclaimed Cyrilla with a contemptuous laugh. "Why should I care for them, Pietro mio? It is not that. It is this, as regards the child: I do not think—nay, I am sure—that I could not love you so well as I do now if I knew that you were guilty of shedding the blood of that innocent; and *he* at least is innocent."

"No blood, Cyrilla," he whispered—"only the pillow."

"No!" said Cyrilla loftily. "The man I love must be above a dastardly deed like that. To be the murderer of a smiling babe! Faugh! You can go, Signor Fastini," she added coldly, stepping from before him. "The child is asleep in yonder room. When you have killed him, come back and kill me, if you don't wish to see the unutterable contempt with which I should then look upon you!" She pointed to the open door of the dressing-room as she spoke, and, drawn up to her full height, stared

steadily into the lunatic's eyes. He quailed under that fixed, stern gaze; he wavered; he whispered something to himself; and then with the air of a beaten hound, he slunk up to Cyrilla, and, taking her hand humbly, he lifted it to his lips, and kissed it twice.

"Your pardon, Cyrilla," he said, "for having misunderstood you. The child, truly, is beneath my notice. Let him live."

"Spoken like my own Pietro," said Cyrilla, thawing suddenly into a very May-day of love and sunshine. "You were only jesting with me, I know."

"But he—the man who has caused you so much misery—your husband; you will not intercede for him," said Pietro gloomily. "He—he above all men—must die."

"So be it," said Cyrilla with a little shrug of supreme indifference. Ten minutes past twelve! Theodore could not be long now. How her ears strained, how her heart beat at the slightest sound from without! If he were to come now, he could hardly escape with life, unless she, Cyrilla, were to sacrifice her own life in the endeavor to save his. She was quite prepared to do that, she said to herself.

"But pray, tell me," she resumed aloud, "what plan you intend to adopt for carrying out your scheme of vengeance."

"As soon as I hear his footsteps, I shall hide behind those curtains," said the madman. "As he steps across the threshold, I shall rush forth and strike him dead with my poniard."

"A pretty scheme—a very pretty scheme!" said Cyrilla encouragingly. "But I think I know one still better—one that will avoid all bloodshed, which is objectionable in a lady's room."

"Tell it me," said the Italian eagerly.

"When he comes in," said Cyrilla, "he will ask for a cup of coffee—he always does. Into his coffee I will put a few drops out of a certain vial which I have in my dressing-room. He drinks the coffee, and five minutes later he is a dead man!"

"Good, good!" said the madman, rubbing his hands gleefully. "And then, when he is dead, I will cut off his head, and carry it to my friend the man-



darin, and he will give me his magic ring—his cat's-eye ring—that is worth a king's ransom; and we will sail across the seas, you and I together; and you will be mine, my own, forever! Say, shall it not be so?"

"It shall, my Pietro!" answered Cyrilla boldly. "Ah! you don't know how much I shall love you. But we have no time to lose: Thornhurst will be here presently, and I must hide you at once."

"Yes, yes! behind the curtains!" said Fastini eagerly.

"No, not behind the curtains," said Cyrilla, "because the first thing Thornhurst will do after coming in will be to draw back the curtains, and fasten the windows. Let me consider: where will be the best place to hide you?" She paused, and, with her finger on her lips, looked round the room, as if in search of a hiding-place. Fastini was holding her other hand, and pressing it now and again to his lips.

"I have it," she said at last. "Nothing could be better. You shall hide yourself in this old chest;" and she ran across the room, laughing gayly, and dragging the Italian after her, and flung open the lid of the old carved chest. "It might have been put here on purpose," she said, still laughing. "See, you will have plenty of room; and there will be this advantage in hiding here, you will be able, yourself unseen, to witness the whole of my little drama from beginning to end—from your private box, you know. (A little pun that, is it not? I really won't let you kiss my hand any more.) You must just keep the lid open about a quarter of an inch—not more; and presently you will see Thornhurst come stepping in through one of these windows. You will see him kiss me—for the last time, you know, so you must not be angry. Then he will go round and fasten the windows; then he will yawn and stretch himself; and then he will seat himself in his easy-chair, and ask for his meerschaum and a cup of coffee. But you must not stir till you see his eyes close, and his head droop back on the chair. And now, sir, to your hiding-place. If you love me, don't delay, for Thornhurst may be here at any moment. No—not a single kiss now, but as many as you like afterward. Why can't you tie

those lanky limbs of yours into a knot? A little lower, please. So—that is better."

She was just lowering the lid of the chest gently over him when he struck it up suddenly with his arm. "Cyrilla," he said, "something whispers to me that my friend the mandarin would like me to do this deed myself. Perhaps the Dog-star"—

"Hush!" exclaimed Cyrilla with a start. "The king of the pelicans is coming this way. I hear his footsteps. Hide—hide!" She tried to press the lid down on him as she spoke; but his suspicions, ever on the alert, were roused in an instant, and with all his strength he strove to keep himself from being shut in; but his strength was of little avail in the position in which he then was. Cyrilla flung herself bodily on to the chest, and in spite of all the madman's efforts, little by little, inch by inch, the lid came down upon him, his power to struggle against it decreasing in proportion the closer it shut him in. Suddenly he changed his position, and before he could recover himself the lid had shut him in completely, and the same instant the iron staple in the body of the chest shot up through a slit in the lid. The moment she saw it, Cyrilla's instinct pointed out to her the only method by which Fastini could be retained a prisoner, for her bodily strength was all but exhausted. The iron bar that should have passed through the hole in the staple, and have kept the chest fast shut, was broken away, and all that Cyrilla could now do was to push her thumb through the staple and use it as the bar had been used.

The footsteps on the gravel outside were coming nearer; and presently Theodore Thornhurst, cigar in mouth, and with a merrier twinkle than usual in his eye, stepped in through one of the French windows.

Not one moment too soon. "Saved! saved!" cried Cyrilla, as her eyes met those of her husband, and then she sank fainting by the side of the chest. The painter was a cautious man as well as a brave one; he heard strange noises proceeding from the interior of the chest, and at the moment of releasing Cyrilla's poor bruised thumb, he slipped his pocket-knife into its place. Then lifting

his wife in his arms, he carried her into another room, and summoned the servants to her assistance. Armed with a revolver, he then went back to the chest, and lifted up the lid; but Fastini was half-suffocated by this time, and was dragged out by Thornhurst more dead than alive.

Ultimately, the Italian was re-consigned to the place from which he had escaped; but a long time passed before the painter's wife recovered thoroughly from the effects of that terrible hour.

British Quarterly.

#### THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB.\*

THE wanderer in London, if he deserts the main currents of the mighty river of life, which flows there unceasingly, will often find himself in tranquil bays, where the human wave stirs not, and the remote thunder of the great tide of men is toned down to a soft susurrus. Notwithstanding the vast changes wrought in these days by eccentric Ediles and by railway companies omnipotent in their insolvency, such quiet haunts are still to be found in the metropolis. A square paved court, surrounded by edifices where lawyers spread their subtle cobwebs, a fountain sparkling in the centre, amid trees that dream of unknown country air; an old college or library, with untrodden turf in its silent quadrangle; a tavern entered by a long, narrow, unsuspected passage where the head waiter looks like a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and is utterly puzzled by the arrival of a stranger: places like these, though they grow rarer, are still to be found in London. And, when the wanderer finds himself in such a place, the thought of Charles Lamb comes to him naturally. The last of our essayists was a Londoner, and a lover of London's antique and tranquil aspects. There is poetry wherever there is life; in the

strong life of London, with all its deep tragedy, wild melodrama, broad farce, there is too much poetry for the grasp of any intellect not colossal. But the poetry of its forgotten corners, of its "back-water," if we may use the phrase, found a perfect representative in Charles Lamb. He loved what was quaint by reason of contrast with ordinary things. He was in essence a humorist—that is, a man who looks more at the differences of the people he encounters than at their resemblances; and he was especially an archaeological humorist, to whom there was matter more attractive in the differences between the past and the present than in their aspects of identity. It is clear that the great poet, epic or dramatic, will regard more the elements of humanity wherein men are identical, for these form the chief part of human nature; but the humorist (and the supreme poet is always inclusively a humorist) is essentially the analyst of their differences. There are humorists without poetry, such as Montaigne and Sidney Smith, and Charles Dickens; there are humorists like Thackeray, possessing a poet's vein, which they use rarely and reluctantly; but Charles Lamb was poet and humorist, and as such commands a stronger, subtler sympathy. The *Spectator*, a journal in which we find some of the keenest modern criticism, sees much similarity between Lamb and Sidney Smith—believing that their main differences arose from the cheerful temperament of the one, and the melancholy temperament of the other. "If we may be allowed such a description, Sidney Smith's liquor was humor mixed with sense, and Charles Lamb's humor mixed with nonsense, but the spirit in both was the same." But this, we think, is an erroneous hypothesis. Sidney Smith, in the first place, was wholly unpoetic; hence an essential dissimilarity. And, although his common-sense was so exquisite as to be almost genius, his humor consisted generally in an exaggeration which reached the very borders of nonsense. Lamb, on the other hand, gives us apparent nonsense which contains the germs of the soundest sense. We open the *Essays of Elia*, quite at hazard—exercising, in fact, a kind of *Sortes Carolagnuli*—and fall upon "A Quakers' Meeting." Where

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just now is business-like and critical: young England talks learnedly of the *Economist's* opinion on the Bank rate, and wishes Mr. Matthew Arnold were a little more practical in his theory of *Geist*. The time is cautious and critical, but this cannot last: the young Age, creative, demiurgic, will assuredly come forth to conquest, though its infancy be baptized with fire.

Charles Lamb was born in Crown Office Row, Temple, on the 18th of February, 1775—five years later than

Wordsworth, three than Coleridge, two than Walter Savage Landor, who has only just passed from among us, and Byron's strong spirit was not to enter the world for thirteen years. Lamb's father was a barrister's clerk; his maternal grandmother was housekeeper to the Plumers, in Hertfordshire; and there is nothing aristocratic known or imagined about his pedigree. His own speculations on the matter are embodied in a characteristic sonnet:

"What reason first imposed thy gentle name,  
Name that my father bore, and his sire's aire,  
Without reproach? We trace our stream no higher;  
And I, a childless man, may end the same.  
Perhaps some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,  
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,  
Received the first amid the merry mocks  
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.  
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,  
With glory gotten on the heads abhorred  
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord  
Took his meek title in whose zeal he burned.  
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,  
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name."

Well kept was that gentle resolve. Lamb was educated at Christ's Hospital, whose antique atmosphere did much to mould his character; where, moreover, he had for a schoolfellow Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the most *influencing* mind of the century. But for Coleridge, we might have had no essays of Elia. Their friendship endured. Together with Lloyd, they published a small volume of verse in 1797, the motto on its title-page being from the hand of Coleridge: *Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitie et similitum junctarumque Camænarum; quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longuinq̃uitas*. Well was the wish fulfilled, as between Lamb and Coleridge. In the last year of his life, thus wrote Coleridge on a flyleaf of his own "Sibylline Leaves:"

"Ch. & Mary Lamb,  
dear to my heart, yea,  
as it were, *my heart*,  
S. T. C. Æt. 63. 1834.  
1797  
1834

37 years!"

And when tidings of Coleridge's death reached Charles Lamb, the thought of

it clung to him perpetually. "Coleridge is dead," he would say, many times a day. And he wrote most nobly and tenderly thereon; it seems to have been the last he ever wrote.

"When I heard," he says, "of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. . . . Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again."

These words show the royal influence possessed by Coleridge over men worthy to listen to him. Thanks, in a measure, to Mr. Carlyle's bleak ridicule, there are many who question the greatness of Coleridge: and we find even Mr. Procter asking: "What did he *do*?" We wonder what answer Charles Lamb or William Wordsworth would have made to that question: and even they could not foresee that his stimulative intellect would be the primary force in the "Young England" and the "Broad Church" movements. It would be very

difficult to attain a full estimate of his influence upon England as it is.

Quaint influences were destined to surround Charles Lamb, his boyish clerkship being in that old South Sea House, described inimitably in Elia's first essay. At that "poor neighbor out of business" of Bank and 'Change and India House, whose directors met only "to proclaim a dead dividend," he passed a few years: thence, at the age of seventeen, he was transferred to the service of the East India Company. Four years later came the day of horrors, when his sister Mary, victim of homicidal mania, stabbed her mother to the heart. Here we desire to say as little as possible: it is well known that Charles Lamb became from that time the guardian of his sister, his elder brother declining to act in the matter; and it seems clear that he had some fair vision of love which to this end he dismissed utterly. It has been suggested that his devotion to Mary was sympathetic rather than sacrificing; that he felt himself hovering on the frontier between sanity and insanity, and therefore cast his lot with hers. This is doubtful. Certainly the hereditary insanity of his family had, previous to the terrible catastrophe, definitely shown itself in him: there is a letter to Coleridge, written in the spring of 1796, in which he supplies evidence of this. "My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was." This terrible affliction, which fell upon him thus as he emerged from boyhood, never recurred. A question of immeasurable interest is raised here. What is madness? What are its limits? Often we hear a man of the world remark that somebody is a very clever fellow—"but quite mad, you know." Inquiry might, perhaps, show that this was a person who sacrificed all luxuries and most comforts for the good of others. Byron, whose sight was always keen and clear, except when the lens of prejudice interposed, abhorred war, stigmatized Alexander as Macedonia's "madman," and would probably, if here to judge, deem the Count Bismarck mad. And

would not a jury of average Englishmen have declared Byron to be mad if all his wild freaks had been laid before them? What can be said of a man who, at a dinner-party, refuses anything but biscuits and soda-water, failing which, he dines on potatoes and vinegar—who kept a bear at college, and a lion and a hundred other strange animals afterward—who risks his life in swimming across the Hellespont because some Greek gentleman is said to have done it—who gives up the comforts of English life, and (appalling thought!) a seat in the House of Peers, just to help a struggling nation whose courage and success are doubtful and their ingratitude certain? Here are not a tithe of Byron's best-known eccentricities, yet would they suffice in the eyes of the majority of commonplace people to convict him of insanity.

It would be a valuable contribution to the psychology of genius, if we could know what peculiar form of insanity caused Charles Lamb to pass six weeks of his twenty-first year in a madhouse at Hoxton. None of his biographers have any information hereon; the only hints we have are from his letter to Coleridge. "Many a vagary," he says, "my imagination played with me—enough to make a volume, if all were told. . . . Coleridge! it may convince you of my regards for you, when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy." This gives a slight clue to the source of mental disease; doubtless the boy's poetic fancy had indeed fixed on the girl "with bright yellow Hertfordshire hair and eye of watchet hue," whom he long after remembered as "my Alice." But there is something very curious in this brief spasm of insanity at the portal of life, followed by forty years of complete sanity and of noble sacrifice. At that very time there dwelt in London—just as far from Lamb's residence as Lambeth Palace from Holborn—a great painter, forty years old, who was certainly mad, as most men judge madness. This was William Blake, poet as well as painter, of whom Wordsworth said: "There is something in the madness of

this man which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott." Whether Lamb ever met Blake does not appear, but he expressed a high opinion of the artist's powers; and it is certain that few painters have possessed such wealth of imagination, while no poets have excelled the exquisite simplicity of some of his lyrics. Here is a stanza which might have been written by an Elizabethan song-writer:

"His face is fair as heaven,  
When springing buds unfold;  
Oh! why to him was't given,  
Whose heart is wintry cold?  
His breast is Love's all-worshipt tomb,  
Where all Love's pilgrims come."

Well, though never locked up, Blake must certainly be called mad on any modern definition. He saw visions; aye, and has left us graphic portraits of men and women who appeared to him—as, for instance, David and Bathsheba, Cœur de Lion, Edward I., Wallace, Wat Tyler, "the Man who built the Pyramids." Angels he believed that he saw, and fairies, and often turned aside in the street to avoid jostling some spectre of the past. And what would Dr. Winslow say of the evidence given in his biographer's words? "At the end of the little garden, in Hercules' Buildings, there was a summer-house. Mr. Butts, calling one day, found Mr. and Mrs. Blake sitting in this summer-house, freed from 'those troublesome disguises' which have prevailed since the fall. 'Come in,' cried Blake; 'it's only Adam and Eve, you know!' Husband and wife had been reciting passages from *Paradise Lost* in character, and the garden of Hercules' Buildings had to represent the Garden of Eden." Mr. Gilchrist, with the usual zeal of a biographer, contends that Blake was not mad. Of course, this is entirely a question of terms. If, when the general opinion attributes insanity to a man of genius, his biographers, instead of acting as counsel for the defence, would attempt an accurate definition of the limits of his sanity, we might, in time, learn something in regard to the relations between genius and madness. There is a certain superstitious awe of lunacy, which causes

most of us to shrink from any discussion of the subject; but if we were to recognize the fact that mania is a thing of degree, and that perfect sanity is probably as rare as perfect health, it would certainly assist us in estimating character. If this were the place for such speculations, important inferences might be drawn from the life and character of Mary Lamb. Although to the end of her life subject to recurrent attacks of mania, which gradually weakened her intellect, during her lucid intervals she was her brother's best friend. "I am a fool," he wrote, in 1805, to Miss Wordsworth, "bereft of her coöperation. I am used to look up to her in the least and biggest perplexities. . . . She is older, wiser, and better than I am."

Apart from his one great and enduring trial, the life of Charles Lamb was uneventful. He was very fortunate in his friends. Through Coleridge he became acquainted with Wordsworth and Southey; while, among other less known names, Manning, a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, was one of his most valuable associates. The humorist and mathematician understood each other well. In both there was what may be called a *tangency* of disposition. Elia, fettered to his clerical routine, indulged this propensity in the far-traveling fantasies of the immortal essays. Manning, after long revolution in the unvaried circle of Cambridge tuition, flew off at a tangent to China, with intent to produce a lexicon of its language—a design never fulfilled. It would have been pleasant to have had some specimens of Manning's share in the long and cordial correspondence which took place between them. We sometimes think that Lamb's play of fancy is freer in his letters to the mathematician than in any others. Those which he wrote to him when in China are very choice; his friend's strange remoteness aroused his lively imagination. Thus he writes:

"It is New Year here. That is, it was New Year half a year back, when I was writing this. Nothing puzzles me more than time and space, and yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think of them. The Persian ambassador is the principal thing talked of now. I sent some people to see him worship



the sun, on Primrose Hill, at half-past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct in Persia. The Persian ambassador's name is Shaw Ali Mirza. The common people call him Shaw nonsense."

Most delightful of these letters is the one of December 25th, 1815, from which afterward was developed the essay on "Distant Correspondents."

"This is Christmas day, 1815, with us; what it may be with you, I don't know—the 12th of June next year, perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savory grand, Norfolkian holocaust, that smokes all round my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped Missionary or two may keep up the idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? —'tis our rosy-cheeked home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of 'Unto us a child is born,' faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery."

Afterward come some "improbable romantic fictions, fitting the remoteness of the mission" the letter went upon:

"St. Paul's church is a heap of ruins; the Monument isn't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down, which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither; and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-hing-tong should be spelt with a — or a —. For aught I see, you had almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Struldbrug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face; all your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness, as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which after all is, I believe, the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler."

"Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or

two before. Poor Col., but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic poem on the 'Wanderings of Cain,' in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics and divinity; but very few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. . . . I suppose you heard that I had left the India House, and gone into the Fishmongers' Almshouses, over the bridge."

Manning was then supposed either to have started for home, or to be just on the point of doing so; and Lamb, on the day after writing this letter of fiction to Canton, wrote a letter of fact to St. Helena. Not *all* fact, certainly, for he says, "This very night, I am going to leave off tobacco! Surely there must be some other world, in which this unconquerable purpose shall be realized." It was a year of startling events, this same 1815; Napoleon escaping from Elba, landed in France on the first day of March. The noon of summer saw Waterloo's "loud sabbath"—

"A day of onsets of despair:"

and in October the fierce Eagle of France was fettered for life in his island prison. Charles Lamb writes, characteristically: "Have you recovered the breathless stone-staring astonishment into which you must have been thrown, upon learning at landing that an Emperor of France was living at St. Helena? What an event in the solitude of the seas? like finding a fish's bone at the top of Plinlimmon; but these things are nothing in our western world. Novelties cease to affect. Come and try what your presence can."

Lamb's early love for Alice W. has been thought a mere freak of his imagination. Mr. Procter styles it an "apocryphal attachment" (a phrase Lamb would have called *vile*), and, rather to our surprise, deems it "inexpressibly unimportant" whether there was or was not any such person. That the passion was real, is clear; nor would Lamb without it have reached those depths of tenderness, devoid of all sentimental affectations, which were familiar to his thought. It refined his spirit and made him a chivalrous lover of all women, since he had lost the only one whom he could supremely love. To Manning, in 1803,

he sent the delightful poem on the death of Hester Savory—"a young Quaker you may have heard me speak of as being in love with for some years while I lived at Pentonville, though I had never spoken to her in my life." The last stanza is very felicitous:

"My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet as heretofore,  
Some summer morning—

"When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that will not go away,  
A sweet forewarning!"

Perhaps Mr. Tennyson was thinking of this, when he invoked the spirit of his lost friend:

"Come! not in watches of the night,  
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm;  
Come, beauteous in thine after-form,  
And like a finer light in light."

Both in his poetry and his prose there is evidence that Charles Lamb *had loved*; without which experience no nature can be freely developed—no man or woman can attain self-knowledge. Every way,

"Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

The quaint turns of thought which surprise and delight lovers of Lamb were as common to his conversation as to his letters and essays. Hazlitt dated his first attraction toward close intimacy with him from a day when Holcroft and Coleridge were arguing which was best, "Man as he was, or man as he is to be." "Give me," exclaimed Lamb, "man as he is *not* to be." Through Hazlitt he was introduced to the *London Magazine*, a periodical whose career was remarkable for many things—not the least being the appearance of Elia in its pages. There Tom Hood first tried his powers; there the Opium Eater published his marvellous dreamy confessions; there Hazlitt's "Table Talk" delighted thoughtful readers; there Carlyle, Cary (of Dante), Allan Cunningham, Keats, Julius Hare, Savage Landor, Hartley Coleridge, wrote more or less. The magazine had two points of unpleasant notoriety. Its first editor, John Scott, was killed in a duel provoked by

himself, the first cause being some personalities in *Blackwood*; and it had as a contributor the infamous Wainwright, who mingled the coxcomb with the murderer, in a way theretofore unknown among men. Although there was more genius in the *London Magazine* than in almost any other of its time, it did not become a power in literature. To this end, it is needful that a magazine or review should have a definite political and literary creed, and should be edited by a man of sufficient intellectual strength to give it a character, the reflex of his own.

Mr. Procter's personal recollections of Lamb add nothing new to our knowledge of him, but are valuable as confirming the opinion already formed of his character. His word-portrait of him is picturesque, and deserves quotation:

"Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time (seven-and-forty years ago) might, by extending their walk a few yards into Russell-street, have noted a small spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning and returned every afternoon, and regularly as the hands of the clock moved toward certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress, which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes; and he walked with a short resolute step, City-wards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, and yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass him by without recollecting his countenance; it was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterward; it gave rise to meditation, and did you good. This small, half-clerical man was Charles Lamb."

As companions to this graphic sketch, Mr. Procter furnishes engravings from three portraits of Lamb, by Hazlitt, Cary, and Meyer. They are evidently taken at three very different ages, but the dates are unfortunately not given.

Mr. Fitzgerald, whose book is a desultory but very readable essay on Lamb, gives as a frontispiece a full-length portrait, extremely unflattering, sketched on copper, by Brook Pulham, in 1825. Hazlitt's portrait is the youngest, and is very full of character, though it does not reflect our ideal of Lamb; in Cary's

we seem to see him after years of a life never free from one sad anxiety; while Meyer's shows a calmer brow, as if a still longer lapse of time had brought more strength to endure. Cary's portrait of Miss Lamb has the placid and intelligent beauty of a serene age; and indeed her life, when her mind had its equipoise, possessed a beautiful serenity.

Miss Emma Isola, an orphan with whom Lamb and his sister made acquaintance when she was at school at Cambridge, became in time almost their adopted child. His loving temperament needed some outlet for the paternal feeling. How great that need may be seen from the beautiful reverie on "Dream Children," with its pathetic ending, when the visionary girl and boy seem to tell him, though without speech, "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name." So far as might be, Lamb's need was satisfied by his adopted daughter. She became his "only walk-companion;" her "mirthful spirits" were the youth of the house. By-and-by she married Mr. Edward Moxon, publisher and poet, whose acquaintance had been made at Enfield in 1824. Mr. Moxon's sonnets to his bride, though Mr. Fitzgerald calls them "rather Della Cruscan," possessed much delicacy and beauty. Doubtless it was not without sorrow that Charles Lamb parted with his almost daughter; but with playful irony he substituted smiles

for tears, as in the following letter, which refers to the gift of a watch by Mr. Moxon:

"For God's sake give Emma no more watches; *one* has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment-hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you, 'Pray, sir, can you tell me what's o'clock?' and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking to see what the time is. I overheard her whispering, 'Just so many hours, minutes, etc., to Tuesday; I think St. George's goes too slow.' This little present of time! Why, 'tis Eternity to her!

"What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch?

"She has spoiled some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has erased away *half-past twelve*, which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

"Well, 'if you love me, love my watch,' she answers. She will keep time to you. 'It goes right by the Horse Guards.'

At the beginning of 1825, after about thirty-two years of service, Charles Lamb left the India House with a retiring pension of £440 a year. Much had he desired that leisure, which, of course, when attained, did not delight him so much as he expected. In a well-known sonnet he attributes the invention of "work" to "Sabbathless Satan," and deems the worst of all forms of work—

"That dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

And how joyous his belief in the luxury of leisure, as expressed in the companion sonnet:

"They talk of time, and of time's galling yoke,  
That, like a millstone, on man's mind doth press,  
Which only works and business can redress;  
Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,  
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.  
But might I, fed with silent meditation,  
Assailed live from that fiend Occupation—  
*Improbis Labor*, which my spirits hath broke—

"I'd drink of time's rich cup, and never surfeit;  
Fling in more days than went to make the gem,  
That crowned the white top of Methusalem;  
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,  
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,  
The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity."

But to be enjoyingly idle requires a long apprenticeship. It has been somewhere written by Landor:

"O Idleness! enchanting Idleness!  
The more we have of thee, the more we love thee."

This, doubtless, is true; but it is equally true that the less idleness we have, the less capable are we of enjoying our leisure; and in these days of rapid life, who can be idle? Probably the tedious desk drudgery of which Lamb complained is most fatal to the enjoyment of leisure, for it turns a man into a machine, extinguishing as far as possible the apprehensive forgetive faculties.

To be freed from the yoke at the age of fifty was, however, Lamb's well-merited guerdon; and, if he had permitted his humorous faculty to work in new fields of literature, he would probably have been happier. And, although the exquisite delight depicted in *The Superannuated Man* was not to be realized, his occasional complaints to his correspondents are to be taken *cum grano*. How he revels in his lengthened span of life, logically proveable! "I have lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. . . . My next ten years, if I stretch so far, will be so long as any preceding thirty; 'tis a fair rule-of-three sum." And he writes to Wordsworth: "I came home FOREVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. . . . Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays." To Bernard Barton he is pleasant about the loss of the official stationery often made immortal by his unofficial letters. We believe there are even now novelists, journalists, essayists in government offices who use the national supplies to instruct or amuse the nation. "All the time I was at the East India House I never mended a pen; I now cut 'em to the stumps, marring rather than mending the primitive goose quill. I cannot bear to pay for articles I used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with

him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing." By the way, is not the substitution of the steel pen for the gray goose-quill one reason why there are now no essayists? Certes, with no steel pen could *Elia* have been written.

Bernard Barton, a minor minstrel of the Society of Friends, a bank clerk at Woodbridge, received from Lamb a series of letters, very rich in thought. As Mr. Procter remarks, he treated him somewhat as a disciple, most other of his correspondents being men in their own way his equals. The sound sense which underlies Charles Lamb's humor is shown in a letter to Barton, who proposed to exchange clerkship for literature:

"Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! ! !

"Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you had but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. . . . Oh! you know not, may you never know, the miseries of subsisting by authorship. . . .

"Henceforth, I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment; look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that makes me live. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious."

Mr. Barton seems to have been troubled with a desire to live by authorship, as there is a letter to him from Byron, ten years earlier, containing similar advice. "Do not renounce writing," the poet says, "*but never trust entirely to authorship.*" We fear the poetic Quaker would have found it a poor reliance, especially as the Society of Friends have always been rather dubious as to the propriety of any composition arranged in lines with capital letters at the beginning and rhymes at the end. It savors of a sophistication alien from their primitive simplicity.

With that same sound sense already



claimed for Lamb, we find him reasoning at intervals with Coleridge in reference to those mental tendencies which rendered his career eccentric. Thus he writes, very soon after his own great disaster:

"I grieve from my very soul to observe you in your plans of life veering about from this hope to the other, and settling nowhere. Is it an untoward fatality (speaking humanly) that does this for you—a stubborn, irresistible concurrence of events? or lies the fault, as I fear it does, in your own mind? You seem always to be taking up splendid schemes of fortune only to lay them down again."

And how whimsically, yet wisely, does Lamb parody his friend's marvelously subtle speculations in an exquisite letter to Southey:

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to the eternal regret of his native Devonshire, emigrates to Westphalia. 'Poor Lamb' (these were his last words), 'if he wants any *knowledge* he may apply to me.' In ordinary cases I thanked him. I have an encyclopædia at hand, but on such an occasion as going over to a German university, I could not refrain from sending him the following propositions, to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Göttingen:

"THESES QUÆDAM THEOLOGICÆ.

"I. Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?

"II. Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would*?

"III. Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather belonging to that class of qualities which the schoolmen term "*virtutes minus splendide, et hominis et terræ nimis participes*?"

"IV. Whether the seraphim ardentes do not manifest their goodness by way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a sub-celestial and merely human virtue?

"V. Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever *enfer*?

"VI. Whether pure intelligences can love, or whether they can love anything besides pure intellect?

"VII. Whether the beatific vision be anything more or less than a perpetual representation to each individual angel of his own present attainments and future capabilities, something in the manner of mortal looking-glasses?

"VIII. Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?"

"Samuel Taylor hath not deigned an answer. Was it impertinent of me to avail myself of that offered source of knowledge?"

Coleridge, who (æt. 26) possessed a fair amount of conceit, and probably ranked himself equal to the "higher order of seraphim illuminati," is pleasantly hit off in these questions, specially the fifth and seventh. Perhaps the third was a delicate reference to his cool appropriation of books, his doctrine being that a man's right to a book was proportionate to his capacity of understanding it.

And, when Manning's restless spirit urged him to oriental travel, there is much sound sense involved in Lamb's exquisitely humorous dissuasive:

"Some say they [the Tartars] are cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan, and the ring, and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things; 'tis all the poet's *invention*; but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer says, I would *up* behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk away to Prester John's country. But these are all tales; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds. The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and *cure* yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought *originally*). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. *Shave the upper lip*. Go about like a European. Read no books of voyages (they are all lies), only now and then a romance to keep the fancy *under*. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin*."

Afterward he adds: "'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound." Sidney Smith's treatment of the same subject—his "cold clergyman on the sideboard," and "I hope you'll disagree with the man that eats you"—will at once be recollected.

It is a commonplace that we have only of late years discovered the beauty of scenery. Charles Lamb, poet of the city, typical Londoner, shows nowhere in poem or essay that thorough

appreciation of it which Wordsworth has taught us. The nearest approach thereto is in his tragedy of "John

Woodvil," in Simon's reply to the question: "What sports do you use in the forest?"

"Not many; some few, as thus: •  
To see the sun to bed, and to arise,  
Like some hot amonist with glowing eyes,  
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,  
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.  
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,  
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,  
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep  
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.  
Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,  
Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,  
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,  
Go eddying round; and small birds, how they fare,  
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn  
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn;  
And how the woods berries and worms provide  
Without their pains, when earth has naught beside  
To answer their small wants.  
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,  
Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why,  
Like bashful youngers in society.  
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,  
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be."

But this, with its quaint Elizabethan tone, is altogether sophisticated. It seems absurd to a generation taught by Wordsworth to look nature full in the face. That most beautiful essay of Elia on "Blakesmore in H—shire," takes us to no wilder scenes than the "costly fruit-garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising backward from the house in triple terraces . . . the fiery wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon, with that antique figure in the centre, god or goddess I wist not." Only when the Londoner for once beheld nature in her nobler forms, visiting Coleridge in Cumberland, his imagination was stimulated. "You cannot conceive," he writes to Manning, "the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*." Coleridge was living "upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep." "Such an impression," Lamb proceeds, "I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose

that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, etc. And all looking out upon the last fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night!" In this characteristic haunt of the poet who sang of

"Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,  
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent,"

Lamb and his sister stayed three weeks; and he confesses that he came to believe that "there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before." He climbed Skiddaw: he waded up the rugged bed of Lodore. His exclamation from Skiddaw's summit is as fine in its way as Wordsworth's sonnet on the hill,

"Which shrouds  
His double front among Atlantic clouds!"

"Oh! its fine black head, and the bleak air

atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life."

If Charles Lamb had been among mountains in his childhood, instead of in the Temple of Christ's Hospital, he might perhaps have shown that there was something in Talfourd's opinion about the many points of resemblance between him and Professor Wilson. But the one was a student born, the other a born athlete—whence a definite dissimilitude.

Lamb was drawn to the drama by his Elizabethan studies, and by the fact that in his youth it was still a strong element in London life. He had no dramatic faculty. He could paint a character, but not call it into action. Besides "John Woodvil," he wrote a farce, entitled "Mr. H—." It is a pleas-

ant whim, but bodiless; a mere phantom of a farce; but the eager anticipations which preceded it, and the delightful way in which its utter failure was taken, cause a pleasant episode in Lamb's life. So completely was the author, sitting in the front of the pit, carried away by the displeasure of the audience, that he hissed as loudly as anybody. And he was not qualified to be a story-teller; in these days, when there is a cataclysm of three-volume novels; he would have been puzzled what to do. "Rosamond Gray" is, as Mr. Procter says, "very daintily told; a virgin nymph, born of a lily [surely this is a sweet style of criticism], could not have unfolded her thoughts more delicately." Lamb was only twenty-three when he wrote it, and there is something in it akin to the "Endymion" of Keats. It might, indeed, be described in a phrase from that poem as

"A bunch of blooming plums  
Ready to melt between an infant's gums."

But as essayist and humorist—sometimes even as poet—Lamb produced what rather resembled

"Brown filberts fine,  
Which sound teeth crack, sound palates taste with wine."

As converser and stimulator of witty, scholarly converse, Lamb was unapproachable. The anecdotes recorded of him show that his conversations of wit were not mere fireworks, let off abruptly, but falling stars, generated by the atmosphere of the night. Hence many of the best of his jokes read ruggedly, torn away from the circumstances which produced them. But when he remarks, in reference to some eccentric person, that "he seems to have tired out his guardian angel," you "agnize" the spirit of Elia. Mr. Procter has spoilt the story of the *naïve* lady who said of somebody, "I know him, *bless* him!" "I don't," said Lamb, "but — him, at a venture." His remark about L. E. L.—that she ought to be locked up and kept on bread and water till she gave up writing poetry—might be applied to a good many female novelists of this later time. And his "imperfect sympathy" with Scotchmen is observable in his condemning them to "fire *without* brim-

stone" in the next world, while his real sympathy with all humanity is admirably conveyed in the following: "I *hate* So-and-so," he once said. "Why, you have never seen him," was the surprised reply. "No," said Lamb, "certainly not; I could not hate any man I had once seen."

Among his poems, the "Farewell to Tobacco," with its strong antitheses and sudden transitions—

"Roses, violets, but toys  
For the smaller sort of boys,  
Or for greener damsels meant;  
Thou art the only manly scent.  
Stinking'st of the stinking kind,  
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!"—

is one of the most characteristic. In a similar vein does he rail at musical men:

"Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,  
Just as the whim bites; for my part,  
I do not care a farthing candle  
For either of them, or for Handel."

But the ballad of "Youth and Age,"

and especially the "Old Familiar Faces," while curiously antique in their style, have a depth of natural pathos

which shows that they are the poet's involuntary utterances:

"I have had playmates, I have had companions  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

In this there is the true "lyrical cry."

Charles Lamb died in 1834, at the age of 59—"the same age as Cromwell," says Mr. Procter, "between whom and himself there was, of course, no other similitude." The remark is obvious. But Mr. Procter sometimes says things rather more important, and here is one: "It should not be forgotten that Lamb possessed one great advantage. He lived and died among *his equals*. This was what enabled him to exercise his natural strength as neither a parasite nor a patron can." It should also not be forgotten that Lamb dwelt among his equals from choice. Although a thoroughly modest man, he was not unconscious of his own genius,

and he was keen-sighted enough to see that there was nothing to be gained (though much to be lost) by aspiring to society above his own. He deliberately preferred an old folio to a fine gentleman; the parlor of the Salutation tavern with Coleridge to any elegant trivial drawing-room; the genial to the genteel. He was preëminently human, and detested all the fopperies and elegancies which dehumanize a man. The great burthen of his life we have seen; the great felicity of his life was that, among *his equals*, he found friends so like himself, yet so different, true lovers of literature, men who thought for themselves, intellects that aided the development of his own.

• Saturday Review.

ARABIC POETRY IN SPAIN AND SICILY.\*

PERHAPS the most interesting period of Arabic history and literature, and the one which has most directly influenced European culture, belongs to the time of the Moorish possession of Spain. It is well known how the almost demoniacal power which, in scarcely two generations after Mohammed, had carried his flag from the Chinese mountains to the Atlantic began to collapse shortly after these gigantic conquests were achieved. The Empire of the Chalifs, more colossal than either the Roman Empire before or the Mongolian after it, broke down almost simultaneously at its two extreme ends. While in the far-away East, in the hollows of Paropamisus, the primeval banner of Iran was lifted up anew by the Tahirites, the Sheikhs of "Andalus," as all Spain was called, refused to

be ruled any longer by the arbitrary governors sent to them from distant Arabia. At the same time, a change of dynasty took place in the heart of the Empire—a change sealed by one of the most dastardly massacres known even in Eastern history. Abu'l Abbas, the first of the new Abbasside rulers, not satisfied with having completely superseded the Omayyads, resolved to stamp them out even to their last trace. Abdallah, the Governor of Damascus, received the order to invite all the scions of the unhappy house of Omayyas to a feast of reconciliation and good-will. At that feast, the recital of an appropriate poem having given the signal, they were all, about ninety in number, suddenly fallen upon and murdered. Carpets were drawn over the dying victims, and louder waxed the revel while the hall swam in their blood. Nor did this hecatomb satisfy the enthusiasts of the new era. The royal tombs were opened, and their ashes were given to the winds.

\* *Poesie und Kunst der Araber in Spanien und Sicilien*. Von A. F. von Schack. Berlin: Hertz.



But the star of the Omayyads that had gone down in the East shone forth anew in the West. Abdarrahan, a grandson of Hisham, had escaped. Of his many and strange adventures during his flight the Arab legend sings and says. At last, in the depths of the African desert, the Andalusian Sheikhs discovered him, and offered him the crown of Spain. In August, 755, he crossed the Straits, and was received in triumph by his new lieges. What internal and external foes there were, he swiftly subdued, and when Roland had broken his good sword Durenda at Ronceval, and the forlorn wails of his horn had died away, the last danger that threatened the independence of the realm seemed passed for ever. Soon the new Empire began to outshine all contemporary Europe in power and glory. Cordova, the city chosen as the capital by Abdarrahan, became the crown of Europe. The fame of its greatness and splendor, its hundreds of thousands of marble houses, its three thousand mosques, its twenty-eight suburbs, all thronged with the richest and happiest population under the sun, spread to the end of the world—even to the convent of Gandersheim in Saxony, to Hroswitha the poetess. In the midst of her lay of the martyrdom of St. Pelagius, she bursts forth into a rhapsody about this heathen city, "the brightest splendor of the world."

If the Abbassides made Bagdad "the Athens of the East," the Omayyads made Cordova the centre of all the science and art of the West. Apart from the capital, schools and academies arose through the length and the breadth of the Peninsula, and students from all parts of the world came to sit at the feet of the great masters of philosophy, mathematics, history, medicine, and the rest, who had taken up their abode in that blissful land. The literature that sprang up from such an almost unprecedented movement of mind was enormous. No less than four hundred thousand books, mostly the works of Spanish authors, are recorded to have formed the library of Haken, one of the later Omayyads, when it was partly destroyed by the Berbers. Six months were required to dispose of those literary treasures that had not perished in the assault.

Yet while all branches of literature seem to have been cultivated with nearly equal assiduity and genius, the centre and flower of all was poetry. Abdarrahan I. himself cultivated the art of song. His stanzas to the palm-tree—which, it is said, he was first to introduce into Europe, "the land of his exile"—are full of melody and feeling. In the course of centuries the guild of Moorish singers grew to such an extent that the mere names of the most renowned among them would fill volumes. It had in fact come to this, that from the highest to the lowest in the land everybody more or less spoke the language of poetry. Al-Kazwini mentions some place where every peasant possessed the talent of improvisation, and a work still in existence treats specially of the poetically gifted kings and nobles of Andalusia. The women in the harems, the officials at their desks, the chroniclers in the bewildering midst of their dates and names, the merchants in their business correspondences—all introduced some poetical scrap or other in their spoken or written speech, if they did not indeed burst out into an independent stanza or two. Poetry was the all-pervading element, without which there seemed to be neither light nor life for these Moors. Nor was it to be feared that the literature of Spain should become one-sided and mannered, or its language corrupted by provincialisms, as would have been the case had there been no living contact with the lands of the East, where the well of Arabic flowed pure and undefiled. Not more surely do the literary productions of our day fly from one corner of civilization to the other than did those works of learning or poetry which had seen the light at the foot of the Sierra Morena or in the valleys of the Indian Caucasus reach the extreme ends of the Islamic dominions, carried thither by pious pilgrims or well-equipped caravans.

We have on a former occasion endeavored to indicate the peculiar character and tone of the poetry before Mohammed, as principally represented in the *Kasida*, the true offspring of the desert. Wild, vague, monotonous, but emphatically tender and passionate, it almost invariably commences with a plaint for the lost love whose tent had been bro-

ken up and carried away during the night, then lovingly dwells upon the revenge to be taken by the aid of the swiftest of camels, most valiant of swords, and furthest-reaching of lances, and concludes with maxims of wisdom, expressive of the fleeting nature of life which comes and goes like a dwelling in the desert, while the skies are eternal and the stars will rise and set for ever and ever. Well adapted as were these and similar strains for Bedouins, they began to assume a strange incongruousness when these same roving shepherds and robbers had become the kings of the world, dwelling in marble palaces which lay by cool streams, in palm and orange groves. When, therefore, the poets, living in the midst of the most refined and luxurious society of the Europe of the day, regardless of altered circumstances, kept on singing in the orthodox strains of the primitive Mualakat or Hamasa, they were swiftly reminded of the reality of things. The "oft-wept ruins of Chaula's dwelling-place in the yellow sands," Ibn Bessan, a writer of the period, declares to have become rather oppressive. Nor does he believe that much effect will be given to the too frequent summons, "Hefe let us halt, O friends, that we may weep." And as regards the question, "Is this the trace of Umm Aufa?" nobody really could imagine, he says, that the busy winds would have kept the traces of that young lady intact for these many centuries. On the other hand, he suggests that there may be some poetical fields yet unexplored by the ancients, many a graceful thought and pleasing image that belongs to present springs and summers, preferable perhaps even to those strains which seemed universally accepted chiefly because their authors were long dead and gone. And, slowly but surely, a change did come over Andalusian poetry. Piously embodying many of the old traditions of Bedouin thoughts and smiles, there was yet a newness of sentiment, a sweet melodiousness, and an almost modern variety pervading it which had been utterly unknown to the olden days. The former passionate outbursts in praise of nature, of love, of hatred, of arms, of animals, become chastened and softened. In the religious strains of

this period there is, together with a fervor which at times verges on fanaticism, also perceptible that vague undefinable yearning after the Infinite which is almost a trait of our own day. The elegies and the drinking-songs of those times, their love-strains and their epigrams, are all more or less characteristic of the change. They sing, as was never sung in Arabic before, of nightly boatings by torchlight, of the moon's rays trembling on the waves, of sweet meetings in the depths of rose-gardens, of the Pleiades, of the young cup-bearer, of the King's prowess and generosity, of Spain's glorious cities and rivers, mosques and villas, statuettes and vases, and of the far-away burning desert whence their fathers came. The most successful of these poetical compositions are generally the brief songs which embody the inspiration of the moment. The longer poems lack, to our Western minds, that unity of plan and execution to which classical models have accustomed us. It is surprising how the Arabs—to whom and to the Jews we owe the preservation of the great bulk of antique philosophy and science—should not have profited aught from Greek and Roman poets, with whose works they must surely have come in contact. Their ignorance of them is indeed surprising. Ibn Chaldun, that most learned and accomplished *littérateur*, mentions, in support of his assertion that the Persians and Greeks too had great poets, the fact of Aristotle praising Homer, whom he himself only knew from hearsay. Ibn Roshd, the great philosopher's, notion of Greek literature may be gathered from the fact that he defines Tragedy as "the art of approving," and Comedy as "the art of blaming."

And here we are led to a highly intricate question to which attention has repeatedly been drawn of late—namely, the influence of the East and its literature, oral or otherwise, upon mediæval European literature. Arthur and his whole Round Table have been traced to the Persian legends of the Court of Kai Khosru or Nushirwan; the prototype of the Graal is found in the cup of Djemjid; and whether or not these and similar strikingly parallel sagas have arisen independently of each other,

there can be no doubt about many of the choicest gems of European folk-lore being originally Arabic. Yet nothing can be more absurd than the notions which contemporaneous Europe held about Moorish Spain. Mohammed is to Turpin a golden idol, guarded by demons, to whom human sacrifices are offered at Cadiz. The old French "*Roman de Mahomet*" represents him as a baron surrounded by his vassals, possessing the choicest forests, orchards, rivers, and meadows—in the neighborhood of Mecca! Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Minnesinger of Wartburg memory, relates how one Flegetanis, who knew the coming and going of the stars and their dread influence upon man, had first written the story of the Graal in heathen (Arabic) characters. Gerbert, afterward Pope Sylvester II., who had studied in Seville, became the hero of a mythic cycle. He had learned from the Mohammedans what the flight and the singing of the birds betokened, how the dead were to be raised, and where lay the hidden treasures of the earth. Very differently, however, matters stood in the country itself, where, especially toward the end of the Arabic rule, a close connection between Arabs and Christians and their respective civilizations arose—at first in the North—chiefly through the influence of the "*Mozarabic*" Christians and the Jews. It was the latter principally who, under the auspices of the Arabic dominion, not only produced a brilliant philosophical, astronomical, grammatical, and poetical literature of their own, but also acted as the chief mediators between the antique and the modern, the Eastern and Western, civilization. It is, above all, Toledo which, after its capture by Alphonso IV., became the centre of Orient and Occident, and which therefore figures in the books of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as the seat of necromancy and magic arts. It was there that young Germans learned the black art under Cæsarius of Heisterbach; there Gherardo of Cremona, Michael Scott, and a host of others, subsequently suspected of all manners of devil's lore, went to study Avicenna, Averroës, and Aristotle done into Arabic. Arabic learning became the common property of the learned world, even as

Arabic poetry had long been the common and cherished property of the non-Mohammedan people of Spain, Provence, and even Italy, and remained so down to the terrible fall of Granada—a fall ever to be wept over in the history of Spain, if not of humanity.

Whether, however, Arabic influence on the contents and form of the romance poetry of Spain, such as we know it, was quite as direct as the author of the work before us thinks—whether, in particular, the two most popular stanzas of Spanish-Arabic poetry, the "*Muwashsha*" and the "*Zadshal*," were grafted, unchanged almost, upon Spanish and Provencal poetry—we shall not here discuss. But there can be no doubt of the existence of most striking reminiscences of Arabic poetry in Perez de Hita's historical romance of the civil wars of Granada, in the cycle of the Cid, and in the different *Cancioneros*, however similar or dissimilar their metres and the arrangement of their rhymes. Nor is its influence less apparent in early Italian poetry. Jacopo da Todi uses the same form for his Christian hymns which the Arabs used for the praise of Allah. Not a few of the "*canzone*," "*canzonette*," and even the "*ballatas*" of Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, exhibit peculiarities of rhyme and metre belonging to the favorite Arabic lyrics.

Next to Spain, Sicily, which had been subdued by the Arabs after hard and protracted fights at the beginning of the ninth century, claims our attention. But not before the middle of the tenth century, when Palermo became the seat of the Fatimide Governors, do the fruits of the enlightened Moorish rule become apparent. It was then first that over the plains which in mythical times had listened to Daphne's shepherd songs, and which afterward echoed the verses of Stesichoros, Theocritos, and Bion, Semitic poetry lifted up its voice. Grave Emirs who had never heard of the name of *Æschylus* rejoiced in panegyrical *Kasidas* in the same groves where formerly Prometheus or the Oresteia had moved Hellenic hearts, and where Theon of Akragas and his white team, victorious in the hot race, had been immortalized by Pindar himself. The golden days of Hiero of Syracuse seemed

to have arisen once more, and the voice of song was heard in the palace and in the fields. Even when the Moslem power was broken, Roger and his Norman knights tried to perpetuate the culture of the conquered race. Their arts and sciences, their manners and customs, became the coveted inheritance of the conquerors. The kings of the House of Hauteville copied their pageants and the ceremonial of their whole royal household from the Arabs. Arabic were their coins, Arabic was their era, Arabic, nay Koranic, the mottoes and devices which they publicly adopted. Their palaces were not inaugurated in the name of the Trinity, but in that of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate. William the Good was, outwardly at least, much more of a Mohammedan than a Christian; and of Roger of Sicily, Monk Eadmer, his contemporary, relates that he never allowed a Moslem to embrace Christianity—"from what reason I knew not, but God will judge him." Regarding Sicilian poetry, there is nothing specially characteristic in what has remained to distinguish it from the Spanish poetry of which we have spoken; except perhaps that to us, upon whom classical reminiscences would come crowding at every step, the utter absence of the slightest allusion to Proserpina, to Polyphemus, to Arethusa, and the rest, is somewhat strange, as strange as the constant allusions to gazelles and camels in Sicily, which never harbored any. There is, however, one unmistakable trait in most of these songs—namely, a certain voluptuous softness, which seems indigenous to the island itself.

Of these and other topics connected with the Arabic rule in Europe the work before us pleasantly, though somewhat too rapturously, discourses. Its chief merit, however, seems to us to lie in the translations of the poems with which it is richly studded. The whole history of Spanish-Arabic poetry has hitherto lain fallow, and this first attempt boldly to transplant some of its half-Eastern, half-Western, flowers into German soil deserves to be heartily encouraged. Herr Von Schnack has in many instances been peculiarly happy in the execution of his task. The whole tone and texture of these strange songs

is often reproduced with a faithfulness reminding us of Rückert himself. In the face of the copious modern literature on the subject, there seemed to be less occasion for the essays on Moorish art contained in the book, but they too give ample evidence of careful study, worthy of the author and his labor of love.

North British Review.

#### THE BENGAL FAMINE OF 1866.\*

LOWER BENGAL has three harvests—a rice crop which is cut in September, another rice crop which ripens in December, and a pulse crop which is ready in spring. The first of these grows only in damp localities; the third is a mere by-product of the year, yielding small returns; on the second the population chiefly depends for food. The rains of 1865, instead of continuing till October, ceased abruptly in August; and three fourths of the December harvest withered in the blade. Small farmers sent out their cattle to graze down, in a morning, the crops which were to have maintained their families during the ensuing twelve months; the village money-lenders put in motion the machinery of the law in fruitless efforts to recover their advances; landowners found it necessary to remit half their rents, and all felt that 1866 would be an anxious year for Lower Bengal. But while every one foresaw high prices, none anticipated general starvation; and the press hoped that, by timely measures, the evil might be kept below the point at which scarcity passes into famine. The swampy river-districts had reaped a plentiful crop in September, and the improved

\* *Three Unpublished Tours through the Famine Stricken Districts in 1866.*

*An Epitome of the Famine in Cuttack.* By GOPAL CHUNDER HALDAR. 8vo. Cuttack, 1866.

*Market Rates and Official Papers published by the Board of Revenue, Lower Provinces.* 1865, 1866.

*The Englishman.* A Calcutta Daily Paper. 1865, 1866.

*The Friend of India.* A Weekly Paper. 1865, 1866.

*The Som-Prakash.* A Bengali Paper. 1865, 1866.

*Selection of Papers from the Records in the East India House.* Folio. 1820.



means of communication with which British rule has intersected Bengal promised to relieve the necessities of the west by the superfluities of the east. There was food enough in the country, many thought, if it could only be fairly distributed. The laws of supply and demand would hold true in India, as in England. Grain would find its way from places where it was plentiful and cheap to places where it was scarce and dear, and the action of Government, so urged the public organs, ought to be confined to publishing weekly returns of the market rates in the various districts. Government accepted this advice. Every grain-merchant, by running his eye down the price-lists, learned where to buy rice at a low rate, and where to sell it at a high one. Instead of the corn-dealers taking fright and shutting up their shops, as at the commencement of previous famines, they carried on their operations more briskly than usual. The speculation proved a safe one. The returns were rapid. Capitalists of all degrees—landholders, money-lenders, produce-merchants, and village traders—embarked in the traffic, and a tide of importation set in from the east to the west, such as had never before been known in Bengal.

The chief seat of the trade was at Kooshtea, the terminus of the Eastern Bengal Railway, and the spot where it taps the network of rivers formed by the mouths of the Ganges and Brahmaputra. Four or five large steamers laden with grain came in every week. Each morning a fleet of rice-ships hove round the point, cumbrous high-sterned galleys lined the river-bank five deep, till at length the railway company had to have recourse to the Courts to stop native craft discharging on its lines and sidings.

While food thus poured in from the east, a counter current of population had steadily set from the opposite direction. No sooner did a steamer deposit its rice-bags on the wharf than it took on board a cargo of laborers who had come from the parched and overcrowded west to seek their fortunes in the sparsely peopled tea-districts on the north-eastern frontier. During the summer months these migrations had gone on at an unprecedented rate. Tea-

planters offered high wages to all comers, and 3820 adults had passed through Kooshtea eastward in a single month. At the same time, emigration to the Mauritius and the West Indian Islands proceeded briskly from Calcutta, and there seemed good reason to hope that, what with food coming into, and people going away from, the districts which had suffered most, the new year would be one of local scarcities rather than of famine. Measures, complete and effectual beyond precedent, had been adopted to meet the coming trial. Public notice of it had been given; Government had stimulated without interfering with the laws of supply and demand; rivers, roads and canals, not one of which had been projected in previous seasons of distress, were now at work day and night distributing the national stock of food, and nothing remained but to wait, with mingled hopes and misgivings, till the slow months should show whether the September harvests of the eastern districts would suffice for the whole of Lower Bengal.

The solution which this problem has received is such as no one who witnessed it can ever forget. Humane men will shrink from remembering the scenes of 1866, as they would from dwelling upon the opening pages of Boccaccio. It is right, however, that the measures by means of which the famine has been dealt with should be recorded, not only as precedents in case of a similar calamity, but also as a part of that solemn account which England has to render of her stewardship in India to the civilized world.

The retail price of rice in Lower Bengal seldom exceeds, in ordinary years, a halfpenny a pound. In a few thickly-peopled localities it is sometimes higher, but in secluded agricultural districts it is generally lower, and this sum may be fixed upon as a fair average for the whole. An unskilled adult laborer earns threepence a day if he finds work on the railways or under an English employer, and about twopence-halfpenny if under a native master. Hired laborers, however, form only a small proportion of the population. The classes who in this country would work for daily wages are in Bengal cottier farmers, holding from three to five acres, and en-

joying an income very little better, but still a little better, than the hired laborers. Those who have minutely studied the rural economy of India, estimate their crops as equivalent to a sum of ten shillings a month, or fourpence a day. Taking the hired workman and the cottier farmers together, the average wage of the laboring population of Bengal amounts to about threepence-farthing a day. This sum, although contemptible in the eyes of a Northumberland or even of a Wiltshire peasant, represents in ordinary times a fair amount of animal comfort in Lower Bengal. Twopence-halfpenny procures five pounds of solid rice, a quantity which amply suffices for the wants of the temperate Bengali and his family. Besides rice, hardly anything requires to be bought. Beef he never touches, and mutton or kid only once or twice a year, at family sacrifices. As a member of a village, he has generally some ancient, although disputed, right of fishing in the communal pond from which he irrigates his fields. His children pick the vegetables of common use in every damp hollow. His thatched roof furnishes an unfailing supply of pumpkins, and beyond these, what does he want? A little oil to polish his skin, a little salt and pepper to season his rice, and a single coarse cotton cloth to wrap round his waist. His dwelling, if he be a cottier farmer, goes along with his land; if he be a hired laborer, the rent seldom exceeds a shilling a year, and that sum he is seldom able to pay. Household furniture costs him nothing. As the national mode of sitting is to squat on the heels, he is ignorant of the use of a chair, and to many wealthy and well-born Bengalis, a table is still a dangerous innovation, which means more than appears on the surface. He sleeps on the ground, or on a reed mat. The cloth that serves him by day serves him also by night, the only change being that it is unrolled from the waist and spread out so as to cover the whole body. A single vase and platter, made of a cheap alloy, with a few unglazed earthen cooking-pots, two of which go to a farthing, are sufficient furnishings for a numerous household. A large-leaved tree supplies him with platea. If his wife keeps a cow which pastures free with the village

herd in the jungle, he is a well-to-do man; but such luxuries are for the few. At hamlet festivals, the only form of religion he is acquainted with, his richer neighbors expect nothing from him but his bodily strength, and this he gives with pleasure. He may be seen helping to put up the swinging-pole, and violently deprecating the recent enactment which forbids the hook to be thrust into the flesh of the devotee, or tugging at the ropes of the sacred car, shouting with the loudest, and enjoying the procession as much as the corn-dealer who has supplied the new paint, the tinsel, and the drums.

Such is the poor Bengali in seasons of plenty; ever at home with nature, able to rear children on wages upon which the inhabitants of a less generous climate would starve, ignorant, contented, indifferent to the future, and with a keen relish for the little festivities which the year brings round. Seldom comparing himself with his betters, he seldom envies them. To be a craftsman, or to train his son to a craft, does not enter his mind, for his sole ambition is to live; and both he and his children will be beyond reach of starvation by the unskilled work of their hands, so long as rice does not much exceed a halfpenny a pound.

But before the first four months of 1866 had passed, rice had risen much higher than a halfpenny a pound. In some districts it was threepence, in many twopence, and throughout the famine it stood at more rather than less than three-halfpence. A penny-three-farthings a pound, or seven pounds for a shilling, represents, as nearly as the English denominations of money permit, the average price. A family of five persons can live, and the parents have strength to work, on four pounds of rice a day. On three pounds the family survives, but the parents soon become weak, and unable for manual labor. With less than three pounds among them, one or other of the members must die. Before the end of April three-pence-farthing could barely procure two pounds. The average earnings of the unskilled laborers and the cottier farmers, therefore, had become unable to keep an ordinary family of five persons alive.

The cottier found himself worse off in

one respect than the day-laborer. He depended on his crops to repay the seed advanced by the money-lender, and to support himself and his family during the coming year. His harvest had been in great part or altogether lost. Even if a fourth part had escaped, he did not receive four times the ordinary price for the remnant, importation from the East having lowered the local rates. The hired laborer could not make the day's wages provide a day's food; but the cottier, in addition to the present difficulty, was weighed down by previous debts. No one understands better than the modern Bengali landlord the evils of an excessive subdivision of his land. The arrears of rent in the spring of 1866 furnished him with a good pretext for doing what he had long been wishing to accomplish, and the first conspicuous effect of the famine was the ejection of a multitude of cottiers, who wandered hither and thither in search of work, and finally became fixtures in the relief depots.

The classes of which we have been speaking correspond to the unskilled day-laborers in England. The next rank above them consists of artisans, small shopkeepers, and substantial peasants, holding six acres or upward. The inferior craftsman in Bengal seldom earns less than sixpence, and an artisan of the better class never more than a shilling a day. The incomes of small shopkeepers and of the substantial peasants fluctuate between these sums, and the daily average earnings of the class, collectively, may be estimated at eightpence or ninepence. During the famine the price of rice stood pretty steadily at a penny-three-farthings a pound, and four pounds maintain an average family in good health. Even the lower order of artisans, therefore, were able, by working a little harder than usual, to procure at least their daily necessities, and the class, as a whole, was able to do something more.

These calculations have been made with a view to ascertaining the number of persons whose earnings were insufficient to keep them alive during the famine. To such estimates serious objections may be taken. It may be urged that it is useless to speak of the ordinary income of the substantial peasants,

for that income depends on their crops, and this year their crops had been destroyed. Many will remember that the class which practically suffered most, and which elicited the deepest sympathy, were not the hired laborers, but a very respectable order of artisans, the silk-weavers. It is clear, too, that the profits of small shopkeepers must have been seriously affected by the circumstance that a large portion of their customers had ceased to be able to buy their daily food. Districts may be cited, and conspicuously the province of Orissa, where rice remained during several months at threepence a pound. To the generality of such objections, the only answer is that a calculation of this nature refers not to individuals, but to classes, not to exceptional localities, but to the whole of the famine-stricken districts, and that our averages have been carefully struck from returns drawn up during the progress of the famine. One objection, indeed, deserves especial notice. The ordinary subsistence of the substantial peasants had wholly or in great part disappeared, but a source of income speedily developed, which enabled them to live through the scarcity—a source of income unknown in previous famines, and one which will form a subject of examination in the following pages.

Our averages apply to about three-quarters of Lower Bengal, and throughout that vast tract the whole of the unskilled laborers were unable to live by their earnings. The population of the famine-stricken districts has been variously stated; but the estimate which probably approximates most closely to the truth gives a total of twenty-seven millions. Of these the hired laborers and cottiers form not less than a third. At the end of April, therefore, there were nine million human beings, who, if things took their ordinary course, were liable to die off before the September harvest. During the famine of 1769-1770, the only calamity in Lower Bengal which bears comparison with the scarcity of 1866, six millions actually perished.

Fortunately, however, things were not allowed to take their ordinary course. At a very early period it was perceived that the intensity of the famine would depend not solely upon the price of grain, but also on the demand for labor. The

first circumstance lay beyond man's control; and when the national stock of food had been fairly distributed, and prices equalized, all had been done that could be done. But the second circumstance was more plastic. If employment could only be found for the people, it might be hoped that, by working harder, they would increase their earnings so as to mitigate the effect of, if not altogether to meet the enhanced prices. The husband had supported his household during seasons of plenty; if the wife now added her labor, the family might hold together till the September harvest. This project, although sound enough in theory, was beset with serious difficulties in the execution. For, in the first place, a national wage-fund just suffices to perform its natural office, that is, to employ the ordinary number of laborers in the country. Nor is the demand for labor in general susceptible of any sudden increase. In 1866, in order that the day laborers and the cottier class, which had now sunk into day-laborers, should be enabled to procure their ordinary food, the national wage-fund would require to be multiplied three-fold, for food had risen to three times its ordinary price; in order that the laboring population should survive at all, the effective demand for labor would require to be doubled. Even if capital could be diverted so suddenly, and to such an enormous extent, from its natural channels into a wage-fund, the question remained how to find reproductive employment for the multitude of new laborers. Besides, the same causes which had produced the famine had also destroyed a large portion of the national capital, and rendered moneyed men of all classes less able to employ labor. In previous scarcities, it had been found, as a matter of fact, that the demand for labor received a sudden check instead of a sudden increase; indeed, during the great famine of the last century, all who had money hoarded it, and industry of every kind ceased.

The years between that time and this, however, have brought great changes. Three different classes of capitalists who had no existence in 1769, came forward in unexpected force to mitigate the famine of 1866. First among them were the landed proprietors. In 1769 an opu-

lent gentry could nowhere be discovered in Lower Bengal. The English found two distinct sets of men in possession of the soil—needy courtiers, who having started as tax collectors of the land revenue, had acquired loosely-defined proprietary rights; and the ancient, but impoverished lords of the soil. In the eye of the law, the first class continued to be only tax-gatherers. Any appearance of wealth among them gave rise to suspicions that they were collecting more than they accounted for, and led to an increased demand. One and all of them pleaded poverty; indeed, a large portion of early Indian records consists of complaints that the percentage allowed for collection did not yield a living. The thrifty few who really saved money secreted it. Many of them were supposed to have immense hoards, but capital, in the proper sense of the term, none of them had. The state of the ancient princes of the country was much worse. Native historians relate how, a few centuries earlier, gold and silver utensils glittered at every great man's feast; but long before the British conquest this barbaric wealth had disappeared. During the troubled fifty years preceding the battle of Plassy, while the central power was slowly breaking up, many of the old families in Lower Bengal had fortified their mansions, levied black-mail on the surrounding towns, and even attacked the Royal revenue on its way to Moorshedabad. One of the most serious difficulties bequeathed to us by Mussulman misrule was a marauding gentry, and as late as 1800, an experienced judge recorded that the landowners were at the bottom of half the gang robberies in the province. A few of the noble houses, however, retained the shadow of their ancient state. Of these, the three most illustrious in the western districts, were the princes of Bardwan, of Bishenpore, and of Beerbhoom. The present Maharajah of Bardwan enjoys an income reputed to exceed the private revenues of the Queen of England, and administers his estates by means of a council that closely mimics the imperial assemblage which sits in the capital, with the Viceroy at its head. The earliest records in the Bardwan treasury date not many years after the famine of 1769-70. They disclose the Maharajah of that



period in pecuniary difficulties, unable to pay his taxes, and about to be made a prisoner in his own palace. The house of Bishenpore stood first among the Hindu nobility of Lower Bengal. Signs and portents, not less divine than the interposition which saved the infant Romulus, protected the boyhood of its founder. Its family-book narrates the adventures of fifty-seven lineal princes; the popular era of a large part of the country dates from its rise; and during eleven hundred years it had formed an impenetrable barrier between the hill-savages of the west and the rich valley of the Ganges. Even the Mussulman conquerors stood in awe of the great border house and contented themselves with a nominal tribute. The local official records open with the year 1788. They display the ancient palace in ruins, the furniture put up at public auction, and the prince, a venerable white-haired man, in the debtors' prison.

In 1600, two Afghan brothers seized on the Hindu principality of Beerbhoom; before the end of the century they had become, partly by force, partly by fraud, the most formidable Mussulman house between the newly proposed metropolis at Moorsshedabad and the western highlands. Sometimes their troops swelled the army of the Viceroy, sometimes they declared themselves independent of him. The most vigorous prince who ever sat on the State-cushion of Lower Bengal, when ordaining that all the feudatories should present themselves in person once a year at his court, found it expedient to make two exceptions. Of these the one was the Hindu house of Bishenpore, the other the Mussulman house of Beerbhoom. In later times, the Beerbhoom Rajah furnished a contingent to the prince who shut up Holwell and his companions in the Black Hole; and the most luxurious suburb of Calcutta, amid which the palace of the Lieutenant-Governor now stands, took its name from a cadet of the house. But during the thirty years preceding the famine of 1769, the fortunes of the Beerbhoom family had waned. An unsuccessful rebellion grievously increased their tribute; an hereditary disease unfitted two successive princes for war; the highlanders overran their territory, and the earliest English records detail how the late

prince had been let out of the debtors' prison only to die, and how his successor became a prisoner within a few months of his coming of age.

Of these three houses the first has revived, and now enjoys a magnificence which it never obtained under native rule; the other two have perished, but on their ruins a new and better growth has sprung up. The modern gentry consist, to a large extent, of men who owe their fortunes to trade or banking. The thrifty habits which enabled them to accumulate wealth incline them to a temperate use of it; many of them have large savings invested in the public funds, and most of them are known as improving landlords. In former times, when the land-tax fluctuated from year to year, agricultural improvements were out of the question. The State claimed any increase in productiveness, without inquiring whether the increase had or had not resulted from the outlay of the proprietor's capital. Government, by solemnly binding itself never to enhance the land-revenue, made agricultural improvements possible, and they now form a favorite method of investing money. At the commencement of the famine, the Press called upon rural capitalists, particularly landholders, to find as much employment as possible for the laboring poor. Government, as a leading proprietor, and as the guardian of all wealthy minors whose estate consists of land, set the example; an example which each landholder, when he came to pay his respects to the English head of the district, was counselled to follow. Many a work that had been long talked of, but which would never have been undertaken, was begun, and a still greater number of works which had been languidly progressing, or altogether left off, were vigorously taken up again and finished. Marshes were drained, reservoirs and artificial lakes for irrigation were dug, watercourses were deepened or cleaned out, jungle was cut down, embankments were thrown up, thousands of acres were reclaimed, and during the spring months the words contractor and estimate, pronounced *contrakdār* and *ishtimīt* were never out of the villagers' mouths.

Another class of capitalists, whose existence would not have entered into the

calculations of the most sanguine statesman of 1769, played a conspicuous part in the famine of 1866. During the first forty-eight years of British rule, Englishmen and private English capital were rigorously debarred an entrance into Bengal. During the twelve years preceding 1866, private Englishmen contributed, it is stated, sixty millions sterling toward a single Indian enterprise; and if to the cost of constructing the railways, the current expense of working and repairing them be added, the total outlay cannot have been less than seven millions per annum. To the European world the Indian railways stand as a monument of successful British enterprise, under untried and unparalleled difficulties; but to many who have had a nearer view of the matter, the mission of the Indian railway seems not to be the aggrandizement of the imperial race that planned them, but the amelioration of the humble millions who found employment in their construction. Wherever the iron road goes, wages permanently rise, and it is no exaggeration to say that the railway, by readjusting the balance between unskilled labor and capital, has done as much for the hewers of wood and drawers of water in Bengal as the Cornwallis Code of 1793 did for the agriculturists.

But the railways are not the only great enterprise in Bengal conducted with English capital. A century ago the Hooghly flowed through jungle so pestilent that at night the traveller moored his boat as far as possible from the bank to avoid fever. The founder of Calcutta was compelled by malaria to abandon a more commodious site which he had originally intended to be the chief seat of British enterprise in Lower Bengal. The stranger who now sails up the Hooghly views with surprise, at intervals on either bank, specimens of almost every sort of manufacturing industry: cotton-mills, sugar-mills, paper-works, dock-yards, foundries, and workshops of various kinds. The inhabitants of a single modern street in Calcutta represent a larger amount of imported capital than could be found in the whole city in 1769. In the business part of the town, the eye everywhere lights upon sign-boards indicating the agencies of coal-companies, tea-companies, lime-com-

panies, companies whose object is to collect vast armies of laborers in districts where population is redundant, and to carry them to districts where population is sparse, steam-navigation companies, inland transit companies of all sorts, and miscellaneous associations without number. The other great cities reproduce the same spectacle on a somewhat smaller scale. In spite of a succession of disastrous years, indigo-factories, worked with English capital, stud every district in Lower Bengal; silk-factories, similarly worked, and a single one of which gives employment to eight thousand people—send forth their incessant hum; tea cultivation has, within fifteen years, turned a province of jungle into a province of gardens; in the swampy districts reclamation-companies wall out the sea; in the arid districts irrigation-companies, with an aggregate capital of several millions sterling, bring water from a hundred miles off to every peasant's field.

Another great capitalist that had no existence in 1769 remains to be mentioned. During the Mussulman period the Government was the only employer of labor on a large scale; it now forms the chief of many. The famine of 1769 happened at a most unfortunate time. Four years previously the old dynasty had been stripped of its civil administration, and its public works suspended, nor had any successor as yet stepped into its place. At first, indeed, the conquerors ruled as if the Government of a great province were a mercantile speculation, from which as much as possible was to be got, and on which as little as possible was to be spent. By slow and unwilling steps, the Company rose to its responsibilities. It found that one of the chief duties of an Oriental Government was to conduct industrial enterprises, which its subjects were too poor and too devoid of the spirit of association to undertake; and by degrees a system of public works developed, which forms the most conspicuous feature of the Indian budget. One way or another, from imperial and from local resources, the Indian Government distributes six millions sterling a year among the working classes; and during the earlier months of the recent famine it so stimulated its operations as to offer wages to all who

were willing to labor. Districts that had escaped the calamity received a more sparing allowance than usual for public works, and the saving thus effected was poured into the suffering localities. Old roads were repaired, new roads were constructed, rivers were embanked, and extensive Government buildings begun; in short, reproductive labor was found for a starving population.

Until the beginning of May the scheme for increasing the wage-fund worked well. The demand for labor continued to rise so as to meet the increased demand for work. Wages consequently remained firm at the old rates. But toward the end of April it became apparent that something had gone wrong. There was no lack of employment; the price of grain had not risen, or risen only in a trifling degree, above the previous rates; yet the people grew daily less able to buy food. Famishing crowds began to stream into the great towns, women dropped from exhaustion on the roads, and the English community heard with horror of a village, in the sea-board of Orissa, where the inhabitants had patiently starved to death and uttered no complaint. One traveller afterward related that in some of the secluded hamlets each house contained a dead family. The truth is, that in the scheme of tiding over the famine by means of an increased wage-fund, two important considerations had escaped notice. No allowance had been made for the little rural communities who, cut off from the towns by rivers, swamps, and jungles, live their own isolated lives, and take no heed of the outward world. Such hamlets abound in all the more backward districts on the west. Not many of them are familiar with any system of money-wages; if a man works for his neighbor he receives his pay in kind; nor did it enter into their imagination that in the open country and large towns a system of regular employment existed, by which they could have been enabled to live through the famine. They only knew that their fields had yielded no food, and the natural corollary was that they must die of hunger, as their fathers had died in time past.

But another and a more serious difficulty remained. It had been hoped that the laboring population, by doing nearly

double its ordinary work, would earn three quarters of its ordinary food. The arithmetic, indeed, was correct enough; and the employers had done their share of the transaction. It now became apparent that the laborers could not permanently perform theirs. The quantity of work exacted from the unskilled workman varies in different countries, but everywhere the standard naturally tends toward the maximum which the climate and the bodily strength of the race permit. On the other hand, the ordinary food of the unskilled laborer tends toward the minimum which will support an average family in health. To expect, therefore, that a laboring population will do twice its usual work, is to look for what can only for a short time, if even for a short time, be realized. To expect that, while thus doubling their exertions, they will be able to support themselves on three quarters of their ordinary food, is to expect an impossibility. In justice to the poor Bengali, it must be recorded that he struggled hard to perform his part of the plan. While he had strength, he manfully put it forth for his children and his hearth, but too much work and too little food soon rendered his exertions vain. The women gave way first. In Bengal a laborer is paid according to the quantity of work he can do. Women generally earn about twopence a day. Before the end of May many of their emaciated frames could hardly perform the labor necessary to earn a penny. Numbers of men could with difficulty do a woman's ordinary work, and were thankful for a woman's ordinary pay. One extensive employer stated that in general his men could earn higher wages by piece-work than by the day; but this year they begged him to give them wages according to a fixed rate, and not by the measurement of the work actually done.

By the end of the first week in May, the necessity for a system of public charity had become generally recognized. Indeed, for several weeks past a party had existed in the capital who believed that the time for such operations had already arrived. There can now be little doubt that many of their proposals were premature, but there can be no doubt whatever that this sensitiveness of the English community did

good by rendering the Government more keenly alive to the coming necessity. Both the party and its advocates in the public journals overlooked an important agency which is always at work in Bengal for the relief of the poor, and which at that time was being strained to the utmost. Poor-laws are unknown in India, but there is no country in the world in which the people live so much on one another. Their ancient lawgiver ordained, not only that brethren should dwell together in unity, but also that they should abstain from any division of the inheritance. In this respect, the modern Hindus have diverged less widely from the precepts of Manu than in most others. The British Legislature early found it necessary to recognize what is termed the Undivided State; and a suit for partition forms one of the most complicated processes known to our courts. Relatives, therefore, cling together more firmly than in other countries; and for the most distant kinsman to be seen begging, is the disgrace which the respectable Hindu most dreads. In every population, however, there must be a certain proportion of solitary and indigent beings dependent on public charity. For such persons the ceremonial code of the Hindus makes ample provision. In their religious system almsgiving has all the importance of a sacrament. As a man obtains an earthly birth from his parents, and a mystical birth by investiture with the sacred cord; so by charity he is made meet for that heavenly birth and reftion with the divine elements which his body obtains on the funeral pyre. Practically, the Hindu attends to no portion of his religious duties more than to almsgiving. Nor is this altogether unselfish. Public opinion is not strict to mark many things which in this country would sink a man to infamy. Men who have committed certain kinds of dishonesty, which here would make them outcasts, may still hope to enjoy the respect of their neighbors; the usurer may be ever so hard without fear of general censure; a native jury can seldom be got to return a verdict of guilty in cases of forgery; and acts that would be condemned as the sharpest practice in other countries escape notice in Bengal, or are noticed with praise. But one offence

public opinion never condones. A shopkeeper who habitually sends the beggar empty away may be strict in all his dealings, but he never prospers. A proprietor may be a good landlord, but if he shuts his gate against the poor he is always an unpopular one. At every family ceremony, at a birth, at a marriage, when the child is inducted into his father's caste, when the air is still tainted with the smoke from the funeral pile, when the kinsmen gather together each year to commemorate their ancestor's obsequies, a distribution of food forms part of the solemnity. In general, each village looks after its own poor, and almost every landholder dispenses daily rations to the necessitous persons on his estate. About sunrise, crowds of diseased-objects, lepers and cripples, begin to gather in the rich man's court, and loudly grumble if the steward diminishes by a single grain the customary dole. The last remnant of greatness to which a fallen family clings is this daily practice of almsgiving. Of the ancient magnificence of the Beerbhoom rajahs only two half-starved elephants remain; their palaces, mosques, and baths are now unsightly heaps of brick; their canals and trim water-courses have filled up; the great flower-garden, in which the bones of seven generations of princes repose, has relapsed into jungle; but every forenoon a train of aged and impotent folk may still be seen issuing, each with his little portion of rice, from the ruins.

During the earlier months of the famine, the ordinary system of private charity expanded in proportion as the exigencies of the people increased. There was a point, however, beyond which it could not be stretched, but at what precise period this point would be reached could not be calculated. The writer had an opportunity of making inquiries in seven of the most cruelly stricken districts during May and June. Uncertainty and contrary opinions prevailed everywhere, but the general voice both of officials and landholders was, that up to the end of April the existing machinery for relief had proved efficient. One extensive planter could not be convinced until the middle of June that a general system of state charity had become necessary. The terrible heats of April,



however, aggravated by increased work and insufficient food, had rendered many thousands of previously able-bodied men incapable of labor; throughout the spring the landholders had found it impossible to collect the usual instalments of rent; their resources, therefore, barely sufficed for their ordinary charities, and were quite unable to deal with the rapidly increasing distress.

It is questionable whether the system of private charity works as effectively in the cities of Bengal as in the rural parts. A certain number of known and privileged mendicants collect a living from shop to shop, but to strangers, charity, although seldom absolutely denied, is given with so sparing a hand as to be but little effectual. In such cases even the smallest copper coin rarely changes hands. A few grains of rice, or a dozen cowries, of which twenty-four hundred go to a shilling, suffice to avert what the superstitious Hindu so much dreads—the beggar's curse. The destitute crowds, therefore, that flocked from the country, received but slender relief in the bazaars of Calcutta, and the affluent inhabitants of the European quarters were daily shocked by the appearance of thousands of squalid objects in the last extremity of hunger. Our countrymen, individually, gave largely, but to the native merchants belongs the honor of initiating an organized system of relief. Every Hindu trader, when he opens his day book in the morning, writes at the top of the page the name of the deity on whose favor he chiefly relies. Many pious men note down after the divine name a sum of money, according to their means, and at the end of the year these sums are added up and devoted to a festival in honor of the god. The tutelary divinity of a number of the Calcutta merchants is Kali, and her grateful devotees annually spend several hundred thousand pounds upon the great autumn festival, at the close of which a long train of sacred effigies, arrayed in jewelled robes, are solemnly committed to the Hooghly. After the famishing crowds had for some time been encumbering the streets of Calcutta, it struck a rich merchant that the goddess would be better pleased if he added up her money and devoted it to the starving multitudes, than if he

hoarded it for her festival. The idea spread. A fund instantly sprung into existence for charitable purposes, and many who cared nothing for Kali joined in the good work which her devotees had begun. In some cases opulent merchants acted singly, in others a number of the less wealthy citizens joined together to open a relief-depot; and it was subsequently ascertained that the native gentlemen of Calcutta, without noise or ostentation of any sort, had systematically fed eighteen thousand seven hundred people.

Many considerations rendered it expedient that the ordinary system of private charity should be left alone as long as it continued equal to the necessities of the times. In the first place, it was what the people had always been accustomed to. It was susceptible of a gradual increase in proportion as the distress became more intense, and its increase caused no disturbance or displacement of the rural population. It penetrated more deeply than any system of state charity could; for the utmost that Government could hope to effect would be the establishment of relief-depots at certain central spots, while, under the existing system, every rich man's house throughout the country formed such a depot. Besides, no one knew how long the famine would continue. If the September and December harvests should fail, the present scarcity would be as nothing to the distress in 1867. At the same time, the benevolence of the landholders would be exhausted, and the public revenues would be greatly diminished. It was expedient, therefore, that the state should husband its direct charities as long as the people could do without them.

A still weightier argument was also urged. Had it been possible gradually to supplement the private efforts of native gentlemen, by grants from the public purse, much suffering might have been averted. But nothing is more sensitive of official interference than Hindu charity. The orthodox Bengali distrusts English benevolence in general, but he particularly distrusts the benevolence of the English Government. The two nations look at the subject from widely different points of view. Hindu charity seldom discriminates, and when it dis-

criminate it does so in favor of those who need it least. Their popular creed directs its professors to give to all who ask, but especially to Brahmans, Yogis, and Hermits, whether they ask or not. With the Hindu, almsgiving is not a social, but a religious duty. Charity of this sort nowhere asks questions. The English monasteries developed so many able-bodied mendicants that during the reign of Elizabeth special provision had to be made for dealing with the evil. To this day sturdy beggars beset the approaches to the richer religious houses in Spain and Italy, and a pious Bengali would as little think of inquiring whether an applicant for alms really needs relief, as a communicant of the Anglican Church would of refusing his offering at the solemnization of the Lord's Supper, until satisfied as to how the money will be applied. The offertory, however, is almost the only occasion on which English charity is not inquisitive. From early youth up an Englishman hears indiscriminate charity constantly condemned, and a large majority of the nation looks upon a system of State relief which fails to make distinctions as worse than the absence of State relief altogether. The explanation is, that in England and many other civilized countries, the Poor-laws have removed almsgiving from the list of private virtues, and placed it in the array of public duties. The payment of the parish-rates seldom calls forth any violent emotion of benevolence. The evasion of them lays a man open, not to the charge of uncharitableness, but to the penalties of being a bad citizen. We discharge the claims of poor guardians for the same reason as we pay the income-tax, and we expect the same economy to be exercised in the expenditure of both. In neither case have those who disburse the proceeds any right to indulge private feelings. Indeed, the evils which spring from indiscriminate State relief have reflected on our private charities, and many thinking men have come to look upon benevolence as a private taste which they must not indulge, without first having ascertained that it will not prove hurtful to their neighbors.

The Hindu knows no such responsibility. He makes no distinction between the able-bodied professional beggar and those whom age or infirmities have com-

pelled to ask alms. Nor can he understand why others should do so. A public officer who, in distributing a Government grant, did not discriminate between the really necessitous and impostors, would in the eyes of his English superiors be guilty of gross neglect of duty; in the estimation of the Hindu community a public officer who did thus discriminate would be guilty of inhumanity. No scheme of State relief could be devised which would be at once just and popular. If funds were intrusted to the native landholders, the people would indeed be more effectively relieved, but a permanent pauper population would be created. If the public charities were administered by officials they would be productive of wide-spread discontent: few expected that the two systems of charity could run side by side without interfering with each other, and the event proved the general opinion to be correct. No sooner had a system of public relief been organized than private benevolence in a large measure ceased. Landholders deemed it no longer necessary to straiten themselves by discharging out of their diminished incomes a duty which Government consented to take off their hands. The more intelligent of them also perceived that eventually they would have to contribute the sums that Government might expend out of the public purse, and that any class which continued its private distributions would take on itself a double burden. A few wealthy and ancient families still dispensed the immemorial dole for the honor of their houses, but the above considerations prevailed with the generality. In every respect, therefore, it was inexpedient for Government to interfere until interference became absolutely necessary.

This time arrived in May. In some districts relief operations had been begun at a much earlier date, in others they were not found necessary till several months later, but the evidence goes to show that throughout the greater part of the suffering provinces the existing machinery for the relief of the poor broke down during the first half of May. The party who, in ignorance of this machinery, had for some time been anxious for organized measures, now became clamorous, and accused the

authorities of inhumanity and neglect. These charges at the time seemed well founded. It was patent that a system of State charity had become necessary; it by no means appeared that the Government had taken steps to introduce such a system. Subsequently, indeed, it was proven that the authorities had not merely deliberated on the subject, but that at the very period when public dissatisfaction reached its climax, a scheme had been brought to maturity for meeting the exigency without drawing on the revenues. The traditional reticence of the Indian Government proved in this instance unwise. The authorities, however, were in a position to appreciate more thoroughly than the public could the evils that the most judicious system of State charity would not fail to produce, and which premature State charity would aggravate in a pernicious degree. These evils they determined to postpone till the last moment, and whether that moment had arrived or not could only be ascertained from the one-sided and conflicting reports of an army of local officials, who found themselves for the first time in their lives in the midst of a great famine. No precedence existed in Lower Bengal to guide them. Of the famine of 1769-70 only sufficient record remains to prove that people died by millions without any effort on the part of the Government to save them. The analogies that the recent scarcity in the North-west Provinces afforded, were found in some material circumstances not to hold good. The result was difference of opinion, partial measures, and delay. Looking back with the wisdom of after events, there can be little doubt that three precious weeks were permitted to pass without organized measures, after the necessity for such measures had arisen. Looking back to the uncertainty which then prevailed, and making allowance for the difficulty of introducing, for the first time in a country, a system of State charity, the period of three weeks will be deemed marvellously short.

In the mean while many little English communities had set up relief-depots at their own expense. The civil capital of a Lower Bengal district seldom contains more than seven or eight English

families, but the strength of a society of rulers is by no means to be estimated by its numbers. During the summer of 1857, many of these isolated aristocracies had, without the aid of a single regular soldier, overawed populous districts ripe for insurrection, and the story of how one of them defended itself in the station billiard-room against the rebel troops, has been read with pent breath by half the schoolboys in the kingdom. During the summer of 1866 they developed a system of relief which rescued hundreds of thousands from starvation. The sums subscribed sound large, even to ears accustomed to the munificent charities of the English metropolis. County-court judges, whose net income does not much exceed £2500 a year, and who out of that sum have generally two establishments, one in India, and one in England, to support, gave at the rate of £360 per annum; magistrates on £2000 gave at the rate of £250, and as a rule, few gave less than a tithe of their income. The native officials imitated their superiors, and many landholders, while disapproving of the English system of charity, thought it inconsistent with their dignity that their names should be absent from lists so respectably headed. The little civilian oligarchy contributed at the rate of £900 per annum; half as much more might be expected from native subscribers, and the sums thus obtained sufficed to keep eight hundred persons above starvation. Each relief committee, while making provision for those who could not labor, aimed rather at supplementing wages than at doing away with the necessity of earning them. The planters and English landholders did for their own neighborhoods what the officials did for the provincial capitals. Every indigo-factory became a relief-depot, and the only fault that the most prejudiced enemy of British enterprise in Bengal could find with private Englishmen during the famine, was that they gave with too free a hand.

On the bases which these private operations afforded, Government determined to erect a system of State relief. When a committee found itself unable, out of its own funds, to meet the increasing distress, it was instructed to apply for a grant from the Revenue

Board, and in this way considerable sums were obtained before the public were aware that anything had been done. During May the authorities resolved that, instead of making the Government grants supplementary to private efforts, the time had come to deal with private efforts as auxiliary to Government grants. A large balance remained over from the fund which England subscribed five years ago for the famine in the Northwest Provinces. This was first applied. The previous relief committees continued for the most part unchanged, but several of the members sat in their official capacities. At the end of the month the Lieutenant-Governor and his chief secretary came down to Calcutta from the summer seat of the Government among the hills, to watch the new system through its first difficulties. Instead of rice being dispensed only in the provincial capitals, arrangements were made for organizing relief-depots at convenient spots throughout the whole country. Instead of each local committee proceeding according to its own lights, general rules were laid down. Previously some of the committees gave more liberally than others, and a tide of paupers set in to the favored spots. Able-bodied men who, by constant work, could earn at home a quantity of food that barely sufficed for their families, had heard that in some relief-depot not far off plenty of food might be had without any labor whatever. Thousands had given up the struggle for independence. In their own villages they had been industrious workmen, in the relief-depot they soon became professional mendicants. But before the middle of June uniformity was introduced so far as uniformity was safe. The Central Government left a wide discretion to the commissioners of divisions, for no two divisions felt the pressure equally, and the commissioners, whilst making allowances for the different circumstances of their several districts, took care that no committee departed from the average scale of rations without sufficient cause.

The population which required relief was found to consist of three classes: those who could earn wages, but whose wages did not enable them to live;

those who could not earn regular wages, but who were able to do light work; those who were incapable of labor of any sort. For the last class vast enclosures were erected, where they received daily rations. The second also obtained food at the public expense, but they had to give a small quantity of labor in return; the first class proved more difficult to deal with. Some committees found work for them, and paid them not in money but in food; but in most localities their numbers, swollen with ejected cottiers and immigrants from the outlying hill-districts, became too great to be disposed of in this manner. Besides, a considerable wage-fund existed in the hands of private employers, and it had been the object of Government throughout to graft its charity on the natural operation of supply and demand, rather than to supplant it. Previous scarcities had proved, that any interference with the market rates produced panic and flight among those on whom the majority of the people depended for their food. At the beginning of the present famine, the Lieutenant-Governor made a progress through the seaboard districts, and reassured the corn-dealers, some of whom had already shut up their shops, by promising that Government would not intermeddle with the laws of supply and demand. At the end of May, however, many thinking men had come to consider that these laws could no longer be applied to a section of the community who would die the most cruel of deaths under their operation. The problem was how to interfere with market-rates in favor of a third of the population, and at the same time to leave these rates free as regards the other two thirds.

This question did not receive a uniform answer till several months after State relief began. The dilemma reproduced itself under a somewhat different form in different districts, and the local officers required the bitter experience of partial measures before they apprehended the precise nature of the operation which was required. A few easy-going committees, indeed, contented themselves with feeding all comers in the mean while, without considering the habits of permanent pauperism



which would result. But the majority reflected more deeply. Their object was not so much to save the people, as to help the people to save themselves, and several of them without previous communication struck out the same plan. They opened markets at which food might be procured at a price low enough to enable the laborer to live by his wages, but took care that the process of buying should be just sufficiently disagreeable as to deter those who could afford to buy at the regular dealers from frequenting the Government sales. The scheme worked better than even its projectors had anticipated. The gates of their rice-marts stood open to all; no harshness was needed; the managers had only to arrange that there should be a crowd of unclean and low-caste laborers, in order effectually to exclude the well-to-do section of the community. This they easily effected. Each buyer was permitted to purchase a quantity of rice that would feed him for one day and no more; in order, therefore, that a family should benefit by the reduced rates, the whole of its members had to attend. Immense numbers of the lowest orders, stained from their daily toil, thronged the approaches, and by opening the market only for a short time in the twenty-four hours, the crowd was never allowed to subside. The scrupulously clean Hindu in easy circumstances shrank from the contamination of the unwashed rabble, and if he were really to profit by the cheapened prices, the female members of his household would have to appear personally with their copper pieces in their hands. A fashion of secluding the Hindu woman, which owed its origin to the licentiousness of the Mussulman conquerors, has come down to our own times, and although generally exaggerated by English travellers, has still sufficient force to deter any respectable man from exposing his wife and daughters to be pushed and hustled by a filthy mob. Besides, public opinion declared strongly against any citizen who, without sufficient reason, bought rice at the relief depot, and public opinion is an all-powerful influence in a little Bengali town.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Popular Science Review.

# AN ATTEMPT TO APPROXIMATE THE DATE OF THE FLINT FLAKES OF DEVON AND CORNWALL.

BY SPENCE BATE, F.R.S., ETC.

[THE scientific value of the following paper will be appreciated by such of our readers as are familiar with the discussions relating to "flint implements" found in various localities, and the extreme antiquity of man inferred therefrom, which have marked the writings of many scientific men abroad, and the meetings of the British Association of late. The evidence here so calmly and intelligently adduced, and the argument based upon it, go to establish a much later date to these flint discoveries than the English savans have assigned to them.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

THE large number of Flakes and broken fragments of Flints, found scattered over the surface of the country, has attracted considerable attention from archaeologists. In speaking of these flakes, care must be taken not to confuse them with those tools that are found in the Drifts of England and France, and which are the result of a more extensive manipulation than is evidenced in the manufacture of the flint flakes to which we allude in this paper.

These flakes are to be found on and near the surface of the superficial soil of the country. In the neighborhood where flint is abundant their presence does not strike the observer so forcibly as in localities where, geologically, flint does not exist. Throughout the counties of Devon and Cornwall flint flakes and chips are plentifully scattered. In some localities, such as in the neighborhood of Barnstable, and at the Lizard, they are abundant, whereas in other districts they are only to be met with as isolated specimens.

The character and appearance of these flaked specimens are various, some being well-formed arrow-heads, others representing the blocks from which the flakes have been struck, and others representing fragments of most irregular shapes. These last are more common in districts where the flint flakes are most abundant, but in those localities where the flints are scarce, the few specimens found generally represent well-formed flake implements; and these exist in a more or less perfect condition,

according to the depth and nature of the soil in which they have been preserved. Those that are found on or near the surface of the country are generally white, having the surface much oxidised, while those found more deeply in compact mould are fresh in color, and but little changed in appearance from the freshly broken flint; and those specimens, obtained from peat, appear as fresh as if but fractured yesterday.

Some few years since, Mr. Whitley reported that flaked flints were to be found abundantly in the surface soil at Baggy Point, near Croyde, on the north of Devon, as well as along the coast.

The assertion by archaeologists that these flint flakes are the result of human labor, either, as in the more perfectly adapted forms, of design, or as the waste material left in the effort to produce those forms, has given an interest and importance to them, as the only means left to us by which we may interpret the unwritten record of the early inhabitants of these islands. It is, therefore, with the hope of throwing some light on the subject, in its relation to the early history of the people, that the connection of these flint flakes with the geological conditions of the soil in which they are found, is here brought forward.

Near the small village of Croyde, at a place called Baggy Point, the flint flakes appear to be abundantly spread over the face of the hills and cultivated fields of the district.

Here, bordering on the sea-shore, at the entrance to a little vale, through which a small stream of fresh water runs, these flints appear to have collected in considerable quantities.

The soil in which they are deposited is evidently the accumulation of the superficial soil of the hill, having been gradually brought into the valley, and possibly with some few of the more superficially deposited flakes; but if so, they could not have been borne from afar, or they would exhibit signs of having been rolled or worn smooth by friction, of which there is not the slightest evidence.

Interspersed with these flints have been found other stones and evidences of the most primitive kind of human industry. These mostly exist in the

form of smoothly-rounded pebble stones, evidently brought from the sea-beach beneath, and which, from their pitted and polished condition, afford evidence of having been used as hammers and whetstones.

Two or three fragments of pottery have been found by Mr. Hall, and one by Mr. Whitley, that the latter believes to be the remains of the same utensil which Mr. Hall describes (*Intellectual Observer*, December, 1865, p. 355) as being "just sufficient to identify as having originally belonged to an urn, or some vessel of similar shape, which, when perfect, must have been eight and a half inches in diameter. One of the portions contains a small projection, evidently intended to serve as a handle. Bits of quartz have been worked up with the clay, so as to give it greater consistency. It is fashioned rudely by the hand, sun-baked, and totally destitute of any attempt at ornamentation." The specimen procured by Mr. Whitley, and which now lies before me, according to my own judgment, has the appearance of being fire-baked, and the presence of the bits of quartz seems to be accounted for only from the supposition of the manufacturers being too ignorant, or too indolent, to remove such great sources of weakness to the vessel. Further evidence of fire is apparent in the presence of small fragments of charcoal, as also in that of numerous specimens of flint flakes, that have evidently been under the action of fire. A portion of a long bone, that is, by all anatomists who have seen it, believed to be human, being a portion of the tibia, assists, with the preceding recorded facts, severally to afford presumptive evidence that the spot on which they were found is in the neighborhood where a colony of persons, the manufacturers of these implements, existed.

I have said that it is the site of the manufactory of these flakes, from the circumstance that with those that can be pronounced useful as knives, scrapers, awls, or arrow-heads, there are a large number of flakes and chipped flints that can only be the waste fragments struck off in the process of their manufacture, together with numerous fractured nodules of flint from which evidently smaller specimens have been broken,

being the cores from which the knives and arrow-heads were made. These cores are tolerably abundant, according to my own observation, and, with that of Mr. Hall, as at one hundred and forty-four to one thousand of the other flint specimens. The study of a great number of these cores shows that they invariably have a portion of one extremity first struck off, and at this flattened extremity the percussion is given that fractures off the several fragments, until a prominent angle is produced, which, upon being struck off, yields a flake that is broad at the base, and as the force of the blow dies out, the fracture thus out toward the opposite extremity into a sharp point, coinciding with the angle or corner of the core from which the flake is broken. Other shapes, such as scrapers and knives, are made, frequently the result of accident, but, no doubt, in practised hands, the effort of well-designed skill.

It is probably to many a matter of doubt how such arrow-heads could have been made with such rude implements, as the hammer-stones that have been found with them must have been. Undoubtedly, to us, who require iron to be converted into steel before it is available for use in the construction of tools, it may be a source of wonder how these things were done; but a little experience will demonstrate that, while the fracture of a piece of flint into any given shape, with rounded stones and blunt hammers, is difficult, yet, with a tolerably sharp implement of fractured flint with a somewhat cutting edge, the thing is not only practicable, but easily fulfilled.

Mr. Whitley and Mr. Hall, who have recorded their opinions on the flint flakes of Baggy Point, state that "flint is not found naturally in that part of North Devon, as there is no chalk nearer than seventy miles, and greensand with flint, occurs only in two fields at Orleigh Court, in the parish of Buckland Brewer, distant from Baggy Point thirteen miles in a direct line, of which four are across Barnstaple Bay. Supposing, then, a manufactory of weapons existed at Baggy, it is evident that the raw material necessary for the formation of the tools must have been brought either by sea or land a considerable distance for that purpose."

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Further on, I shall, I think, be able to show that the writers of this remark have overlooked, probably, the true source from which the natives obtained the raw material, and which is much closer at hand than these observers have believed. But, supposing that should not be the case, we have parallel instances in recent savage life. Mr. John Keast Lord, in his delightful book, *The Naturalist in British Columbia*, says: "I found, in rambling over the sandy plain near Fort Walla-Walla, numbers of flint implements, together with heaps of fragments. At some remote period of time, not easy to discover, the Indians evidently made their arrow-heads and other implements of flint at this place. The stone of which they were made could not have been obtained nearer than the Cascades" (a distance of 150 miles), "and must have been either traded from the Indians inhabiting that district, or brought from there themselves."

"I am," he continues, "disposed to think a regular flint trade was carried on by these inland tribes, at some remote period, with the tribes living on the seaboard and lower parts of Columbia. Not only were the flints traded, but dentalia (tooth shells), mother-of-pearl, and the barnacle parasite of the whale. I dug ornaments made from the three marine productions from out a gravel bank, together with a skull (which had not been altered by pressure during infancy), in an Indian burial-ground, and a number of arrow-heads, fragments, and scrapers, made from flint or other hard material, which must have been brought a very long distance, as it has no representative in any rock found in the immediate neighborhood."

We therefore can see no difficulty, in consequence of the distance of the raw material, for believing this to have been the focus of the manufacture of the large number of flakes that lie scattered within an area of at least twenty miles' diameter, since similar flints to those found at Baggy Point, may be met with in considerable numbers on the adjoining hill, where the plough has never been, but where the soil has been washed by many storms from the surface of the rock. More sparsely they are to be found on the opposite

hill, and along the coast to beyond Croyde Bay; also inland on the cultivated districts. And Mr. Whitley writes to me, to say that he has met with them at Bartridge, ten miles up the Taw valley. He says that, making a new road, nearly half a mile long, up the hill-side, the flakes were found sparingly all the way; about 400 pieces of split flint were found, 100 of which were typical flakes, some being as long as a finger."

The soil in the chief place of excavation, that is, in the Dell near Baggy Point, is about eight or ten feet above the natural slate rock of the country. The lower portion of the bed consists of yellowish clay, and the upper part of alluvial or surface soil brought down by atmospheric influences from the adjoining hill. A few inches above the clay a line of black mould existed, and it was in and above this line that all the flints and materials were found, that is within four feet of the surface, allowing six inches for soil that had been removed for farming purposes.

Along the coast of Baggy Point to Braunton Burrows a belt of sandy rock exists, soft in its structure toward the upper part, but hard as granite in the lower beds. This belt of sand has been pronounced to be a raised sea-beach by Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Sedgwick, who, moreover, pronounced it to be one of the finest specimens of the kind. Over this, so-called, raised sea-beach the surface soil has accumulated, and in this soil the flint flakes are found. Passing onward, we come to a tract of two or more miles of blownsand, which is separated from the sea by a broad and navigable river, the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, from a low grassy place that stands at a level with high spring tides, and which is separated from the sea by a broad ridge of large pebbles, that rise to a height of about sixteen or twenty feet, and extend in length for about a mile and a half. Outside this pebble ridge, an extensive beach of fine sand covers the surface as far as low-water mark at ordinary tides; beneath the sand, which at different places may be seen peeping through, is a bed of blue clay about six feet thick, beneath which is a layer of pebble boulders, similar in appearance to those

which form the pebble ridge; and below these exist the angular fragments formed by the natural disintegration of the slate rock of the country.

In the bed of clay beneath the sand, the roots and trunks of trees testify to the former presence of vegetable growth, of which the kinds may be interpreted by the presence of acorns and nuts found in the clay; and the growth and luxuriance may be supposed from the quantity of the fruit, the size and remains both of the roots and the trunks, as well as from the circumstance that perforation in the nuts demonstrate that squirrels skipped among the branches of the trees that grew there. In this clay, in which roots, nuts, and acorns exist, flint flakes have been found in considerable numbers, one or two of which bear the impress of having been under the action of fire. Thus we see, in this place, that the flint flakes exist in connection with a submerged forest, whereas at Croyde and Baggy Point, at a distance of about four miles to the eastward, they have been found in soil that overlies a deposit that has been, by our ablest geologists, pronounced to be a raised sea-beach.

The latest alteration of land upon this southern and western portion of the island, has been pronounced to be one of depression, and that the latest preceding that movement was one of upheaving. The former is shown in the numerous submerged forests around our western and southern coasts, and the latter is demonstrated in the remains of extensive sea-beaches that exist all round our shores.

It, therefore, would appear that a careful study of the geological history of these formations, with which, in this locality, the flints are in connection, will assist materially toward our arrival at, at least, an approximation to the period at which the flints were deposited.

The first important study will be the careful, analytical examination of the so-called raised sea-beach. This, as I have before said, exists between Baggy Point and Braunton Burrows, a distance of more than two miles, and rises from the present sea level to the height of about fifty feet. In some places, where the wash of the sea has been greatest, it is only to be met with in patches. This



destruction has been carried to so great an extent near the spot where the flint-flakes are most numerous, that a small high-water island stands several yards off from the main land, the intervening ground having been washed away by the sea. Whereas, on the western side of Croyde Bay, it exists as a perpendicular wall stretching a mile along the coast. This so-called raised sea-beach consists of fine sand mixed with a few shells and pebbles toward the lower portion, the general aspect being a series of horizontal layers; while a closer inspection shows that these horizontal layers are built up by numerous thin strata exhibiting lines of false bedding in various directions. In the upper beds the stone is soft and friable, while in the lower it is hard and firmly cemented together, so that it is not easily broken by the geologist's hammer. In the upper layers the sand is generally free from extraneous objects, but toward the bottom a few shells and numerous pebbles of several kinds are found; the shells, as far as my own experience goes, consist invariably of single valves, of *mytilus edulis*, the common mussel, to which, upon the authority of Professor Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchisson, those of *cardium edule*, the common cockle, *patella vulgaris*, the common limpet, *solen*, or razor shell, and *donax truncatulus*, of which list only three, the cockle, razor shell, and *donax* can live where sand exists, and these most probably, as previously observed, are represented only by the remains of dead valves.

The pebbles are found in the lower stratifications, the largest specimens being in the lowest, while a little higher, smaller specimens are found. These, as far as our observations support us, consist of rolled fragments of granite, quartz, trap, basalt, and unbroken nodules of flint; in fact, of materials very similar to those that exist near high-water mark on the present beach, and which, probably, are obtained from the destruction of the so-called raised beach that overhangs them.

It was from the flints found on this beach, that were washed out of the ancient soft sandy rock, that I believe the old inhabitants at Baggy Point obtained the "raw material" from which

the flint flakes were fabricated, and which also probably accounts for the site of the chief place of manufacture being on the sea-cliff.

In one place, resting on the present, and immediately supporting the ancient beach, is a large boulder-mass of granite, estimated to weigh about twelve tons. The upper portion, that is, all that can be seen, is smooth and rounded, in a manner that suggests the whole of it to be similarly water-worn; a circumstance that corroborates the opinion of Mr. Williams, in a paper published as a supplement to that of Professor Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchisson, in the *Transactions of the Geological Society for 1839*, that it has been borne from a great distance, probably by some iceberg, in the great glacial epoch. This granite boulder contains veins and crystals of red felspar, and is stated by Mr. Williams not to resemble the granite either of Dartmoor or Lundy Island, and that there is none like it nearer than Aberdeen. But this assertion must be received with caution, as I have recently been informed by Dr. Trefry, of Fowey, that every kind of granite is found in his quarries in Cornwall, and I have seen in his porphyry hall at Place House, specimens very similar to that of the boulder in Barnstable Bay. Therefore, it appears, that we need not go so far as Scotland to find the site from which this great stray rock may have been derived; but still we must acknowledge that it must have travelled from afar to have been worn so smooth, and that some enormous transporting power must have been required to bring this granite mass, even from the nearest granite district, to the place where it now rests.\*

Not being a geologist, I cannot pronounce upon the period to which the boulder belonged, but of this there can be no doubt, that it was lodged in its present position before the deposit that is called a raised sea-beach commenced; therefore it is older than the sand-bed that rests upon it. The elevation of the highest point of the raised beach is about forty feet; we must, therefore, suppose that the highest point of this

\*The presence of basalt found among the pebbles is suggestive of the North of Ireland.

beach must have been covered by water, at least at high tide, before the elevation of the mass commenced. Forty or fifty feet being the greatest depth of the structure, it must necessarily follow that the lowest portions of the stratified sand-bed must have been from three to four fathoms below the level of the lowest tides. Now, if we examine the so-called raised beach, where it rests upon the slate rocks of the present beach, we shall find that specimens of the common acorn shell, the shore barnacle, *Balanus balanoides*, remain in abundance attached to the rocks, immediately covered by and imbedded in the sandy deposit that is called the raised beach, the deposition of which probably killed them. Therefore, when the sand was first thrown on them, they must have been several fathoms under water. But we know that the species of *Balanus* that we find here cannot live in such deep water, that its normal habitat is a belt on our rocky shores, between half tide and high water; it is, therefore, evident that the present beach must have been at or near its present level when these *Balani* were living; that is, that they were in the same position as they are now with respect to the level of the sea and land when the sand was first deposited on them; consequently, no evidence that any elevation of the coast line has taken place since the so-called raised beach was formed, has been proved.

To demonstrate what a thing is *not* may be comparatively easy compared to that of showing what it really *is*. In this instance, the evidence at our disposal may not be quite so conclusive in the latter as in the former point, but that which exists appears to be tolerably demonstrative.

The lowest stratifications alone contain pebbles, and these are all rolled and water-worn, and are such as may be frequently found belting a sandy shore at or above high-water wash. Above these lines or pebbles the structure of the beds is that of fine comminuted sand, without admixture of foreign bodies. A stray valve of the mussel, and, according to Professor Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchisson, of the limpet and cockle, also may occasionally be met with; but these our experience

has shown to have been deposited as dead valves, a fact that is demonstrated from the circumstances—first, that the mussel and limpet do not live in sandy shores; and secondly, that all the fragments of the bivalve shells have the concave surface of the shell turned downward; as also all the specimens are those of one valve only.

The stratification of the beds themselves is such as corresponds with no sedentary deposit. False bedding is persistent in every part, and takes peculiar forms—sometimes those of semi-circles and short oblique lines, often in opposite directions, in the same place, in close proximity, assimilating to lines of cleavage.

The upper portions of the beds are soft and friable, the lower is hard and petrous, occasioned, I believe, by the action of the sea-water decomposing a portion of the calcareous material, and cementing the whole into a solid mass; and all the phenomena of the entire mass conduces to the conviction that the so-called raised beach is, in reality, the undisturbed remnant of an extensive district of wind-borne sand, similar to that which now exists on Braunton Burrows and in Croyde Bay, that formerly extended, most probably, to Baggy Point, reaching some way out toward the sea. Of this latter hypothesis we have evidence in the portions that remain hardened into stone, that still exist, capping the summits of the rocks on the beach to the extent of some two hundred yards seaward. Moreover, a study of the stratification of the hills of drifted sand demonstrates a series of layers that assimilate to the various modes of stratification formed in the ancient bed, and which, I think, can be accounted for by no other means than the varying and ever-changing direction of the currents of the wind, that builds, destroys, and restores again, still ever adding to the heap. I would also draw attention to the circumstance that, in Croyde Bay, some of the lower layers of the present sand-heaps are as hard as rock, and are probably, though part of the present sand-beds, also coëxistent, in point of age, with that which has been misinterpreted as an ancient sea-beach."

The circumstance that all the flints that are found in the sand deposit are

entire nodules, while those that are found in the soil that overlies it are fractured flints, demonstrates, I think, that the latter may have been produced from the former, and that the sand-bed has been deposited since the existing beach has been at its present level; that the flints are more recent than the latest elevation of land upon the coast—that is, that the sand-bed itself has been deposited since the date of the raised sea-beaches around our coast; and that the flint flakes found in the surface soil were deposited after the deposition of the sand-bed, a circumstance that must place a considerable period between the dates of the epoch of the raised sea-beaches and that of the time when the flint flakes were deposited.

The next question that arises is, whether or not, since the flints have been found in the submerged forest at Northam Burrows, they may have been deposited prior to the latest depression of the land upon the coast. To determine this point, it will be necessary to analyze carefully the geological conditions of the deposits that exist in connection with the flint flakes there found.

The Northam Burrows form a large, grassy plain, that exists at the level of spring tide, high water. The Burrows are separated from the beach by an extensive pebble ridge, that affords a strong barrier to the destructive force of the sea. The origin of this pebble ridge has not, by geologists, been determined; but I think the suggestion is most correct that supposes it to be the result of the wash of the sea removing the beds of clay that overlie a layer of pebbles. This pebble bed we have, by excavations made in several places through the clay, been able to trace within a short distance of the pebble ridge; and a recent boring, made for the purpose of obtaining water, has shown that, in diminished size, the pebbles exist as far up the sides of the shore as the stables of the Westward Ho! Hotel. I think, therefore, that there can be little doubt that the terrible wash of the Atlantic thins off the clay, and so exposes the pebble bed below to the action of the sea, which, by degrees, carries pebble after pebble to add to the wall that protects the grassy

Burrows from the destructive lash of the waves.

That the great pebble ridge is moving inward appears to be ascertained, but the rate of progress has not, I believe, been determined. But the gradual movement inward of the Ridge, however fast or slow, exposes all the shore that is seaward of its protection to the destructive agency of the waves; it is to this, and not to any variation in level of the coast line, that, I believe, the submergence of the forest along the shore at Northam Burrows is due. The beach, to a very great extent, is covered by sand, which, to a large degree, protects the underlying clay from destruction; but that the sand is of comparatively recent deposition is demonstrated in the quantities of the shells of the *Pholas dactylis* that are found in the clay beneath, which must have lived, and burrowed their holes after the clay had been exposed to the action of the sea, and before the time that the sand was deposited on the beach; from the presence of which the beach is still free for a considerable distance above low-water mark.

The fact, then, that the beach at the shore extremity is scarcely below the level of the Burrows, while the strata of which it is composed gradually thin out as it approximates toward the low-water line, demonstrates clearly, I think, that the submergence of the old forest bed is due to the removal of the superficial layer, and the encroachment of the sea, and not to the subsidence of the land with respect to the level of the sea.

Of course, these remarks refer only to the submerged forest at Northam. But there appears to me to be some reason for a reconsideration of the subject, whether a subsidence of land around our southern seaboard has taken place or not. The submerged forests on our coasts are numerous, and lands corresponding with these have existed within the period of history or tradition, and in some places, as in Torbay and Penzance, within the memory of the present generation. These have disappeared and the sea flows over them some fathoms deep, and yet we know of no alteration in the respective levels of land and water along the rocky portions of the

coast, or other change by which we might recognize any subsidence of the land.

At the period of the general elevation that raised the ancient sea-beaches to the height of thirty feet above the present sea-level, the sea bottom around our coasts must have shallowed to the extent of four or five fathoms, an elevation that must have brought a large portion above the height of the highest tide. It is the old sea-bottom, which, in favorable spots, became arboreal and fertile, that has continued to resist the destructive wash of the sea in the shelter of our creeks and bays until the period of man, that we see in the submerged forests around our coasts; and, therefore, as I before observed, if not in all places, certainly in Barnstaple Bay the encroachment of the sea is due to the destruction of the superficial soil of the district, and not to the subsidence of the land.

Assuming this to be true, of which I retain no doubt, it follows that the flints found in the clay must have been deposited since the latest downward movement, if any such has ever occurred upon our Devonshire and Cornish coasts, of which the submerged forests are supposed to afford evidence.

The next point of inquiry that suggests itself, is the relation that exists between the flint flakes found at Northam and at Croyde with those that lie scattered over the Western promontory. The places at which they have been found throughout Devon and Cornwall are sufficiently numerous to induce one to believe that they may be found to exist universally throughout the two counties. Around Barnstaple, in an area of twenty miles' diameter, they appear to be abundant. They have been found at Hartland Point; in some considerable numbers, on the moorland round Doemare pool; at the Stepper Point, near Padstow; in the Scilly Isles; in the neighborhood of Penzance, Mr. Buller described them as scattered over the surface, from St. Just to Tol-Pedn-Penwith; on Crusa Down, in the Lizard district; on the Plymouth Hoe, in the peat at Shaw Bridge, as well as at Princetown, where some beautifully worked specimens have been found with others, by the prisoners, on the surface of the gravelly soil, over which had ac-

cumulated about six feet of peat; at Cornwood, on the moorland; and on Windmill Hill, near Brixham. In all these localities they lie in the surface soil of the country, and, as far as there is evidence to show, must have belonged to the same common era.

They have also been found in a basin on the top of the Maen rock in the parish of Constantine, near Falmouth. All these appear to me to differ from some that I obtained from an ancient barrow near Trevose Head, only in the circumstance that those found in the barrow are of less artistic forms than the others.

In order to approximate the relations that the flints of this barrow hold to those that have been found at Croyde, and elsewhere in the surface soil, it is desirable that we should give attention to the circumstances under which they were found, and the materials with which they were in connection.

In the barrow to which reference has been made at Trevose, with the flints were found burnt human bones, inclosed within a coarse clay pot.

Within a few yards of this barrow there existed until very recently—some remains of which may still be found along the shore—an ancient shell-bed, formed by the accumulation of the waste thrown away by the ancient people who resided there. In making an exploration of this Kitchen-midding, along with the shells of the mussel, limpet, and horse-whelk, were found large quantities of the bones of the roebuck and sheep, stone hammers such as were found at Croyde, being rounded pebbles brought from the adjoining beach, together with specimens of pottery of different qualities, the coarsest of which cannot be distinguished from that found in the neighboring barrow.

Now, if we turn our attention to the discovery at Croyde, we find that both Mr. Whitley and Mr. Hall obtained specimens of coarse pottery as well as beach stone hammers, both of which closely approximate in character and appearance to those that were found in the barrow and the Kitchen-midding, in Constantine Bay. In either case, the pottery assimilates in appearance with that of the clay found in close proximity, and is of a quality that will bear



comparison with the present bricks of the country.

I think that we are justified in arguing that a uniformity of material, when combined with a uniformity of design, and application of material, existing under similar geological conditions, is suggestive of an approximation in time. Thus the pottery found at Baggy Point assimilates nearly to that found both in the Kitchen-midding and the barrow at Trevoze, so also the character of the stone hammers from the Kitchen-midding resemble those found with the flints at Baggy Point; whereas the flint flakes found in the grave of the ancient chief are far less capable of adaptation as implements than the best formed of those that have been found at Croyde, Dossare pool, the Lizard, and elsewhere, and thus I think that we are not stretching the probabilities beyond fair reasoning when we suggest that the flint flakes of Devon and Cornwall are of the same age as those found in barrows containing cremated human bones.

But it must strike the observer as peculiar, that the flint flakes that some archaeologists pronounce as being of the most primitive form of human implement, are found in such abundance in the subsoil of the western promontory, while the more perfect flint tools, such as have been found at St. Achieul, Abbeville, Hoxne, and in the drifts and caves of Europe; thus placing the more complex and perfected structure at a date, geologically speaking, far more early than the simple flake, a fact that is scarcely consistent with the latter being the earlier or more primitive form of the two.

In this point, it appears to me that those archaeologists are at fault. My reason for so thinking is, that we find flakes, such as those found in Devon and Cornwall, still in present use by the native tribes of Western America; while I am not aware that the most degraded race is so far imperfect in skill, at present, as to use flint implements of the Abbeville type. The reason appears to me to be simply this, that the flint flakes represent parts only of more perfect tools, some being the heads of arrows, others being imbedded in wood so as to represent knives or crude saws, others

being the armor of small javelins, and so on.

To suppose any of them as being arrow-heads is to assume that they were used in connection with a stringed bow,\* an implement that evidently required a higher degree of thought to invent than either the hatchet or spear. Now, as arrows were in use, and retained as instruments of chase and war until a late period in this country, it must be tolerably certain that flint was retained, owing to the scarcity of metal, until long after the use of iron was known. In a Fougou, or subterranean artificial cave, recently explored by the Natural History Society of Penzance, in one of the galleries was found a flaked flint implement alongside of an iron spear-head (?) and some pottery.

Some observers have questioned the adaptation of these sharp flints as having been designed for the points of arrows, because they are the result of single blows in their separation from the core, and bear no evidence of having been afterward touched to render them more perfect; while we find in some places flint arrow-heads beautifully formed, with the barbs perfect, showing the manipulation of the manufacture. The ability displayed in the manipulation is evidence of skill in workmanship and of time required in the execution. But we are not to suppose that the highly wrought and skilfully labored flint tool was one that was less prized than the expensively finished weapon of modern

\* Mr. J. K. Lord, in his *Naturalist in British Columbia*, says: "The Indian bow is a masterpiece of skilful manufacture; its elasticity does not in any way depend on the wood used in its construction, but on the elastic ligament procured from the fore-leg of the elk; this is affixed to the wooden frame-work of the bow by a kind of glue made from the skin of the 'white' salmon, a glue when hardened resisting the influence of wet to redissolve it. This elastic back to the wood acts as would an india-rubber band; the bow when bent takes an arrow about a yard in length, which it propels with a force equal, for a short range, to that of a rifle-bullet. When an Indian shoots, five or six arrows are held in the left hand, and as the string, which is made of tendon, is hauled back, the right hand brings with it an arrow; this one is fired, another is seized, and as rapidly as one could reasonably count, the six arrows held in the left hand are discharged."—Vol. II., p. 282.

times, and therefore valued by the chief, the skilful warrior, or huntsman, as an ornament to his quiver or belt. An instance of this kind was told to me by Mr. Lord, the naturalist who accompanied the commissioners who defined the line of boundary between Canada and the United States; he found great difficulty in purchasing, from an Indian Chief, a flint dagger that he wore at his belt, and which had been retained as an heirloom for several generations, the value of which appeared to lie in its ornamental character.

In time of war between rival tribes, or in the excitement of the chase, it is not to be supposed that the highly-wrought and valued weapon would often be shot away in the dense forest, or over the marsh, or any place where the chance of recovery was less than certain. For ordinary purposes the easiest made would supply the greatest quantity in the shortest amount of time, and therefore be the most in demand and most extensively used.

Thus we may assume that the majority of flake arrow-heads are chance productions, more or less so, according to the practise and skill of the maker; and the warrior or huntsman selected from the chips those flakes that he found most readily adapted to his need, without reference to the original intention of the manufacturer. Just as Zipporah, Moses' wife, when in the Desert, in obedience to her husband, made use of a sharp stone, because it was the best suitable for her purpose at the time.

Recently, while pursuing research in an ancient British burial-place, in which the Roman feature of civilization has largely entered, we found in one grave a human skeleton, together with two vases, a bronze fibula, some rings—that from their position appeared as if they had been worn on the toes—parts of an armlet, a specimen of black flint, a core, from which flakes had evidently been struck. Now, the presence of this core is witness that, although bronze and

iron were in use, flint was still valued after the Roman invasion.

It may be thought, that although flint is present in these graves, yet the character of the materials found with it, as well as the mode of interment, suggest a considerable separation in time from the flints found with the pottery in the north of Devon and Cornwall.

In comparing the pottery of these several places with one another, those that resembled each other most in character were of necessity selected, but in the Kitchen-middling in Constantine Bay there were found specimens of pottery of various degrees of quality and workmanship, though neither assimilates perfectly with that found in the Romano-British graveyard at Mount Batten. Yet they approximate so nearly that an archæologist would not hesitate to pronounce them, historically speaking, of a uniform age, produced under different degrees of civilization.

In his *Commentaries*, Cæsar tells us that the southern coasts of this island were inhabited by a different race from the inland parts; that central England was inhabited by those who called themselves the natives of the country, dyed their bodies, and wore the skins of wild animals for clothes; on the sea-coast, but not extending into Devon and Cornwall, by the Belgic Gauls, who were more highly civilized, used iron, and went to war in chariots, that came thither to plunder and invade the island. Here we have the element of discord, that must have kept the southern parts of England in continual ferment, which having quieted down, when their wars were ended the interlopers settled, and began to cultivate the land.

It is upon reasoning such as this that I contend there is no evidence to show that the flint flakes which we find scattered over the surface of Devon and Cornwall may not have been coeval with the history of the period that immediately preceded the introduction of Roman civilization into this country.

## POETRY."

## "SWEET VIOLETS."

"Violets, sweet violets! all April's in the cry."  
LEIGH HUNT.

## I.

My Isabel, do you remember  
How, in the fitful April weather,  
Through squares and terraces suburban  
We, plighted lovers, walked together,  
While, shrill beneath the changeable sky,  
Rang out the violet-seller's cry?

## II.

Ah, Love, how bright those hastening hours!  
How fair the hopes that shone before us!  
For us the Earth put forth her flowers,  
For us the blackbirds sang their choruses,  
And Spring herself seemed only made  
To glad us with her light and shade.

## III.

And still I see your sweet face soften  
With tender smile and pensive pity,  
As in our path we meet a maiden—  
A child waif from the seething city;  
And still rings out the violet cry,  
And still the changing clouds flit by.

## IV.

Last week I passed you in the Row,  
Last night I met you at a *soirée*;  
I watched your fair head meekly bent  
Above the last *chef-d'œuvre* by Doré;  
But your heart's hidden mystery  
'Tis not for mortal eye to see.

## V.

Enough that since that bygone spring-time,  
When we two lovers walked together,  
Your heart has caught a trick of changing,  
Capricious as that April weather;  
And the lorn violet-seller's cry  
Sounds like a dirge as I go by.

## VI.

Your bouquets now are rare exotics,  
Imported from far Southern bowers;  
But who shall say those splendid blossoms  
Are sweeter than my lowly flowers—  
The violets that we stopped to buy  
Beneath that sunlit April sky?

## VII.

Alas! 'twas then our spring-time, dearest,  
And o'er life's path there shone a glory,  
While all our footfalls went to music,  
Like mystic lute in fairy story:  
But now youth's glamour shines no more  
On the dull earth we wander o'er.

## VIII.

Some day perchance, for mere distraction,  
You'll ransack a forgotten casket,  
And light upon the faded posy  
I gave you from the vagrant's basket;  
And those poor withered flowers shall be  
Almost a link 'twixt you and me.

—Belgravia.

## IN THE SHADOW.

Sitting in the shadow, singing  
Such a sober song,  
Sure thou dost the merry season  
And the sunshine wrong!  
Forth among thy venturesome brethren,  
Where great deeds are done;  
Only in the wide arena  
Is the garland won.  
Fame and honors are the guerdon  
Of the bold and strong.  
Singer, in the shadow singing  
Such a serious song,  
What if unto thee derision  
And neglect belong?

While thy slow reluctant fingers  
On the lute-strings lie,  
Eager crowds to crown thy rivals  
Pass thee careless by.  
And thou sittest, singing, singing,  
Through the silence lone,  
To the same sad burden ringing  
Mournful monotone.  
And the busy will not hearken,  
Nor the idle heed,  
The ambitious do not prize thee,  
Nor the happy need.  
Come forth to the sunshine, singer,  
'Mong the haunts of men,  
Tune thy harp to blither measures—  
They will hear thee then.

Far above my compeers  
Could'st thou lift me now,  
Wreathing with their laurels  
My triumphant brow,  
By my syren singing,  
Not a soul unmoved—  
In all hearts enthrone me,  
Chosen and beloved,  
More than Balak proffered  
To the recreant seer,  
All the mighty covet,  
And the proud hold dear,  
Should not, could not, tempt me,  
To a softer strain;  
I must sing my song out,  
Though I sing in vain.

As the Master guides it,  
So the hand must play,  
And the words He whispers  
Need'st must have their way.  
Let the world turn from me  
With a mute disdain,  
I must speak my message,  
Though I speak in vain;  
I must sing my song out,  
Though I sing in vain.

Let men hurry by me,  
As they will to-day;  
There will come a morrow  
When they need'st must stay,

When they need'st must listen,  
Murmur as they may.  
Therefore in the shadow  
Leave me singing on;  
They will surely seek me  
At the set of sun,  
When life's day is waning,  
And her hopes are gone.—  
—*All The Year Round.*

## UNCOMPLETED.

HANGS the palette on the easel,  
In the light and lonely room,  
Hangs the bird in gilded prison,  
Where the flowers neglected bloom;  
Lurks amid the summer brightness  
Something of a winter's gloom.

Heedless of the open window,  
Sunlight streaming on her hair,  
Tears her gentle eyes obscuring,  
Sate a maiden young and fair;  
Sate before the half-filled canvas,  
Work of one no longer there.

Scanned she that unfinished picture,  
Sketched with high well-chosen aim:  
Lineaments of love and wisdom  
Crowned a goodly face and frame—  
Lips denoting strength of purpose,  
Eyes that truth herself might claim.

Sadly gazed she on the features,  
By her lover's hand portrayed;  
Wondering what rich store of beauty  
Had the finished form displayed;  
Murmuring at the hasty summons,  
Mourning bitterly the dead.

Then she thought upon the beauty,  
Of the limner's shortened life;  
Patient hope, undaunted courage,  
Evermore with sin at strife;  
Thoughts of wisdom, words of kindness,  
Truth in all his actions rife.

And she thought what meed of glory,  
Had so fair a course matured;  
Had he lived till hairs grew hoary,  
Life's long campaign well endured;  
Won a place in world-wide story,  
Never-dying fame secured.

Maiden, cease thy vain repining,  
Lift above thy tearful eyes,  
All the springs of future greatness,  
From a source celestial rise;  
And the heaven-born earnest spirit  
Aims not lower than the skies.

Spent in holy high endeavor,  
Is the shortest life complete;  
And, though scarce at youth's meridian,  
He hath climbed to wisdom's seat;  
He hath won the crown immortal,  
Only for her children meet.

Rise, behold thy place appointed,  
God has work for thee to do;  
Ponder well thy perfect Model,  
Trace thine outline bold and true;

Seek, when growing faint and listless,  
Strength to nerve thine hand anew.

Not by one long spell of labor,  
Not by one soft line of grace,  
Canst thou hope in finished beauty,  
Lineaments divine to trace;  
Or to throw upon thy picture  
Shinings from the holiest place!

Day by day must see thee toiling,  
Patient, though thy work be scanned;  
Day by day in constant effort,  
Some new beauties shall expand:  
Day by day some lines erasing,  
Drawn by too impatient hand.

Faithful to thy noblest purpose,  
Eager, earnest for the prize,  
Gazing at thy Great Example,  
Till his glory fill thine eyes;  
Till, the work of life completed,  
Rest is thine beyond the skies!

—*London Society.*

## SONNET—SPRING.

Now slowly rounding on its axle old  
The brown world turns its face unto the  
spring,  
A balmy freshness fills the dewy mould  
Of furrowed fields; white clouds with folded  
wing  
Rest on the sea. Along the quiet beech  
Through branches dropped with buds of fresh-  
est green  
The streamlet trickles down the rocky reech  
On whose blue calm the floating gull is seen;  
Inland the rook calls clamorous for rain;  
The peasant, plough in hand, plods whistling on  
Behind his puffing horses, till the sun  
Casting blue mountain shadows, nears the main.  
Then from the dusky twilight upland soon  
The nightingale salutes the cloudy moon.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## MY SONGS.

TRANSLATED FROM PETÖFI.

I'm lost in thought, I cannot understand  
What's passing round me. On swift wings I  
fly,  
Perplexed and restless, o'er the fatherland,  
Through the wide world and the o'erhanging  
sky,  
And then strange dreary dreams inspire my lays,  
Like lunar rays!

But why should vain chimeras fill my mind?  
A brighter future I'll anticipate;  
Why to hope's promises should I be blind?  
God rules above us, and our God is great;  
And then my songs up to Heaven's portals rise,  
Gay butterflies!

And when a lovely maid I chance to meet,  
O how I revel in her smiles of grace!  
O how I look into those eyes so sweet,  
As looks a star upon the lake's calm face!  
And then my song with rapturous fragrance glows  
Like a wild rose!



And am I loved? I feel a joy divine—  
I dwell enraptured on a thought like this;  
Come! fill my glass with rosy sparkling wine,  
And celebrate with me the mighty bliss!  
Then are my songs inspired by hope and love,  
Rainbows above!

But while I hold the glass I look around,  
And see the manacles my country wears.  
Then, not the clinking glasses' music-sound,  
But the harsh clang of fetters shocks my ears.  
What is the song which then I sing aloud?  
A mystic cloud!

Will not the people, in a burst sublime,  
Break through these chains? Can no release  
be wrought  
Till they are rusted by corroding time?  
Forbid it, Heaven! I cannot bear the thought;  
Then do my songs burst forth in shame and ire,  
Like lightning's fire!

#### BRIEF NOTES ON BOOKS.

*A Journey to Ashango Land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa.* By PAUL P. DU CHAILLU. London: Murray. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.—A traveller who writes an account of his explorations, has two serious difficulties to contend against: if he narrates anything very extraordinary, people are apt to be skeptical as to his love of truth, and if the incidents of his history approach the common-place he is not unusually said to be dull. Unhappily for M. Du Chaillu, his work on *Equatorial Africa* met with a good deal of opposition from skeptical naturalists, but we think that in the volume he has now given us he has surmounted the obstacles we have referred to. He does not tell us "a more wonderful tale," nor is his narrative devoid of interest either to the geographer or the zoologist. The object, the author tells us, with which he set out upon the expedition, whose results he has now recorded, was to substantiate the statements which he made in his first work. He felt hurt by the "unfair and ungenerous criticisms" which were passed upon his first work, and he determined, by supplying himself with an extensive series of scientific apparatus, and returning to Africa, to put his assertions beyond all question. Such were the author's intentions on setting out a second time to explore that portion of Africa which lies immediately below the equator. M. Du Chaillu thought that, by ascertaining with astronomical exactitude the position of the several points visited by him in his travels, he should thus prevent any of those insinuations with which he was so abundantly assailed on his first appearance as an African explorer. This was why he took with him upon his last voyage a number of philosophical instruments, for estimating the height, temperature, longitude, etc., of each portion of the country which he visited. It is to be regretted, therefore, that his anticipations in regard to the employment of these instruments of research were not fully carried out. In his first disembarkation his boat was upset, and those of his astronomical instruments which were not lost were rendered quite unfit for scientific use through the corrosive action of the salt water.

It is not our aim to follow M. Du Chaillu in his various wanderings from the moment he left the coast till he arrived in the land of the Ashangui. In the portion of his book especially devoted to the record of his progress from day to day among the natives, M. Du Chaillu does not provide a more interesting literary bill of fare than other writers on African travel. There are the same endless disputes with the natives, and the old trick of cultivating diplomatic relations with hoary chieftains, through the assistance of a quantity of beads or a bright cotton umbrella. In one page we are told of some prince with an unpronounceable name, and an equivocal code of morals, who kindly offers to place his "better" halves at the disposal of the accomplished white man. In another, we learn how some amorous princess, with more sentiment than propriety, protects the interests of the traveller. These incidents are varied by an occasional murder, and the changes are rung upon what African explorers term a "palaver." By the way, it would seem as if the aboriginal tendencies in this direction were contagious to Europeans, for we seldom find a work on Africa which does not extend over double the number of pages into which it might reasonably have been compressed. We do not, however, desire to call our author to account on this score; we would merely mention that the great bulk of his volume is occupied by the ordinary details of a traveller's diary, and is therefore of little importance to the scientific reader. It must, however, be admitted to M. Du Chaillu's credit, that his book contains a good deal of matter highly interesting to the zoologist and the student of ethnology. We shall presently quote passages in proof of this, but in doing so we may mention that many of the facts recorded in his former work, and so strenuously denied by some of our leading naturalists, have been corroborated by the author's later inquiries. Concerning these we may especially refer to the controversies on the character and habits of the gorilla, and the *Potamogale velox*. These discussions may now be looked upon as closed, at least for the present. Most of M. Du Chaillu's assertions as to the habits, etc., of the gorilla, have been substantiated by his recent examination of these creatures in their wild condition, and the investigations of Professor Allman, of Edinburgh, show that in the affair of the *Potamogale* the author was correct and his critics did him an injustice.

There are three points in this volume to which our readers' attention should be directed. These are the history of the Obongos or negro-dwarfs, the account of the African ant hills, and the description of the skulls which the author brought home with him. It is to Professor Owen's pen that we owe the chapter on these latter, a fact which lends a scientific interest to the work such as might not otherwise attach to it. It seems to us that M. Du Chaillu might have done something more to investigate the tribe of Obongos than he seems to have attempted. The Obongos appear to be a most interesting, diminutive race, of an extremely degraded type, and it would have been of the highest importance to ethnology to have had a careful anatomical description of them. They are a tribe of dwarfs, dwelling in huts of the rudest description, and

living upon the results of their hunting expeditions. They do not seem to be so small—if we may judge from the author's measurements—as M. Du Chaillu would have us believe. Indeed, so far as we can gather from the following description, they are a race closely allied to the Boschismen of more southern Africa:

"The color of these people was of a dirty yellow, much lighter than the Ashangos who surrounded them, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as being very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique and color, they are totally unlike the Ashangos among whom they live. The Ashangos declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves, sisters with brothers, doing this to keep the families together as much as possible. Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheek-bones; but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms to the rest of their bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short curly tufts. This is the more remarkable, as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long bushy hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways. The young man examined had an unusual quantity of hair also on his legs and breast, growing in short curly tufts, similar to the hair of the head."

In his description of the white and other ants, the author displays that lack of minute observation which nothing but a long experience in the study of organisms can give. For example, it appears to us that some of the creatures which he puts along with the white ants (Neuropterous insects) are genuine Hymenoptera; and again, his descriptions, save in so far as they relate to the character of the habitation, and the larger external features of the insect, are useless as means of zoological diagnosis. Much excuse for this lies in the circumstance that the author's specimens were all lost in his retreat from Monau Kombo, and therefore that he was obliged to describe from memory alone the objects he had seen. He describes five or six different kinds of ant, some of them being unquestionably Termites. His account of the *Mushroom-hived Termites* is interesting. Speaking of the habitation of this species, he says:

"These singular hives, shaped like gigantic mushrooms, are scattered by tens of thousands over the prairie of Otando. The top is from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, and the column about five inches; the total height is from ten to fifteen inches. They are not all uniformly built, but differ in the roundness or sharpness of their summits. The hive is not so firmly planted in the ground but that it may be knocked down by a well-planted kick. When felled, the base of the pillar is found to have rested on the ground, leaving a circular hollow, in the middle of which is a ball of earth full of cells, which enters the centre of the base of the pillar, and the cells are eagerly defended by a multitude of the soldier class of the ants, which I took to be males, all striving to bite the intruder with their pincer-like jaws. On breaking open the

ball—which, when handled, divided itself into three parts—I always found it full of young white ants, in different stages of growth, and also of eggs."

M. Du Chaillu's further description of his observations of this ant colony will prove most attractive reading to lovers of natural history, but the details are too extensive for introduction into these pages. Professor Owen's portion of the present work has some importance, although it establishes no law which has not already been deduced. He describes, in pure but not simple anatomical fashion, three skulls, one being that of a native of Fernand Vas, and the two others being those of people of the Fan tribe, that strange group of cannibal Africans, of which M. Du Chaillu has more than once given an account. There is one statement of Professor Owen's which is of considerable interest: it relates to the dolichocephalic\* character of these skulls. Speaking of this term as applied to the skulls brought over by the author, he says that it does not imply a "greater length of cranium than in Indian and European skulls, which would be called brachycephalic,† but merely a want of filling out of the brain-case, by lateral or vertical expansion." Here we may remark that the Professor takes the opportunity of saying a word in favor of his view that the brain of man is absolutely different from that of the ape, for in concluding the chapter he writes:

"In all the negro-skulls in the present collection, as in those of Boschismen, Mincopies, Australians, and every other variety that has come under my observation, the essential characters of the archencephalous sub-class, and of its sole genus and species, are as definitely marked as in the skulls of the highest white races."

Altogether we may say of M. Du Chaillu's work, that it is interesting as a book of travels, and is instructive in relation to those departments of science to which the author has given his attention. If we were to be very critical, we should say that in many instances the style was rough and jerky. But on the whole, the author's English is readable, and his book is good. M. Du Chaillu is not an Englishman, and cannot therefore be expected to distinguish himself in what so many English travellers fail—clear English composition.

*Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.* By CHARLES DICKENS. With Original Illustrations by S. EYTINGE, JR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1867.—This is admitted to be one of the best works of the great novelist, and is here reproduced in a compact and neat form. The only thing to be regretted in this beautiful "Diamond Edition" is the smallness of the type, which will deprive many of the privilege of renewing their acquaintance with it.

*Frithiof's Saga.* From the Swedish of Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö. By the Rev. WILLIAM LEWERY BLAKELEY, A.M. First American Edition. Edited by BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1867.—Tegnér is one of the great poets of Sweden, and we are glad to have his verse rendered into English, and

\* Long-headed.

† Broad-headed.

introduced to the American public. His poetry has but to be known to be highly appreciated. This volume is the second of a uniform series of foreign poems, lately inaugurated by the publication of *King Ren's Daughter*, from the Danish of Henrik Hertz. We are happy to learn from the publishers that the public appreciate this effort, and that other works are speedily to follow. The next will be Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, with the splendid Introductory Essay of Fischer, translated and edited by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

*Where Shall He Find Her?* From the French. Translated by J. D. A. New-York: Crowen & Co., 1867.—This volume, in paper cover, forms No. 1 of a "Library of Light Literature;" price fifty cents. The idea is a good one, and it will be a success, if only care and judgment are shown in the selection.

*Pastor's Wedding Gift.* By WM. M. THAYER. Boston: Nichols & Noyes, 1867.—A beautiful little book, full of wise and judicious counsel and suggestion, appropriate as a bridal gift.

*The Story of Martin Luther.* Edited by MISS WHATELY. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. New-York: A. D. F. Randolph.—An admirable life of the great Reformer, designed especially for young minds. The style is simple, and the narrative gracefully related. The chief incidents of Luther's life, and the main events of the Reformation, are grouped together in an intelligent and highly interesting manner. Miss Whately is a daughter of the late Archbishop Whately.

The same publishers have given us another neat volume, well adapted to interest the younger members of the household, entitled *The Berry-Pickers of Wisconsin*. Both these volumes should go into the Sunday-School library.

*New America.* By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. With Illustrations from Original Photographs. In two volumes. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1867.—If a distinguished American having an intimate knowledge of men and things gained from an extensive acquaintance with many lands; possessing great descriptive power; capable of forming large and comprehensive views of affairs; an historian of the past; a powerful controversialist; and having abundant means of acquiring information about the old country, were to pay us a visit, and at the end of it were to furnish our Transatlantic cousins with a brilliant account of our "casual wards," and "dens of thieves," devoting great space to the Agapemone of Mr. Prince, chronicling the minutest affairs connected with the Seventh-day Baptists, and giving a hundred pages to the exciting controversies which divide the Plymouth Brethren from each other; were he further to give photographs of the leading members of the Wesleyan Association, carefully distinguishing them from the New Connection Methodists, to say a few words about Lord Russell and detail the chit-chat of the club-houses, make a passing reference to Colenso, and Reform, and call the savory Olla Podrida thus concocted "New-England," we imagine that all white-

waistcoatdom would writhe with indignation. We do not know what Boston and Washington, Chicago or Saratoga, say of Mr. Dixon's fascinating volumes, but we acknowledge that we are not without suspicion that his representation of America may seem to those most concerned to be almost as one-sided as our conjectural misrepresentation of English Society.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the charm and novelty of these volumes. They introduce us to modes of solving the social problem, which are startling and even terrible to contemplate. Notwithstanding the almost exclusive attention which the author gives to various abnormal relations between the sexes, he has not convinced us that the organizations of which he treats do other than touch the outermost rind of American life. The sympathetic spirit with which Mr. Dixon appears to have studied Mormonism at the Great Salt Lake, Shakerism at Mount Lebanon, and Bible Communism at Oneida Creek; the *couleur de rose* in which he paints these revolting excrescences on American society; his surpassing latitude of moral recognition, coupled with repeated and dexterous concessions of the fundamental truths of the religion of Christ, almost remind us of the Catholicity and Christian charity which ooze through every page of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. As the volumes will be probably perused by most of our readers, it is unnecessary to give any detailed exposition of their contents. We may, however, remark that the portion of the work which appears to us by far the most interesting is Mr. Dixon's account of the adventures of his journey, from the banks of the Missouri to the Paradise of Brigham Young. Not often do we find a traveller's journal so redolent with wit, so *piquant* and epigrammatic, so diversified with historical allusions and ethnological detail, without entangling the thread of its progress. Rarely has a tedious journey been described in less tedious fashion. The physical strength, pluck, and good temper of the author and his companion appear never to have failed. They do not seem to have encountered imminent perils, and yet, as we follow their course in their little covered van—for the honor of protecting which with their revolvers they had the privilege of paying five hundred dollars—we listen with breathless interest while they relate how they had to combat the prejudices and run the gauntlet of the wild Indian hordes who claimed as their birth-right the new road of the imperial mail. Though neither of them were scalped, or had even their "eye-teeth drawn," by Cheyenne, Sioux, or Road agents, yet the air of the Prairies seems to be tremulous with the war-whoop, while ferocity, licentiousness, starvation, and all the wrath of the elements are hovering on their track.

Mr. Dixon's photographic sketches of natural scenery, the brilliant touches with which he introduces snipes and carrion crows, prairie dogs, and locusts, and his discriminating, yet at the same time dazzling, pictures of the haunts and habits of the Red Indian chief and his squaw, give unusual vivacity and charm to the monotonous pilgrimage. There is an interesting

speculation suggested, *en passant*, as to the influence of the wild Indian upon the progress of civilization. Thus it has two sides; the immediate contact of the white and red races has produced this melancholy result that each has learned the vices of the other; but Mr. Dixon suggests that the very idea of state rights in the far West found its earliest type in the entire independence of each of the various Indian tribes, and that the confederation of Iroquois may have possibly suggested the idea of the confederation of the Independent States of the Union, and that whatever influence spirit-rapping and sorcery may now have upon American society was probably derived from these great adepts in such mysteries. Whether or not this is the case, there is no doubt that European princes, German professors, Oriental patriarchs, and perhaps nearly one fourth of the human race, have learned the art of inhaling the fumes of a wild prairie weed, after a fashion taught in a red Indian wigwam. Mr. Dixon gives a graphic description of the town of Denver, where several routes from the Atlantic to the Pacific intersect, and where his story of rowdism and license, the lust of gain, and the rude and summary justice administered by Robert Wilson—who is styled champion and idol of the West—reads like a narrative of some mediæval freebooters' haunt rather than a piece of contemporary history. Mr. Dixon puts forth all his power, and devotes the greater part of one volume, to a description of the Mormon settlement in the territory of Utah, and his object would seem to be, to induce us to believe that Mormonism is one of the great facts of the nineteenth century. He will not allow that the Mormon saints are either fanatics or dupes, and he tells the story of their early troubles, their marvellous exodus from Nauvoo, their harassing march through the pathless and inhospitable prairie to the shores of the Great Salt Lake, as though it was reasonable to think that a pillar of heavenly light, or a supernatural instinct, had guided their course. That they should have transformed an arid plain into a paradise, that their merits and successes should be a greater puzzle to the Americans than their faults, that they should now have their emissaries in all parts of the world, and that the slums of Whitechapel and the Bazaars of Calcutta, the Staffordshire Potteries, and the Hertfordshire hamlets should perpetually send recruits to this strange community, that they should reckon two hundred thousand adherents in various parts of the world, and that in Republican America, a pope king, self-elected, should have undisputed sway over these thousands, are, without doubt, noticeable social phenomena.

But the tone of exaggeration and the "tall talk" in which the author indulges, when drawing his comparison between Mormonism and Christianity, is to us somewhat offensive. Parasitical growths on Christianity have at various epochs made their appearance; and doubtless, if the means of locomotion and the communication of ideas had been as rapid in the middle ages as they are in the nineteenth century, many of these would have acquired much more con-

spicuous influence in the history of the world. From Mr. Dixon's own showing it is the lending of religious sanction to sensual indulgence of a most attractive kind, and this, working on the unbelief and misery created by the artificial condition of European society, which proves the great incentive to the Mormon pilgrimage. It is not our purpose to give any account of the organization, religious faith, or social condition of these misguided dupes; it is enough to say that vice the most hideous, and practices the most revolting, are strangely coupled with a considerable amount of practical sense and a keen eye to business; that Polygamy is beginning to produce its natural fruit, in the degradation of woman and the emasculation of man, and that the supernatural revelation assumed to have been granted to the world, through Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, which actually forms the religious nexus of these denizens of the New Jerusalem, is too monstrous a defiance of common-sense to retain any permanent hold upon the religious instinct. It is our belief that the eloquent comparisons drawn by our author between Mormonism and other religions will appear supremely ridiculous fifty years hence.

The second volume is occupied with numerous discussions upon the relations of the sexes in America. Much interesting information is given—in a style which almost wearies with its dazzle—on the excitement prevailing in various parts of America with reference to the rights of woman, to the ominous renunciation by American ladies of the supreme function and greatest dignity of their sex, and their premeditated revolt against the tyranny of man. Mr. Dixon apparently sympathizes with the allegation that the *Pandects of Justinian* rather than "the Sermon on the Mount" are the veritable basis of Christian legislation on these matters; though he utters bold and we had almost said coarse warning at the appearance of this leprous spot on American society. His account of the Shakers of Mount Lebanon, and the infamous communities of Oneida Creek, will help to give his volumes the popularity of a "sensation" novel, but we entirely dispute the principle which incautious readers might be tempted to infer, that the mercantile prosperity which appears to attend these various and questionable methods of solving the problem of the sexes, is to be regarded as the smallest vindication of the moral quality of the experiments. We are not yet so sunk in utilitarianism as to forget the language of him who said: "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." The volumes throw little if any light on the reconstruction of the American Union after its recent severe struggle, and they are utterly silent on the mighty moral and religious influences that are at work on the national life. A dissection of the warts and pimples on Oliver Cromwell's face might give as accurate an idea of the mighty soul and mightier deeds of the great Protector, as this elaborate and brilliant exposition of the deformities of American life affords of the real destiny and true character of the great Republic. The work is as fascinating, and we may add as one-sided, as any historical romance.



## SCIENCE.

*Disappearance of a Lunar Volcano.*—Violent convulsions of nature, exhibiting themselves as earthquakes around the basin of the Mediterranean, in Algeria, Santorin, Cephalonia, and lastly in Mitylene, have, during the past few months, called forth our sympathy and active assistance in behalf of the numerous sufferers in these various localities. Owing, however, to the circumstance of the several calamities having befallen communities situated beyond the range of our immediate interests, these sudden and fearful visitations, even though attended by the loss of many lives, have failed to awaken any marked consideration in this country. That a catastrophe occurring at a vastly greater distance from us, unattended, so far as can be surmised, by any loss of life, should have fallen still-born, as it were, within our cognizance, need therefore cause little wonder; and yet, strange as it may sound, such an event *has* happened, and that, too, in sight of the whole world. To descend to plain language from the lofty sphere of our meditations, our attendant satellite has recently been the scene of a most surprising change of surface, before which the petty tremblings of the earth in the places above named sink into utter insignificance.

The news comes to us through Mr. J. F. Julius Schmidt, Director of the Royal Observatory in Athens, who has communicated the fact to the Imperial Academy of Science in Vienna. That some estimate may be formed of the authority which may be attached to Mr. Schmidt's statement, it is only necessary to mention that he has made drawings of ninety-five different phases of the moon, besides upward of 1200 hand-sketches of various points of interest upon her surface since the year 1840. If any one can be acquainted with the usual outward appearance of the moon, he therefore of all men should be; indeed, his continued study of the subject might almost induce an irreverent reader to insinuate that he must be a "moon-struck." But the same reader will persist: "What can Mr. Schmidt tell us with any degree of certainty about the moon?" We reply: Much more than you may suppose; and, if you will believe us, we will briefly recapitulate the heads of his experience. He tells us, then, first, that the moon has no atmosphere; next, that no signs of water are apparent on her surface; and lastly, that there is abundant evidence of her surface being crowded with active volcanoes. The first point received a tolerably clear confirmation the other day on the occasion of the eclipses of the sun, when, on the edge of the moon reaching the edge of the sun, the rough projections on the moon's disc cut off, as it were, in passing, small particles of the sun's disc, without producing any effects of an illusory character, such as are known to follow under similar circumstances in this sub-lunary earth, owing to the refraction of light produced by our atmosphere. The second point is a matter of observation by means of powerful telescopes, as well as of inference from various scientific reasons. The third point is that which principally concerns us in the present instance. When Galileo first turned his telescope upon the

moon, he was delighted to find her surface covered with apparent protuberances; and as the sun rose higher over her face, his impression was turned into certainty as he witnessed the shortening shadows formed in exactly the same way as in the case of mountains on the earth. The more carefully as well as more powerfully constructed instruments of the present day fully confirm this appearance, which can leave no doubt upon the mind of the honest observer that lofty mountain-ranges, interspersed with plains, really exist upon the moon's surface. The sharp eyes of students of the heavenly bodies having been persistently turned upon the face of our satellite, they at last remarked that some of the eminences—indeed, that very many of them—threw such a shadow as might be expected in the case of volcanoes with gaping craters. The profound depth of these was evident from the considerable alteration in the length of the internal shadows thrown upon them as the sun's rays fell upon the craters at a greater or lesser angle; the very sizes of the orifices have in some instances been approximately measured, and our astronomers can tell you in yards the distance across these yawning abysses in the moon, with greater exactness than many visitors to Vesuvius, with some pretensions, too, to geometrical acquirements, could calculate the dimensions of the fiery gulf at their feet. Men of industry (and astronomers, to obtain any marked results, must be very industrious) have mapped out the surface of the moon, and as we mentioned above, hundreds of carefully prepared charts are in existence, showing, doubtless with as great exactness as many atlases show the features of the earth's surface, the leading characteristics of the moon's surface. In these charts the numerous volcanoes in the moon are laid down in their respective positions, each bearing its distinctive name; among them, that one at present claiming our attention which has been called Linné. It is situated in the eastern portion of that district of the moon known by the appellation of Mare Serenitatis, and is an isolated crater, which, according to the investigations of Mr. Schmidt, has been regarded since the year 1788 as a fixed point of the first magnitude. The diameter of the crater is, or rather was, estimated at from five thousand to six thousand French toises, or from twelve thousand to thirteen thousand yards; and its depth was supposed to be very great. This enormous volcano, then, with an apex of such large dimensions, must at the base have covered a surface of many square miles in extent; and Mr. Schmidt has made the startling discovery, which has been confirmed by observers in this country, that it had, on the 16th October, wholly disappeared from the surface of the moon. As Aladdin rubbed his eyes in doubt as to the correctness of his vision when his brilliant palace disappeared from his ken, so the learned astronomer at first doubted the correctness of his sight, and devoted particular attention, on every recurring favorable phase of the moon, to this remarkable phenomenon; and at last, finding that he had not been deceived in his observation, made known his wondrous discovery to the scientific world. His letter announcing it to the *academy* of Vienna was accom-

panied by sundry speculations as to the causes of the event, or rather as to the manner in which it had been effected, which may be of interest to the general reader.

Mr. Schmidt was of opinion that the phenomenon was not produced by an eruption of steam or ashes, as the cloud of smoke would give rise to a shadow at sunrise or sunset in the moon, which he saw did not occur. Nor was any such result visible at the phase of the moon. If, on the other hand, the crater had fallen in, a deeper shadow would have exhibited itself during the phase; but this was not so. Had the surrounding mountain-range been shattered by a violent explosion, the ruins would have shown themselves by the shadows they would have cast, which were altogether wanting. Had the crater become filled during the eruption by fluid or dusty masses, without overflowing, the internal shadow, it is true, would disappear, but the external hill would, at sunrise or sunset, produce a marked reflection, which Mr. Schmidt failed to perceive. A phenomenon of such a character as this was observed in 1790 by Schroeter, and again in 1849 by Mr. Schmidt himself, in the case of the central crater of another volcano, but would not account for the present phenomenon. If, however, we imagine that such a mass, after filling up the crater, overflows its sides, and converts into a gentle declivity the almost precipitous sides of the crater, we should then, Mr. Schmidt considers, have a combination of circumstances which would entirely meet the various requirements of the results observed.

The discovery made by Mr. Schmidt is justly considered by his co-philosophers as a feather in his cap, inasmuch as such an event, although long since surmised as possible, has hitherto escaped the observation of diligent searchers of the heavens; indeed Mädler, a fellow-countryman of Mr. Schmidt, who had bestowed much labor upon this point, was compelled, after many years of fruitless research, to confess that he had failed to detect the slightest sign of any physical alteration in the surface of the moon. The phenomenon recorded by Mr. Schmidt, which may be said to find an analogy upon our earth in the mud-volcanoes of the peninsula of Taman, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, exhibits possibly the process by which those halo-like appearances, so visible over the moon's surface, have been formed during countless ages; but whether so or not, a well-established observation of a change going forward in the face of our satellite, cannot fail to prove of more than mere cursory interest.

#### VARIETIES.

*Cousin's Library.*—M. Victor Cousin, in bequeathing his immense library to the Sorbonne, made certain conditions which are thus stated in the French papers: "He requires that the library shall be left just as it is, in the very same place, so that readers may be received in the apartment which he inhabited for more than thirty years, but now to be transformed into one of the library rooms of the Sorbonne. He also leaves to that building all the furniture and engravings that adorned his room. He formally forbids any

books being lent out of the premises." He endows the Sorbonne with an annual income of 10,000*fr.*—namely, 4000*fr.* for the librarian, 2000*fr.* for the sub-librarian, 1000*fr.* for the reading-room clerk, and 3000*fr.* for keeping the books in repair. Lastly, he designates M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire as chief librarian, and leaves him all his papers, charging him expressly to write his (the testator's) biography. The posts of chief and sub-librarian are hereafter to be reserved for *agrégés* of the university. Having made all these dispositions, M. Cousin appoints as universal legatees MM. Mignet, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, and Frémyn, who will have at least 400,000*fr.* to share among them, after all deductions, and independent of a capital representing an annual income of 4000*fr.*, bequeathed especially to M. Mignet."

*The Basis of Darwinism.*—We had occasion some time since to point out the more than superficiality of the logic which formed the basis of Darwinism; the negation of common sense involved in the idea that a symmetrical structure could arise out of a fortuitous application of forces. We are glad to see how closely our views on the subject are shared by the most accomplished of British philosophers, Sir John Herschel, who, in a note in his *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, indicates his sense of its absurdity by comparing it with one of Swift's Laputan speculations, as follows: "His plan for writing books by the concurrence of accidental letters, and selection of such combinations as form syllables, words, and sentences, has a close parallel in the learned theories of the production of the existing races of animals by natural selection."

*British Periodicals.*—*Cassell's Magazine* in penny weekly numbers and sixpenny monthly parts, is announced, and *Cassell's Choral Music* is a new and high-class art periodical, edited by Mr. Henry Leslie. There are still published in London, *The Bookseller* tells us, the *Last Vial*, and the *Latter Rain*; the *Net*; the quarterly *Anti-Tea-Pot Review*; the monthly *Earthen Vessel*, and the weekly penny *Tailor*. So much success has attended the *Flying Dragon*, the only Chinese paper published in Europe, that the proprietor has imported a font of Chinese type. The *Dragon* circulates in such ports of China, the Philippines, and Japan, as England is allowed intercourse with, and is read not by traders alone, but by kings and princes, for the information it brings about European arts and machinery. The Chinese have begun to print from movable type.

*Ingenuity and Perseverance.*—In the Great Exhibition of 1862 there was a marvellous piece of handicraft—executed by a poor man in the country—a model of one of the cathedrals cut in cork—every item beautifully reproduced. It excited a great deal of interest, and some wealthy people collected eight hundred pounds to give for it. The man was a sensible man, and, instead of playing my lord for a day or two with his money, he invested it in good security, and built as many cottages as it would cover, and he put the following inscription, in rather doggerel rhyme, upon the centre one:

"Perseverance, cork, and glue,  
Built these cottages you view;  
See what these three things can do,  
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two."

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